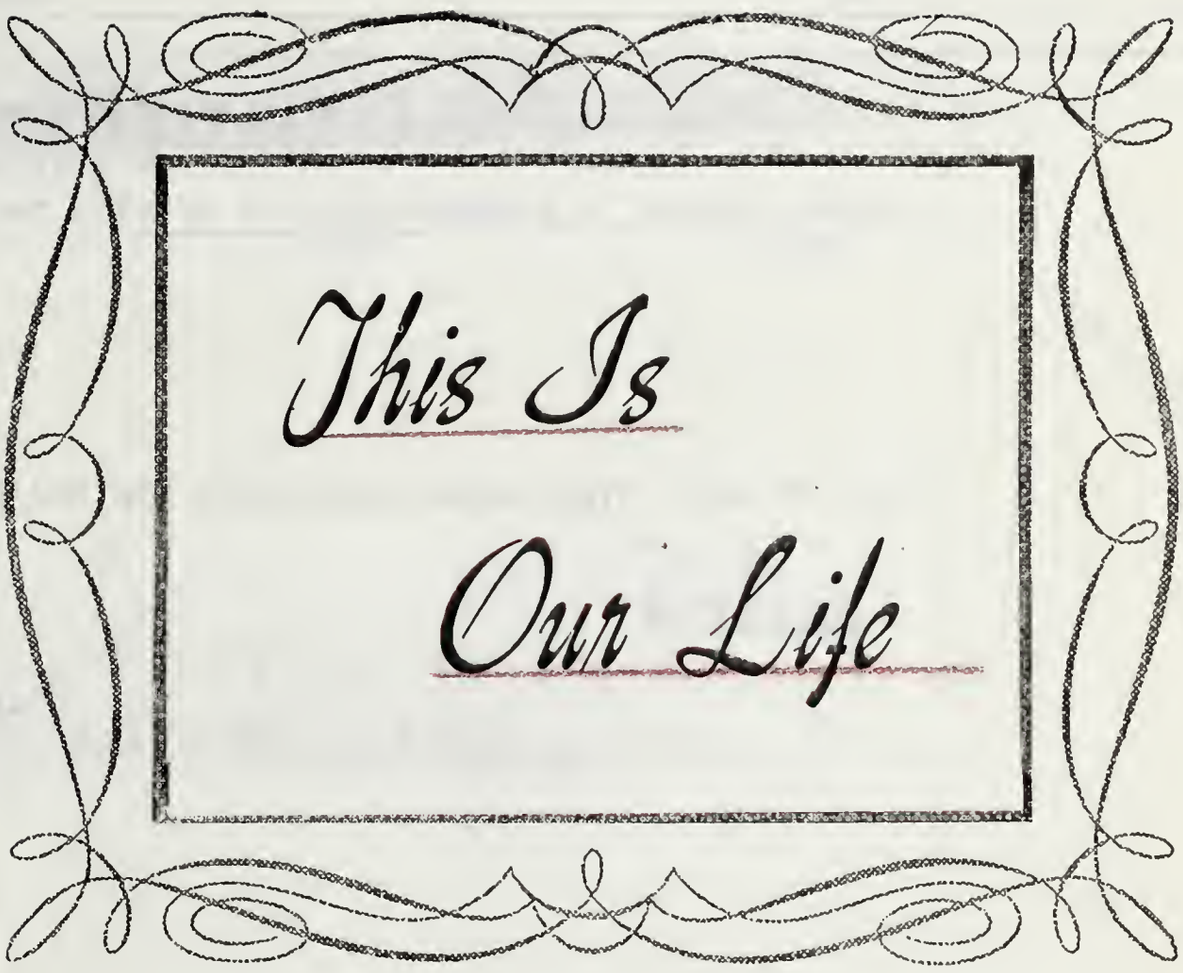
Gc
929.2
C1971c
2012156

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01723 6644



BY
Descendants
of
BISHOP PETRUS JONAE

001

78 9421 10

PURCHASE ORDER

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY, INDIANA
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
46802

To Brethren Press
Address 1451 Dundee Ave.
Elgin, Illinois 60120

Date June 13, 1978

09751

Please send the following items, transportation prepaid, marked for:
Public Library of Fort Wayne & Allen Co.
Dept. of Technical Processes
900 Webster Street (Rear)
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46802

Signed Fred J. Reynolds
Librarian

per we

Quantity

1 copy of the following:

Carlson, Ernest A
This is our life by the descendants of Bishop Petrus Jonae 1963 409pp

JUN 15 1978

Please include claim and invoice form with the book

2012156

Not on publication

S Brethren Press - 19 aug 15-1978 PO 9751

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/thisisourlifebyd00carl

"EVERY MAN IS A BUNDLE OF HIS ANCESTORS"

—— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Copyright 1963
By Ernest A. Carlson

THE BRETHREN PRESS, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Dedicated to

Bishop Petrus Jonae

In Theology _____ *illustrious and consumate*
In our ancestry _____ *a revered leader*

EXPLANATORY

It is with a feeling of humility that we herein undertake to record the history of our *ancestry* in book form. The task has been tremendous and we feel our best effort has not been adequate to encompass the scope of the project. Limitations of time, expense and talent have been factors in production. Our aim has been lofty which in turn has caused our goal to become elusive, however, our attempt has been sincere and has not been without reward. We wish to refer the reader to words written by Gustaf Reinhold Carlson in his foreword, "think only of my good intentions and not of my deficiencies."

In gathering and documenting the material herein, we are mindful of inadvertent inequities in references, especially as concerns those who are united to this *lineage* through the sacred institution of marriage. In these pages it was not the intent to avert or minimize the contribution of those "grafted" into this bloodstream who implant greater wisdom, strength and beauty to the new branches in our family tree.

We commit this volume to all who have joined this *heritage*, if the reading of it shall lead to a better understanding and appreciation of grandfather *Gustaf Reinhold Carlson's* purpose we shall feel that our objective has been reached.

Ingvar R. Carlson
Axel F. Carlson
Ernest A. Carlson

BISHOP PETRUS JONAE (1539-1607)
Instructor 1568-72....professor 1573-81 at Uppsala University
Elevated to the office of Bishop in 1586. Note emblems of
TRINITY (three point star) and EVIL (serpent).

As translated from photostated copy of page 103 of MEN AND WOMEN OF SWEDEN, a published work comprised of eight volumes. The above is supplemented by other information found in the biographic section of the Swedish dictionary.

Biography of
PETRUS JONAE Th. D.
1539 - 1607

Petrus Jonae (Helsingius), a bishop, died at Strangnas December 4, 1607; he was born in 1539 in Helsingland, a province of Sweden bordering on the coast 150 miles north of Stockholm. In the year 1562, Petrus Jonae was enrolled at the University of Rostock in Germany, subsequently in 1568, he taught at the University of Uppsala in Sweden. In 1573 Petrus Jonae was made a professor of theology and became a staunch defender of the new Lutheran Orthodoxy. Possessing great patience and fortitude in conjunction with his convictions, he worked zealously for the propagation of the new faith; however, his tenacity aroused the ire of King John III who still favored the Roman Catholic service.

Through sermons and public declarations of differences with Klosterlasse, Fecht and other Jesuits, controversies arose among factions of the clergy. Much of the confusion stemmed from the attitude of the King who thought the new liturgy was too drab and simple as compared to the colorful and pompous ceremonies of the Roman Church. In consequence of bitterness attributed to the zealousness of Petrus Jonae, the archbishop ordered him to stop propagating the Early Church Doctrine, at the same time the King placed him under arrest and contemplated sending him into exile near the Black Sea.

At a parliament meeting at Stockholm in February, 1577, seeking to resolve differences in the two faiths, the King heard arguments of the clergy relative to the release of Petrus Jonae and he reluctantly gave his consent. Petrus Jonae resumed his position at Uppsala University, but the reinstatement was of short duration.

A year later the feud between Petrus Jonae and Klosterlasse and the other Jesuits was renewed causing the latter to complain to the King again. The King in turn became infuriated and directed that Petrus Jonae be arrested and imprisoned. Judgment was passed and the unwavering Christian warrior was sentenced to banishment in the Baltic province of Estonia, to a remote place near the Russian border. While waiting for the infliction of this penalty, Petrus Jonae escaped to the Dukedom of the King's younger brother, Duke Charles. The wife of Petrus Jonae gave the Duke a dramatic account of their experiences and found he was in accord with their ideals. Still apprehensive of his safety from the clutches of King John, Petrus Jonae sought further security at the neighboring estate of Bohus, and later sought asylum at Lubeck in Germany.

In 1583, Petrus Jonae returned to Nykoping in the Dukedom of Charles and two years later was appointed Vicar for that metropolis.

During the year 1585, the office of Bishop for the parish of Strangnas became vacated prompting Duke Charles to sponsor his friend for the position. King John, upon learning that Petrus Jonae had been proposed to fill the office, became furious and threatened all with reprisal who would take part in the act. Disregarding the admonitions of his brother, Duke Charles was successful in consummating the elevation of the Vicar, Petrus Jonae, as the ecclesiastical head of the diocese.

By the year 1586 the new liturgy had general acceptance, but the imprint of 500 years under the Roman Catholic faith could not be completely banished by legislation. Under the leadership of the new Bishop, the clerics of his parish became increasingly critical of the lingering influences of Roman Catholicism and were especially incensed at the continuing use of the old church handbook favored by the King. In a meeting of the Clergy at Orebro in 1586, Articles were drawn which clearly defined the proceedings of the Lutheran worship. At a subsequent meeting of Clerics held at Strangnas in 1587, there emerged the "Confessions of Strangnas" which were framed into law and spread to all parts of the kingdom.

In 1592 at another regional meeting held at Strangnas, accord was reached on the discontinuation of the old church handbooks and complete acceptance of the new litergy. The transition having been successfully concluded, it became a personal victory for Bishop Petrus Jonae. The edicts pronounced at Strangnas were ratified at Uppsala in 1593, here again the superb leadership of Bishop Petrus Jonae asserted itself as all his requests were granted with due respect. At one point in the deliberation when the seminar was threatened with failure, Duke Charles delegated the Bishop to act as arbiter for factions embracing Calvinist theories. Later Bishop Petrus Jonae was appointed to serve on a committee charged with making necessary revisions and clarifications, a post he held until 1601.

At Strangnas, Bishop Petrus Jonae administered to the spiritual needs of the Diocese with order and dignity. He was married to Bengta Hakansdotter. Bishop Petrus Jonae died at Strangnas December 4, 1607, and was interred in a crypt beneath the cathedral floor where a granite slab is a memorial to his service to humanity.

The following is a commentary on the fifth line from the end of the Petruś Jonae photostated biography: `"P kronte ock smorde Sigismund 1594," translated to, "Petrus crowned and anointed Sigismund 1594." The significance of that declaration requires elaboration. Important as coronations are, the crowning of Prince Sigismund, a traitor, has few parallels in the annals of history.

The Prince's father was King John III who had married a Polish Princess, the Queen was a devout Roman Catholic and had been quite successful in converting the King to her belief; their son, Prince Sigismund, was reared in Poland and had the same religious training as his mother. Jesuits, having the knowledge that he was heir to the Swedish throne, prepared him for his ascension. Soon after the young Prince took his oath of allegiance to the country the people learned that Sigismund had perjured himself by previously entering into a "coup d'etat" with the Jesuits to overthrow the government for the purpose of re-establishing the supremacy of the Roman Church. Sigismund, fearing for his life, fled to Poland but returned to Sweden a few years later with an army, he met with a series of defeats and was decisively beaten at Linkoping in 1598. Sigismund escaped to Poland and was not heard from again.

pling 1595 valdes han till biskop i Växjö. Bakom P:s val stod säkerligen hans landsman ärkebiskop Abraham Angermannus, medan dennes domkapitelled. med Nicolaus Olai Bothniensis kraftigt motsatte sig valet. En senare kallelse till Skara stifts biskopsstol 1609 avvisades av P. Han stödde i den politiska krisen 1596—98 ärkebiskopens medlingspolitik, som åsyftade ett befästande av Uppsalamötenas "enighetsförhund" med bibehållen lojalitet gentemot konung Sigismund. I den inre stiftsstyrelsen blev P. banbrytande inom sv. kyrkoliv genom sitt kloka och målmedvetna arbete för kyrkotukten och undervisningsväsendet. År 1605 utkom P:s handledning i kyrkotukt "Cursus visitationis dioecesis Wexionensis", som blev av stor betydelse ss. en av förebilderna till stormaktstidens kyrkliga lagstiftning. Där lämnas detaljerade föreskrifter för visitationsförhören och för den omfattande katekesundervisning, som P. ivrade för. Av stor förebildlig betydelse blev också tillkomsten av en verklig stiftslagstiftning i Växjö stift 1619. P. visade stort intresse för domkapitlets verksamhet och förstod att utvälja dugliga led. till detta; ingen samtida stiftschef har fostrat så många blivande biskopar och superintendenter som P. För bildningslivet i Småland blev hans nit för Växjö läroverk av stor betydelse. P. var ortodox lutheran och en oförsonlig motståndare till kalvinismen men stod likväl främmande för den gängse ortodoxins hetsiga polemik och hierarkiska mentalitet. — P. utgav ett flertal strödredikningar och predikosamlingar. Främst bör nämnas "En christelijgh och then H. Skrifft lijkmätigh uthlägniugh öffuer G. och N. Testamentsens Texter" (1623). I motsats till sin tids förhärskande retoriska och lärda ortodoxa predikan är P:s förkunnelse varmt personlig, enkel och konkret och inriktad på trons omsättande i verksam kärlek till nästan. P. har även gjort en viktig insats för den sv. psalmbokens främjande i början av Gustav II Adolfs regering. Själv har han bl. a. översatt Philipp Nicolais brudsång "Så skön lyser den morgonstiern" och personligen tillfogat tre strofer (omarb. av Wallin: "Var hälsad sköna morgonstund", nr 55 i 1937 års psalmbok). — Gift 1) med *Anna Johansdotter*; 2) 1625 med *Cecilia Pehrsdotter*.

O. H.

Petrus Jonæ Helsinglus, biskop, † 4 dec. 1607 i Strängnäs. - - P. inskrevs 1562 vid Rostocks univ. och var 1568 lärare vid Uppsala univ. År 1572 eller 1573 blev han prof. där. Han var en lidelsefull anhängare av den nya lutherska ortodoxin och blev själen i motståndet mot Johan III:s katoliserande liturgi. P. disputerade med Klosterlasse och gisslade konungens förföljelser av oppositionella präster. Han förbjöds av ärkebiskopen att predika, avsattes och togs i förvar på Svartsjö, medan liturgin antogs på riksdagen i febr. 1577. Han frigavs senare och fick återuppta sin lärarverksamhet men råkade på nytt i konflikt med konungen, som till sist fängslade honom våren 1581. Avsikten var, att han skulle föras över till Estland, men så rymde han ur fängelset och tog sin tillflykt till hertig Karls område. P:s hustru har givit en dramatisk skildring av deras gemensamma flykt till hertigdömet (tr. av C. C. Gjörwell, Nya sv. biblioteket, 1: 2, 1762). P. kom sedan även att vistas en tid i Tyskland men var 1583 åter hos hertigen i Nyköping och blev två år senare kyrkoherde där. År 1586 valdes han till biskop på en synod i Strängnäs, vilket fick till följd, att den religiösa spänningen i landet betydligt tilltog och missämjan mellan hertig Karl och konung Johan skärptes. Under P:s ledning gick Strängnäs prästerskap nu till angrepp mot alla katoliserande tendenser och framst mot konungens liturgi. Kyrkans ordning reglerades, och dess självständighet fastslogs principiellt i Örebro artiklar 1586. På ett stiftsmöte i Strängnäs 1587 antogs "Confessio Strengnensis", en bekännelse om liturgin, som spreds över riket och ledde till att strängnäsprästerna förklarades fredlösa. På en stiftssynod i Strängnäs 1592 avskaffades några ceremonier i Laurentius Petris kyrkohandbok: elevationen av nattvardselementen, bruket av korstecken och av ljus i gudstjänsten m. m. Denna reform, som framdrivits av P. och som delvis genomfördes för hela riket vid Uppsala möte 1593, fick stor betydelse för elimineringen av den katoliserande folkfromheten. P. var en av de ledande vid Uppsala möte, där hans verk bragtes till seger. Genom sin nära förbindelse med hertig Karl var han särskilt skickad att medla mellan denne och mötesmajoriteten i den omtåliga kalvinistfrågan. Som ett slag hotade att leda till mötets sprängning. P. krönte och smorde Sigismund 1594. Han var sedan medl. av kommittén för revision av bibelövers., som arbetade till 1607 - Sitt med *Birgta Ildkansdotter*.

O. H.

Petrus Magni, biskop. - - *Peter Månsson*, s. 49.

Petrus Olavi, prior, f. omkr. 1307, † 9 april 1390 i Vadstena biskopsgård och begraven i Alvastra kloster. — Efter det religiosa genombrottet i heliga Birgittas liv kallades P. att vara hennes biktfader och medhjälpare vid uppenbarelsernas uppteckнande. Detta torde ha varit skälet till att hon slog sig ned invid Alvastra kloster, vars subprior och senare prior P. var. Birgitta ägde aldrig förmågan att behandla latinska språket i skrift, och revelationerna torde till övervägande delen ha överförts till latinet av P., varvid modifikationer kunna ha gjorts av kyrkopolitiska skäl och ur renlighetssynpunkter. På Birgittas klosterregel utövade P. stort inflytande. År 1346 eller 1347 åtföljde P. biskop Hemming i Åbo, som på Birgittas uppdrag överlämnade vissa uppenbarelser till påven i Avignon och sökte mäkla fred mellan konungarna i England och Frankrike. Han torde vid flera tillfällen ha besökt Birgitta i Rom. Vid den stora pilgrimsströmningen till Rom under jubeláret 1350 var P. särskilt förordnad som biktfader för resenärer från Norden. Han deltog i Birgittas pilgrimsfärd till Jerusalem och stod vid hennes dödsbädd. Tills. med sin namne, Petrus Olavi från Skanninge (se nedan), utarbetade P. redan 1373 en skildring av Birgittas levnad. Efter att ha fört Birgittas stoft till hemlandet, återvände P. till Rom och deltog intensivt i arbetet för hennes helgonförklaring. Vittnesformulären vid helgonprocessen torde ha uppgjorts under samförstånd med P., vars egen "deposition" (1380) var den mest betydande. Anyo återkommen till Sverige överlämnade P. till Vadstena kloster ett stort revelationsmaterial, vilket först efter hand kom att inarbetas i Birgittahandskrifterna ss. "revelationes extravagantes" och "additiones"; det utgjordes delvis av hans egna kommentarer. — Litt.: H. Schück, "Några anmärkningar om Birgittas Revelationer" (i Vitt. akad:s handl., Ny följd, 13, 1901); K. B. Westman, "Birgittastudier" (1 1911); S. Kraft, "Textstudier till Birgittas revelationer" (1929).

S. Kft.

Petrus Olavi, generalkonfessor, † 16 sept. 1378 i Vadstena. — P. kom från Skanninge och var föreståndare [illegible] Vadstena helgeandshus, då han kallades att vara den heliga Birgittas biktfader. Han följde Birgitta till Rom och bosatte sig där hennes affärer. Han bistod henne även med att översätta uppenbarelsernas text till latin, dock blott då hans namne, priorn Petrus Olavi i Alvastra (se ovan), icke var i hennes närhet. P. uppgjorde den birgittinska veckoritualen "Cantus sororum". Efter att ha följt Birgittas stoft till Sverige kvarstannade P. i hemlandet och var Vadstena klosters förste generalkonfessor till sin död.

Page reproduction from biography
of MEN and WOMEN of SWEDEN

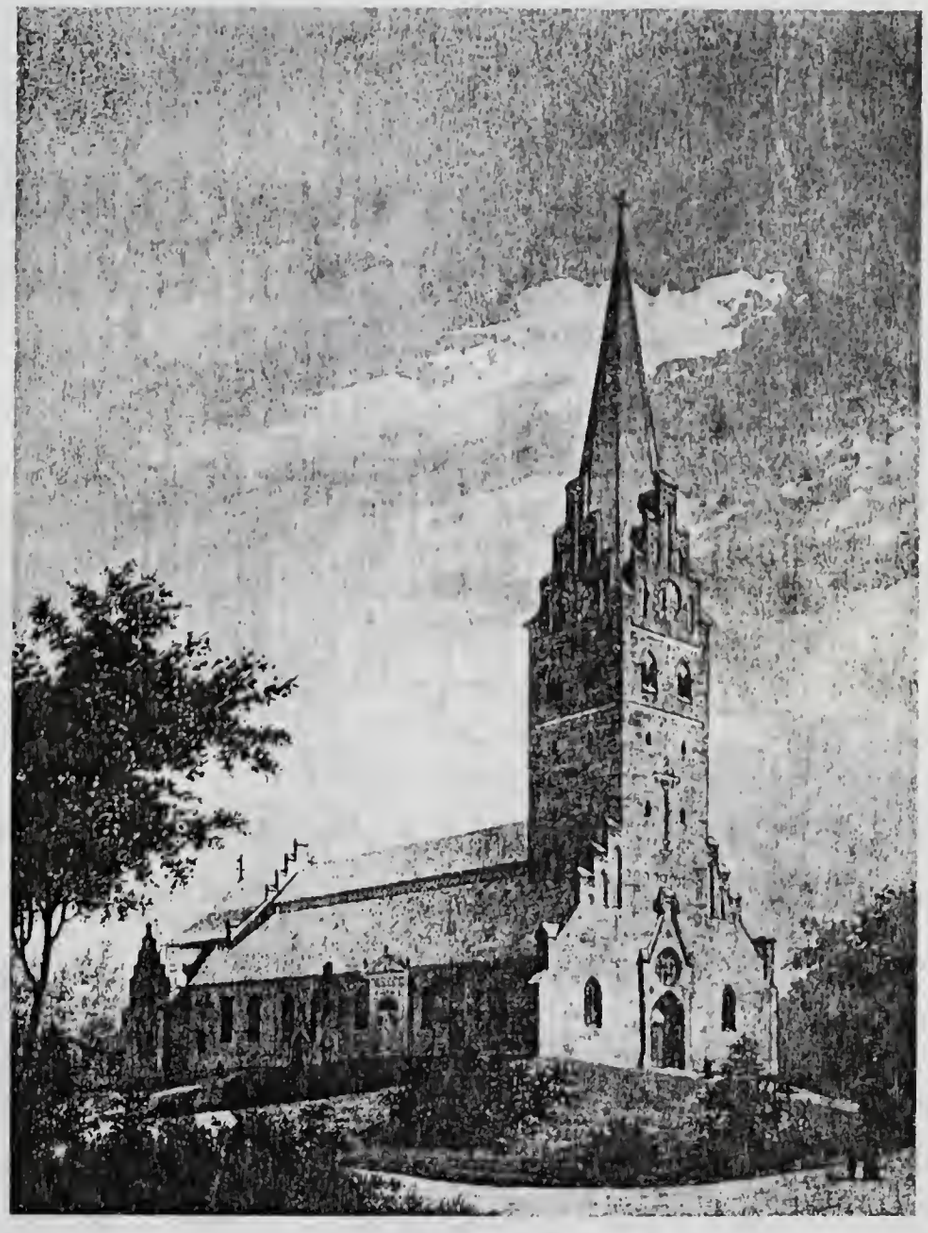
IX - X

Engraving of Uppsala Cathedral and University as it appeared at about the year 1500. Cathedral was founded in 1287 and consecrated in 1435. At the age of 29 Petrus Jonae became an instructor at Uppsala University where he taught 1568-73 after which he was made a professor and continued to serve in that capacity until 1581. The same year he was sentenced by King John III to exile in Estonia for his zeal in propagating the doctrine of the early Christian Church. The cathedral at Uppsala is the largest in Sweden. The most renouned graduate of Uppsala University in recent years was DAG HAMMARSKJOLD.

Left:

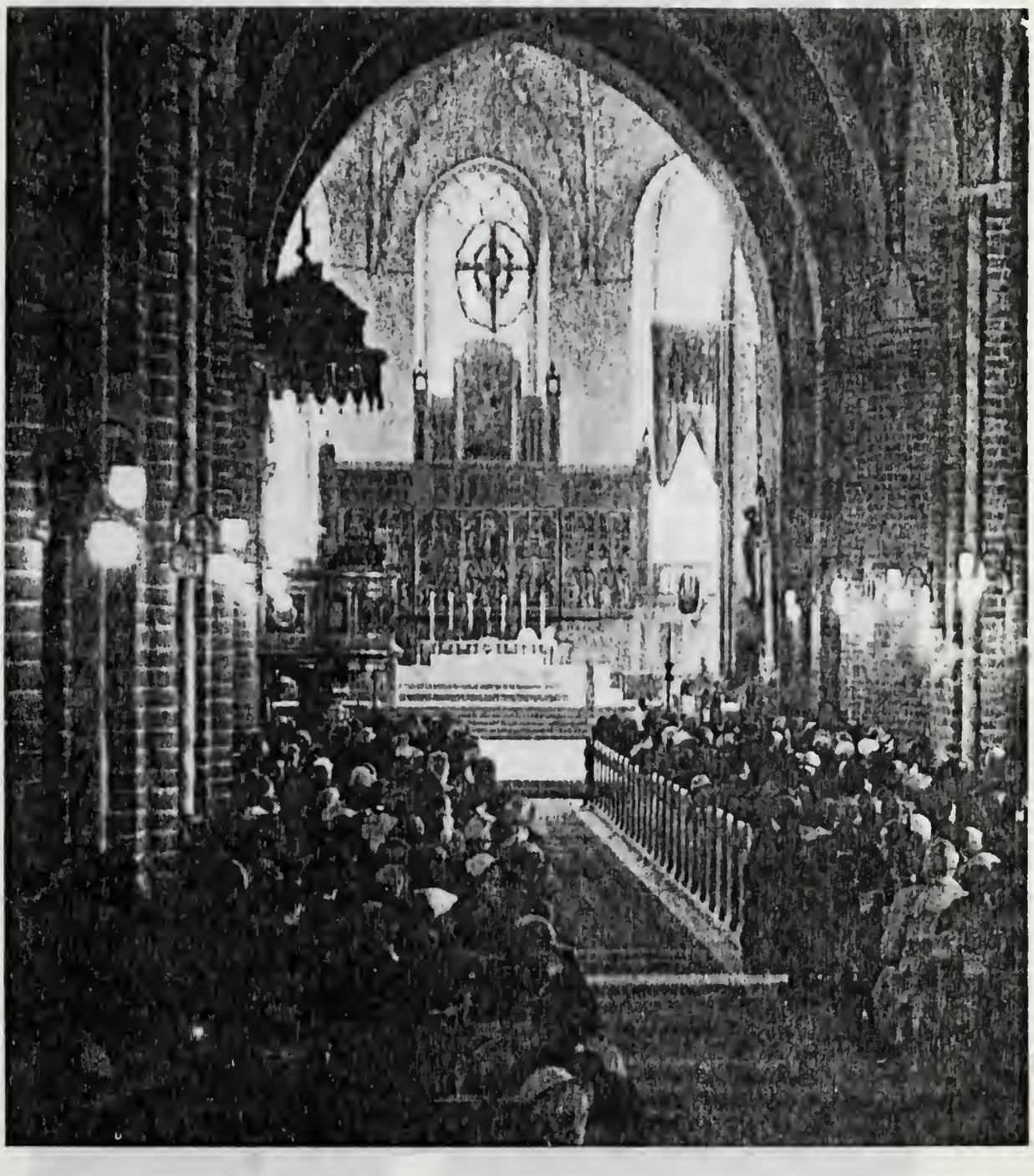
THE CASTLE (two towers) was founded by Gustavus I in 1540. In the Grand State Hall, Queen Christine abdicated the throne in 1654.

The river Fyris bisects Uppsala affording water transportation to Lake Malar and Stockholm, a distance of 45 miles.



STRANGNAS CATHEDRAL
as it appeared when Bishop Petrus Jonae administered to the spiritual needs of the parish. His service to humanity closed in 1607, his crypt is in the sanctuary.

STRANGNAS CATHEDRAL
was extensively remodeled in 1910 and is today regarded as one of the finest cathedrals of the Christian era stemming from the 1100's.



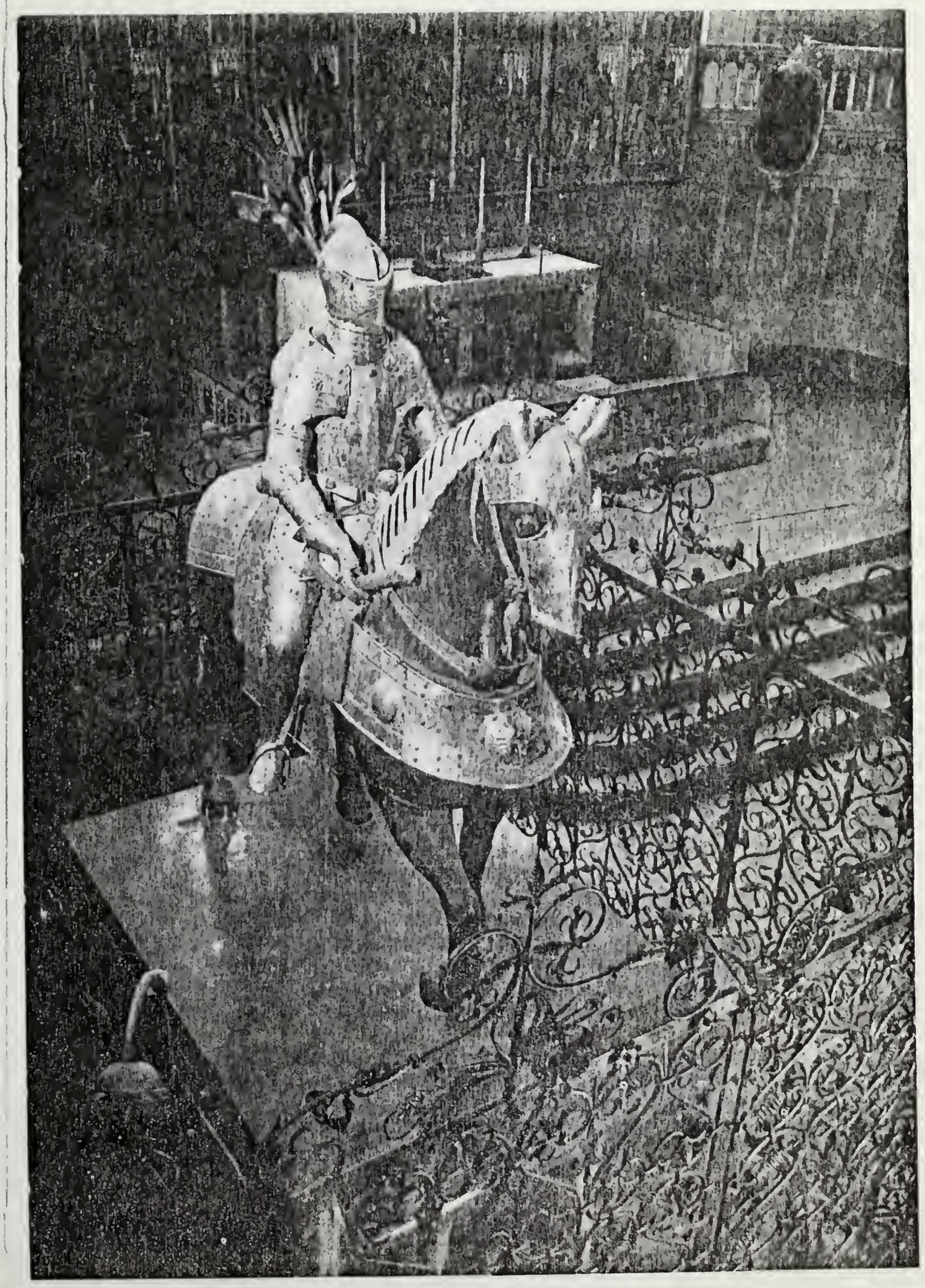
Interior of cathedral showing altar in front and pulpit on left, Bishop Petrus Jonae vigorously preached the early Christian church doctrine from here.

Bishop in official vestment before altar in Cathedral of Strangnas. Robe is one of four used in Roman Catholic era. It is conclusive that Petrus Jonae as bishop from 1586 to 1607 was also ornated by these same vestments.

Sarcophagus of young Princess Isabella, daughter of King John III and niece of Charles IX, brother of the king. Interpretation of the Latin inscription is: "One that lives such a short time on earth must live longer in heaven."

Opposite ——.

The horse and rider ornamented in gold armor grace the crypt of King Charles IX who reigned 1600-1611. Bishop Petrus Jonae and the King were lifelong friends. It will be noted herein that when the King was known as Duke Charles, he gave asylum to Petrus Jonae when sentenced to exile by the Duke's brother, King John III.



STRANGNAS
The Cultural Centre

When Bishop Petrus Jonae was laid to rest in the cathedral at Strangnas in 1607, it ended a career fraught with opposition to his teaching and expansion of a new religious doctrine. Coincidently it also marked the closing chapter for religious discontent in the country. Petrus Jonae had devoted his life to Lutheranism and now the orthodoxy had been accepted as the new State Religion, harmony and freedom of worship was achieved.

Scandinavia was the last of the European countries to embrace Christianity, the movement having first begun in Southern Europe many centuries before. To convert the heathen tribes and notorious Viking marauders was a bold decision of the Roman Catholic Church. From an English translation of a Swedish textbook by Carl Grimberg, "A History of Sweden," we learn that a French monk, St. Ansgar, in 830 A.D. was the first missionary to the Northland. His task was perilous, but on presenting King Bjorn with gifts under directions from the Holy See, the monk was permitted to remain. Good relations having thus been established, St. Ansgar was successful in attracting converts to the extent that he subsequently returned to Germany to make a favorable report to his superior, he also brought with him a letter written by King Bjorn in Runic characters. In recognition of his accomplishments, St. Ansgar was appointed Archbishop for the Northland and made his official residence in Northern Germany.

During these early times, Birka, a small city on the Island of Bjorko, was considered the capitol of Scandinavia, the island is situated at the eastern end of Lake Malar (Malaren), the city stood as a sentry at the gateway entrance from the Baltic Sea. On the islands that form the archipelago where the currents of Lake Malar meet the tides of the sea, the city of Stockholm has since risen. To lend a perspective on these times, we learn that Stockholm received its charter in 1252 and subsequently reached its highest acclaim in the 17th century as capitol of the Baltic Sea Empire. Brochures state that the population of Stockholm was 8000 in the year 1620 and rose fivefold to 40,000 by 1660, recognized as a considerable metropolis for that age. With the booming of Stockholm and the building of a fortress there, the importance of Birka became increasingly diminutive until nothing remains of the old capitol today except burial mounds half hidden by the dense growth of birches.

The first sovereign of Sweden to become a Christian was King Lapking in the year 1008. By 1152 the Roman Church had gained a substantial foothold in the lake country of central Sweden. From the exercise of Papal domination in decisions pertaining to church matters, the nation placed herself under the jurisdiction of the Pope.

Lake Malar (Malaren) extends west from Stockholm more than 100 miles and is accessible from many large neighboring lakes and from rivers penetrating the interior. Along its southern shore, 50 miles from Stockholm, is the city of Strangnas; before the rise of Stockholm, Strangnas also gained prominence as a "capitol." Strategically located for commerce and communications, where the overland byways converge upon a place of embarkation, it was only natural that Strangnas should develop into a mercantile and cultural center. In pagan times Strangnas was an attractive assembly place for the holding of court and for making propitiative offerings to the gods.

In the foregoing, mention is made of the city of Birka situated at the end of Lake Malar and the coming of the first missionary, St. Ansgar, in the year 830, and the baptising of the King in 1008, and of subjugation to the Pope in 1152. History relates nothing of the clerics who followed St. Ansgar to Sweden, but it can be assumed that the winning of converts was an arduous and perilous undertaking as the work progressed tediously over the succeeding centuries. Christianity in Sweden gained its first foothold along the shores of Lake Malar; from there it radiated to the hinterland. The next recording of a missionary coming to Sweden is about the year 1000 when the English monk, Eskil, made progress as a missionary but in consequence of his work met an untimely death by stoning at the hands of the heathen populace.

It being known that a Bishop officiated at Strangnas about the year 1100, it follows that a cathedral also existed there at the same time. It is believed that this first Roman edifice was constructed in 1131, on the same site as the present cathedral. As the ruins of many lesser outlying churches are of masonry, they bear mute corroboration to the fact that the mother Cathedral at Strangnas was also of stone construction. Recorded history tells of a later cathedral having been erected at Strangnas which was consecrated in 1291 by Bishop Anund. In the holy ceremony, the Bishop dedicated the edifice to the Apostles Peter and Paul. Even though subjected to the elements for the next 700 years, the sculptored image of Apostle Paul remains today with sword in hand to guard the old entrance. This portal has remained unscathed while other parts of the building and spire have suffered damage from numerous fires caused by lightning.

For many years after the transition, the Cathedral also functioned as an honored burial place. The stately funeral with its pomp, and the prestige of being interred within its holy chambers was esteemed as a position of honor and dignity.

A major part of the information written herein about the Cathedral at Strangnas is taken from the pages of a book called "STRANGNAS DOM-KYRKA" with text by Harry Bergquist and pictures by Arne Lundh.

EPITAPH of BISHOP PETRUS JONAE HELSINGIUS

Out of the knowledge found in the books, "Men and Women of Sweden" and the "Biographic Swedish Dictionary," comes a desire to create this epitome of the life of our forefather, Bishop Petrus Jonae (Helsingius), to be an epitaph for his memorial.

> Illustrious for his vision, courage and dedication which he exercised in the offices and employments with which he was honored; more illustrious still for his exemplary charity in the service to humanity. He was tried in the crucible of good and bad fortune, that proved what he was. His great love for God, the good and the beautiful, was his foundation for the consummation of other virtues.

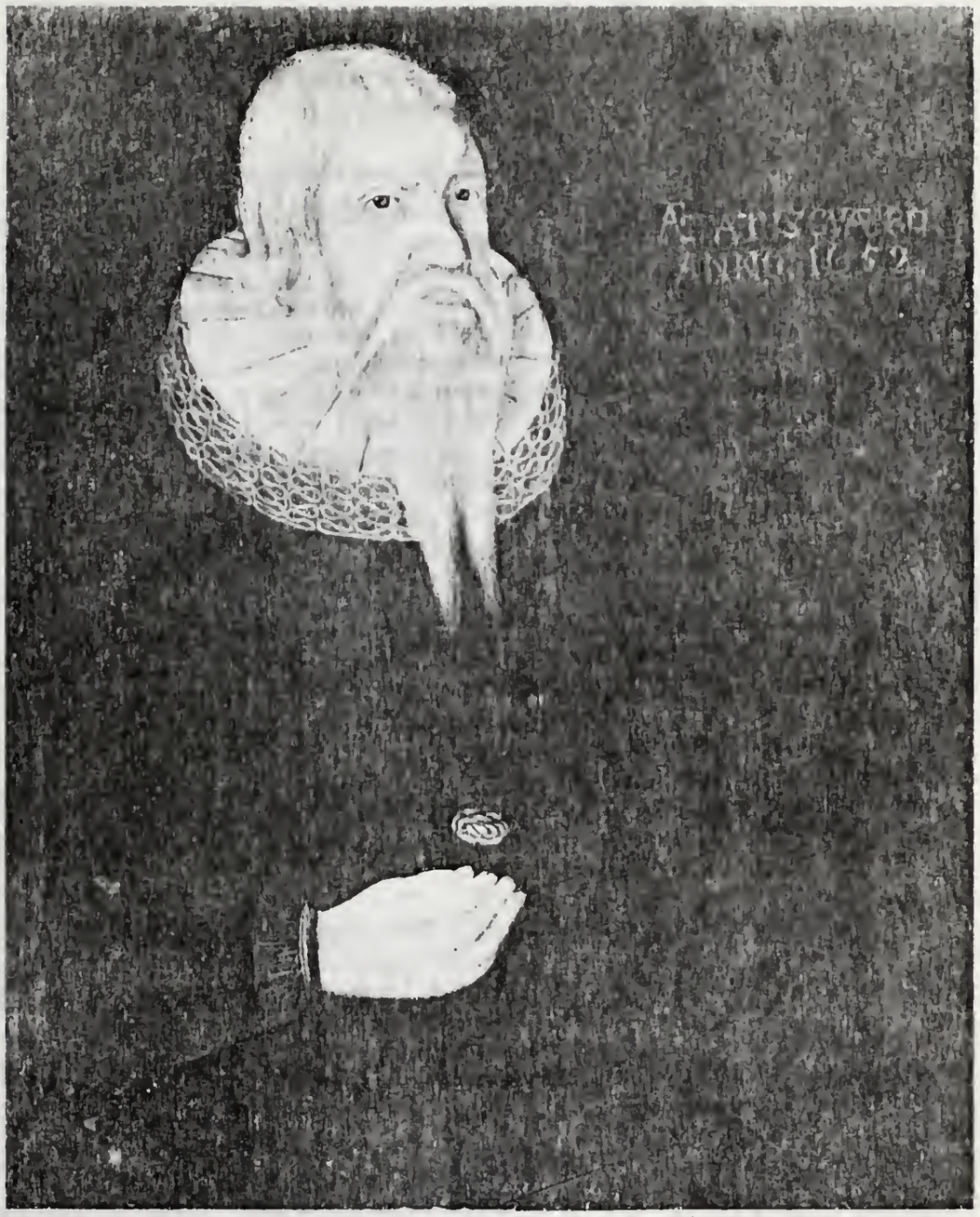
That is what remains ..... the remembrance of which will be a beacon of hope and faith to help direct us as he did others on this dark road to the good life.

CONTENTS

	Page
Title	I
Explanatory	V
Portrait of Bishop Petrus Jonae	VI
Biography of Bishop Petrus Jonae	VII
Uppsala and Strangnas	XI
Strangnas Cultural Centre	XVIII
Epitaph of Bishop Petrus Jonae	XX
Index to chapters	XXI
Portrait of Bishop Isak Rothovious	XXII
Biography of Bishop Isak Rothovious	XXIII
Biography of Jonas Rothovious	XXV
Captain Aron Johansson Coat-of-Arms	XXVII
Biography of Captain Aron Johansson	XXVIII
Heraldic interpretation of Kloverskjold	XXIX
Johan Peter Wankif's Coat of Arms	XXXI
Biography of Johan Peter Wankif	XXXII
Heraldic interpretation of Gripenbjelke	XXXIII
Runestone	XXXIV
First writings in the North	XXXV
Rulers of Sweden	XXXVIII
Map of Southern Sweden	XLVII
Ancestor charts of descendants	XLVIII
Preface to the Prologue	LIII
Prologue to This Is Our Life	LV
The key to This Is Our Life	LIX
Picture of the Family Tree	LXVIII

INDEX TO CHAPTERS
(With Pictures)

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson	1
Carl Frank Carlson	107
Ruth Ingeborg (Carlson) Gottardi	185
Ingvar Reinhold Carlson	193
Axel Fritjof Carlson	255
Ernest August Carlson	339



BISHOP ISAK ROTHOVIOUS (1572 - 1652)
Married to granddaughter of Bishop Petrus Jonae. Missionary and educator in Finland (Swedish possession). Founder of numerous schools and churches.

BISHOP ISAK ROTHOVIOUS, Ph.D.

EDUCATOR
1572 - 1652

(Translated from the Swedish Biographic Directory)

Born 1572 in the town of Hedenstorp in the parish of Angelstad, where his father was a peasant. He and his twin brother Jonas, despite much poverty, worked their way through a local school and an academy. In 1595 Isak Rothovious was called to the University of Uppsala where he received recognition for his store of knowledge and serious nature. His philosophies and scholarly approaches attracted attention in such a manner that in 1597 he was engaged as a teacher for the brothers, Axel, Krister and Gabriel Oxenstierna (Oxenstar). As a private tutor he remained with the brothers and accompanied them to foreign courts and academies. During the year 1602, a Doctor of Philosophy degree was conferred upon him at the University of Wittenberg.

He returned to Sweden in 1602 and became court chaplain to Duke Carl, and a year later was appointed vicar of the western parish of Nykoping. In 1627 he was appointed bishop in Aabo, the principal city of Finland. It has been mentioned that he had preached in Nykoping a total of 3,183 times or 183 sermons annually. In his new position in the eastern sister country of Finland which at that time was still predominantly heathen, he gained respect and honor as a spiritual leader. By the year 1627, a church council had been established at Aabo on his initiative and at the same time regulations governing the functions of the church were adopted. In 1628 he held the first meeting of vicars in the diocese.

By means of his association with the Oxenstierna brothers and more specifically his teaching of Axel who rose to the regency of the crown, he was able to establish the first academy in Finland at Aabo in 1630. This institution of learning flourished due to his ardent efforts. He induced Count Per Brahe, the governor of Finland, to intercede with Queen CHRISTINE for assistance to enlarge the scope of the new academy. This request was implemented in 1640 and the academy became a university. Bishop Isak Rothovious was its chancellor and because of his high stature in the field of education he succeeded in attracting outstanding teachers to his faculty. During the intervening years many common schools were established and the building of churches progressed all the way to Lake Inari.

In 1638 the government approved a proposal by Bishop Isak Rothovious to appoint a committee to work on a Finnish Bible. This committee under the leadership of the Bishop, attacked their commission with such zeal that by 1642 the Bible was ready to be printed in the Finnish lan-

guage at Stockholm. More common schools were built at Aabo, Bjorneborg and Helsinki. In his official capacity as head of the Church of Finland, he made annual visitations to Lapland and appointed district deans and missionaries. On these journeys he examined the progress of the teachings along the frontiers he sought to extend; he appraised the Christian domination in the congregations over the pagan beliefs of the tribal people. Naturally such radical changes in the habits and normal interests of the people became offensive. Complaints of interference with tribal customs were filed repeatedly with the governor-general and the government, so that Bishop Isak Rothovious was constantly subjected to criticism. However, the charges made against him were never pressed and the Bishop continued with relentless energy the work of conversion and reformation which he had set out to accomplish. Bishop Rothovious published in 1645 a collection of twenty sermons under the title "Twenty Christian Teachings" about true penance and improvement. Bishop Isak Rothovious died at Aabo at the age of eighty, interment was made in the cathedral of that city.

NOTE: The name of Jonas Rothovious does not appear on the ancestor-table or elsewhere, it is mentioned here to better acquaint the reader with the likeness of these twins, Isak and Jonas. Their success from an obscure beginning is remarkable.

JONAS ROTHOVIOUS, D.D.

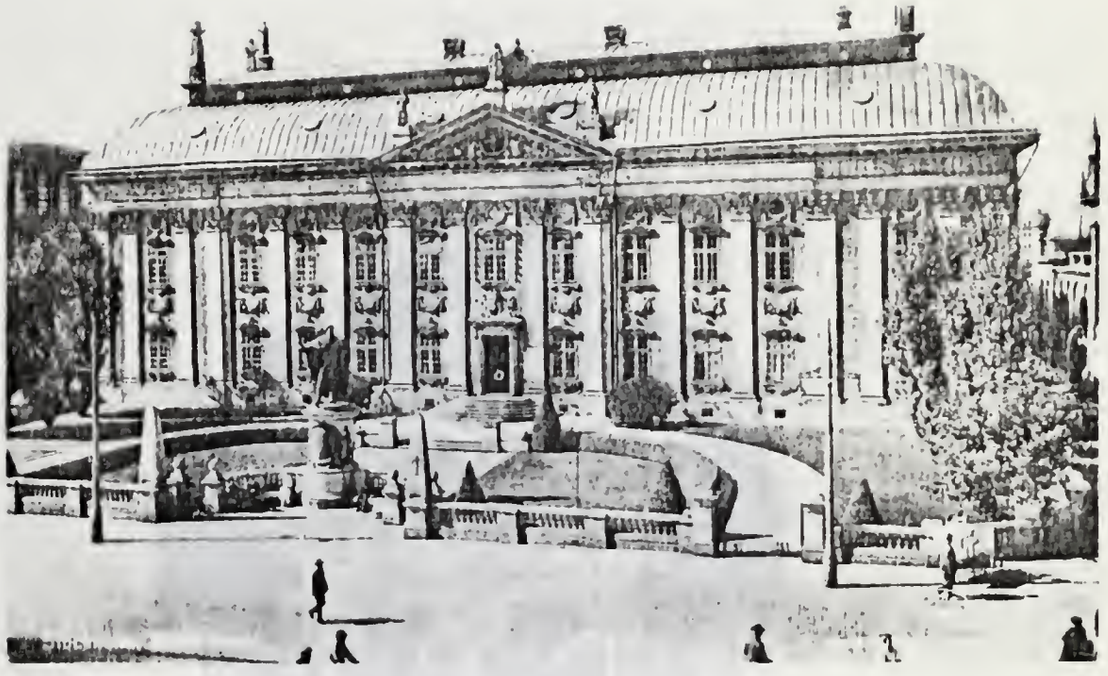
EDUCATOR
1572 - 1625

(Translated from the Swedish Biographic Directory)

Born November 1, 1572, in Hedenstorp in the parish of Angelstad, province of Smaland, twin brother of Isak Rothovious. It is stated that the parents had promised their sons that one of them could become a clergyman. In seeking to fulfill this declaration the son Jonas in 1581 was sent to school at Kalmar. There he was treated so badly and learned so little that he ran away from the town and took refuge with the vicar, Bjorm, in Arby. There he was employed as a "goat-boy" but suffered even worse inhuman treatment than before, he shared with goats a hovel in the church yard where he laid among the animals. The parents in the interim heard nothing from their son and he was being mourned as dead. At this juncture, Isak, his brother, came to Vaxio and learned that Jonas was alive and was being held in a type of servitude at Arby. With the assistance of an older friend, he went to Arby and the goat-shed and by physical combat was successful in obtaining the release of Jonas, by then Jonas had spent two years in this environment.

In Vaxio the brothers studied together, later continuing their studies at the college in Linkoping until the year 1595 when Isak parted to go to the University of Uppsala. Jonas went abroad for further education with the support of the Bishop Petrus Jonae in Vaxio and the vicar Petrus Magni in Angelstad. He became an undergraduate in Rostock (Germany) and later met with his brother Isak in Wittenberg from where, in 1602, he accompanied the Oxenstierna brothers to Jena. It was at the latter university that he received a Philosophy Master of Arts Degree after having published Quaestiones Hebraicae, Syriacae, Grecae et Latinae ex S. S. Biblis Veteris et Novi Testamenti Desumptae.

Renouned on account of his vast knowledge, he returned to Sweden in 1604 and was ordained in 1605. In the same year he was promoted to a vicar to serve in his home parish of Angelstad, a short time later he became a district dean at Sunnerbo. He worked in this capacity for thirteen years until 1618 when he was promoted to Dean of Kalmar Divinity College. At Kalmar he found the ecclesiastical institution of learning to be in an advanced state of deterioration and for the next seven years was engaged in restoration which soon resulted in disseminating of enlightenment and knowledge to the clergy. He published theses and papers on Theology and a commentary on "Nogre enfallelige rijm on Petrus Jonae's Angermanni book" in 1604. He died February 28, 1625, at Kalmar. Jonas Rothovious was married in 1605 to Svanborg Persdotter, his grandson was enobled under the name of "Gyllenroth."



HOUSE of NOBILITY
(Riddar-Huset)

During 17th century Sweden was a great power and Stockholm then became the capitol of a Baltic Sea Empire. It was in the period between 1650-70 that magnificent palaces were built in the capitol for the victorious military commanders and the great government officials who belonged to the high nobility. Many of these palaces are still in existence today although they have been more or less changed. The best preserved building from Sweden's "age of greatness" is the beautiful Riddarhuset, the House of Nobility, where the nobles fraternized in the times of the Diet of Four Estates. This governing body consisted of representatives from the Clergy, Nobles, Burghers and the peasantry, each having an equal vote. The King was subordinate to the dictates of the Estates, this form of the constitution initiated in 1280 remained until 1789 when a new constitutional form was drafted which abolished the Estates and gave the balance of power to the King.

Nr 579

KLÖFVERSKJÖLD
(JOHANSSON)

CAPTAIN ARON JOHANSSON COAT-OF-ARMS
Knighted by Queen Christine, January 14, 1653
(3rd generation after Petrus Jonae)

SIR KNIGHT KLOFVERSKJOLD

Conferred Upon

Capt. Aron Johansson
January 14, 1653

by

Her Majesty
Queen Christine

Aron Johansson was born at Viborg, Finland, in 1605, the son of Johan Ottosson Kleeblatt (Klofverblad), a district judge, and Elisabeth Hansdotter whom he married in 1597. Capt. Johansson was married to Anna Rothovia in 1640. They are the parents of Matts Ericksson Djurman who became a merchant-dealer and importer at Viborg.

Capt. Aron Johansson was officer in charge of the garrison at the castle of Viborg. The castle and fortress in what is now Vipurii, USSR, was a base of operations for the militant Swedes who in 1632 dominated the northern half of Europe. Capt. Johansson distinguished himself in combat at this frontier outpost which gained for him the recognition of the queen.

The Coat of Arms (Klofverskjold) coincidently is reported to be strikingly similar to that of the Danish noble family of Seeblad of which the father of Capt. Johansson was formerly a member. This deviation is further deliberated on in the lineage manifest. As may have been discerned, the name Klofverskjold means "clover shield." Sir Knight Klofverskjold died at Viborg in 1666.

Six WANKIF (Gripenbjelke) Coat-of-Arms, size 11" x 14", were cast in bronze by Medallic Art Co., 325 E. 45th St., New York, N.Y., April 1962. (Instructions were: Clean with lemon oil)

The Following
Heraldic Interpretations
of These Coat of Arms Were Made by

Hazel Kraft Eilers
Evanston, Illinois

Life Member of New England Historic Genealogical Society
Boston, Massachusetts

Hazel Kraft Eilers

COAT OF ARMS

KLOFVERSKJOLD

He beareth for Arms: Argent three trefoils slipped vert. Crest - a trefoil as in the arms between two elephant trunks, counter-changed argent and vert.

Translated into non-Heraldic terms: A silver (argent) shield on which is charged three (green) trefoils with stems (slipped). The crest is a trefoil as on the shield between two elephant trunks divided crossways and counter-changed silver and green.

The simplicity of this Armorial Bearing bespeaks its great antiquity. As the Kloverskjold title is translated "clover-shield", this is an example of canting, or punning, a contrivance often employed in early days. The original intent of a Coat-of-Arms was to identify the wearer, and the symbols on this shield "sing out" the name of the bearer.

The trunk of an elephant is significant of strength and labor and ambition to emulate examples set for him.

Colors are representative of the personal characteristics of the original bearer, and are granted only if he be worthy. Silver signifies sincerity and peace; green, sturdiness and strength.

A Coat-of-Arms is not considered complete without being decorated with the mantling and helmet, which the men wore in medieval times. The mantling was a large scarf of heavy cloth or leather thrown over the helmet to protect the neck from the heat of the sun, the armour from rust, and to foil the enemy's sword. When Coats-of-Arms became popular as decorations in the home, there were certain rules adopted for their use. One was the conventionalizing of the torn mantling which the heroes of the day were proud to show when they returned from a conflict. In a hand-painting, wood carving or other reproduction these mantlings must have the main color of the Coat-of-Arms on the outside, and the main metal for the lining. There must also be a wreath of the colors holding the mantling on to the helmet, six strands showing, the first of the metal, second of the color and then alternating. Upon this six-stranded wreath the crest rests, should there be one granted.

GRIPENBJELKE
(WANKIF)

JOHAN PETER WANKIF COAT-OF-ARMS
Knighted by King Frederick, December 23, 1767
(7th generation after Petrus Jonae)

SIR KNIGHT GRIPENBJELKE

Conferred Upon

Johan Peter Wankif
December 23, 1767

by

His Majesty
King Frederick

Johan Peter Wankif (1733-87) was the son of Anna Elisabeth Djurma and Jons Wankif, a treasury official for the city of Stockholm, who were married in 1730. From this union several children were born of which the is more information on record. In connection with the knighting of Sir Johan Peter Wankif, we are proud descendants of a brother, Carl Gustaf Wankif. Johan became a barrister and as a lawyer for the crown he assis ed in framing a new constitution giving the basis for the many freedoms the Swedes have enjoyed for the past two centuries. Whereas Johan neve married, his sisters and brothers became his only heirs, it is an honor fo us to participate in this legacy.

It would be unfair to others of this lineage to single out Johan Peter Wankif as the most distinguished of our heritage..... culture, intellect and noteworthy achievements are commonplace in every generation. How ever, we would be judged as derelict if we did not register our appreciati of his virtues and acclaim. By his dedication to the affairs of State he was duly honored by being knighted "Gripenbjelke."

Let descendants seek to emulate Sir Johan's courage, vision and dedication. In further recognition of this illustrious member of our heritage, we have had cast several bronze plaques of his Coat of Arms which we have reason to believe would be approved by Sir Johan as having thus been doubly honored.

The titular name of "Gripenbjelke" has more than passing significance, literally translated it would be "Griffinbeam." A griffin is a Greek mythical fabrication, being a composite of half eagle and half lion. This combination of fowl and animal was used in large sculptures by the Greeks to watch over treasures of gold and gems. Bjelke or beam can be explained as a member in building construction carrying great weight. The uniting of eagle and lion tends to place emphasis on the virtues of both, most noteworthy among these are vision, courage, integrity, and the capacity to shoulder responsibility. Evidently Sir Johan Peter Wankif (Gripenbjelke) was the personification of all these qualities.

Hazel Kraft Eilers

COAT OF ARMS
GRIPENBJELKE

He beareth for Arms: Or a fesse azure over all an olive tree issuant counter-changed vert, or, vert. Crest - a demi-griffin sable holding in the dexter paw a sword erect argent, and an olive twig vert wound round the sword.

Translated into non-Heraldic terms: A gold (or) shield charged with a blue (azure) (fesse) band across the center one-third of the shield. Over the whole shield is an olive tree(counter-changed) alternately green (vert), gold, green. The crest is a griffin cut-off at the waist (demi) holding in its right (dexter) paw a silver (argent) sword with point upwards (erect) with a green olive twig wound round the sword. The griffin is black (sable).

The fesse is one of the nine so-called Honourable Ordinaries, straight-sided figures one-third the width of the shield, first symbols used to identify men encased in armour. It is the military girdle of honour.

The olive branch or leaves are the emblems of peace and concord.

The griffin is a chimerical creature having the head, wings and talons of an eagle and the body of a lion. It is one of the principal bearings in heraldry often used as a crest. It "sets forth the property of a valorous soldier whose magnanimity is such that he will dare all dangers, and even death itself, rather than became captive". It also indicates vigilancy.

The sword is a weapon fitted for execution and justice. It is the true emblem of military honour and should incite the bearer to a just and generous pursuit of honour and virtue in warlike deeds.

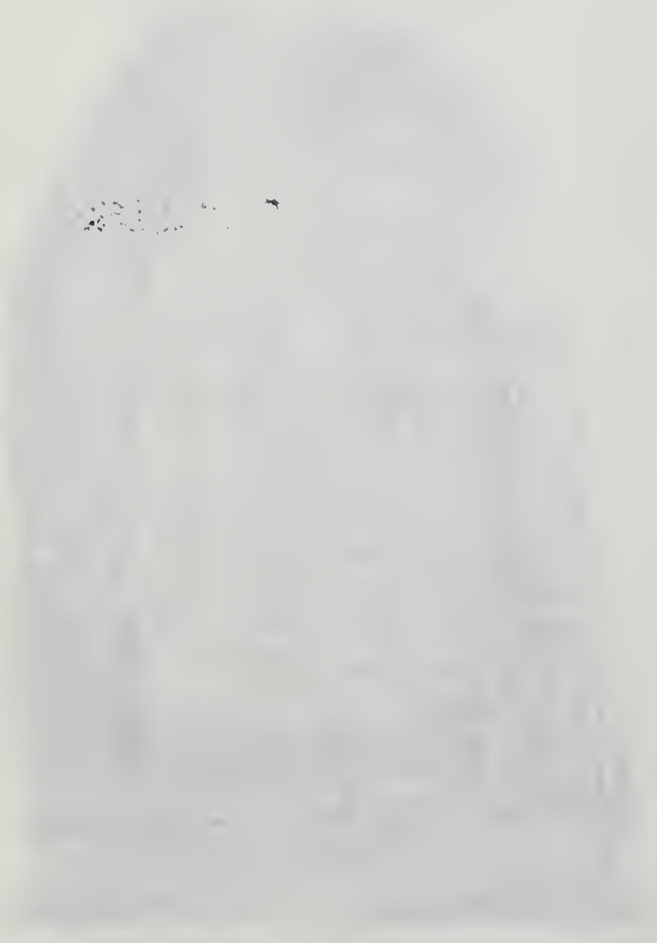
Colors are representative of the personal characteristics of the original bearer and are granted only if he be worthy. Gold signifies generosity and elevation of mind; blue, loyalty and truth; green, sturdiness and strength; sable, the fur lining of royal robes, constancy and nobility.

The mantling was a large scarf of heavy cloth or leather thrown over the helmet to protect the neck from the heat of the sun and the armour from rust. When used as a decoration for paintings, the outside must be the main color of the shield (blue), and the lining the main metal (gold). The wreath of six strands must be twisted alternately of the metal and color and is used to hold the crest to the mantling and helmet.

STENTOFTE, BLEKING, SWEDEN.

? DATE ABOUT A. D. 600—700.

English translation of the Runes above and a brief history of Runestones is given on the averse side.



FIRST WRITINGS IN THE NORTH

Runic stones numbering in the hundreds have been recorded from all parts of the Northland, varying in size from tiny to enormous monoliths 10 feet high and 5 feet wide. They were primarily used as grave markers, but bear no dates. From early times, engravings of Runic specimens have been filed and catalogued for subsequent studies to transliterate and translate. Those on record span the gamut of time from the 1st to 16th centuries, the majority being older than the 11th. To shed further enlightenment upon this heathen civilization, thousands more of these Futhorcs have been found inscribed on wood, metal and bone in the form of family medals, combs, weapons, coins and golden ornaments. With few exceptions, when a tale was related, the vast majority bear words of an epitaphic motif, closely paralleling those of modern times. For example, a fingerring with gold lettering states "Aethred Owns Me - Eanred engraved me."

The large Runic Monument reproduced herein is 4-1/2 feet above ground and 2-1/2 feet wide. It was found at Stentofte, Bleking province, Sweden, not far from our Grandfather's farm, it stems from the period about 600 A.D. This Runic Monument is used herein expressly to aid in giving penetration to an age prior to the commencement of our own family recording which begins with the birth in 1539 of our illustrious forefather, Petrus Jonae.

2012156

The carving on the Runic Monument pictured herein is translated:

"Aye, they shall have praise in their new chamber,
these honored chiefs of the Haethuwolf clan.
Here speak these Runes their fame,
yea, a multitude of braves they slew.
Aebae carved this important work."

The Runic alphabet is called "futhorc," the individual letters are Runestaves or Runes. It is generally agreed that these characters originated as an independent offshoot of an early form of the Greek alphabet. It is prudent to believe that the early Vikings in their many forays along coastal waters to the Mediterranean area, became versatile in linguistics and brought the art of writing to the north. Also through central Europe, the pagan tribesmen in merchantile pursuits, plied the lower Danube and other great rivers of the continent from their confluences with the Baltic and North Seas to the Greek Empire that stretched over the northern shores of the Black Sea. Runic bearers are confined to the Northland, to both sides of the North Sea, about two-thirds of the aggregate have been found in Scandinavia, the other third was found in England, Scandinavia's oldest colony. During the 3rd, 4th, 5th and following centuries, there is marked evidence of extensive trade and transmigration between the myriad of independent "states" and "kingdoms" which collectively formed the Northland. All were closely knit by common interests and nationalistic characteristics.

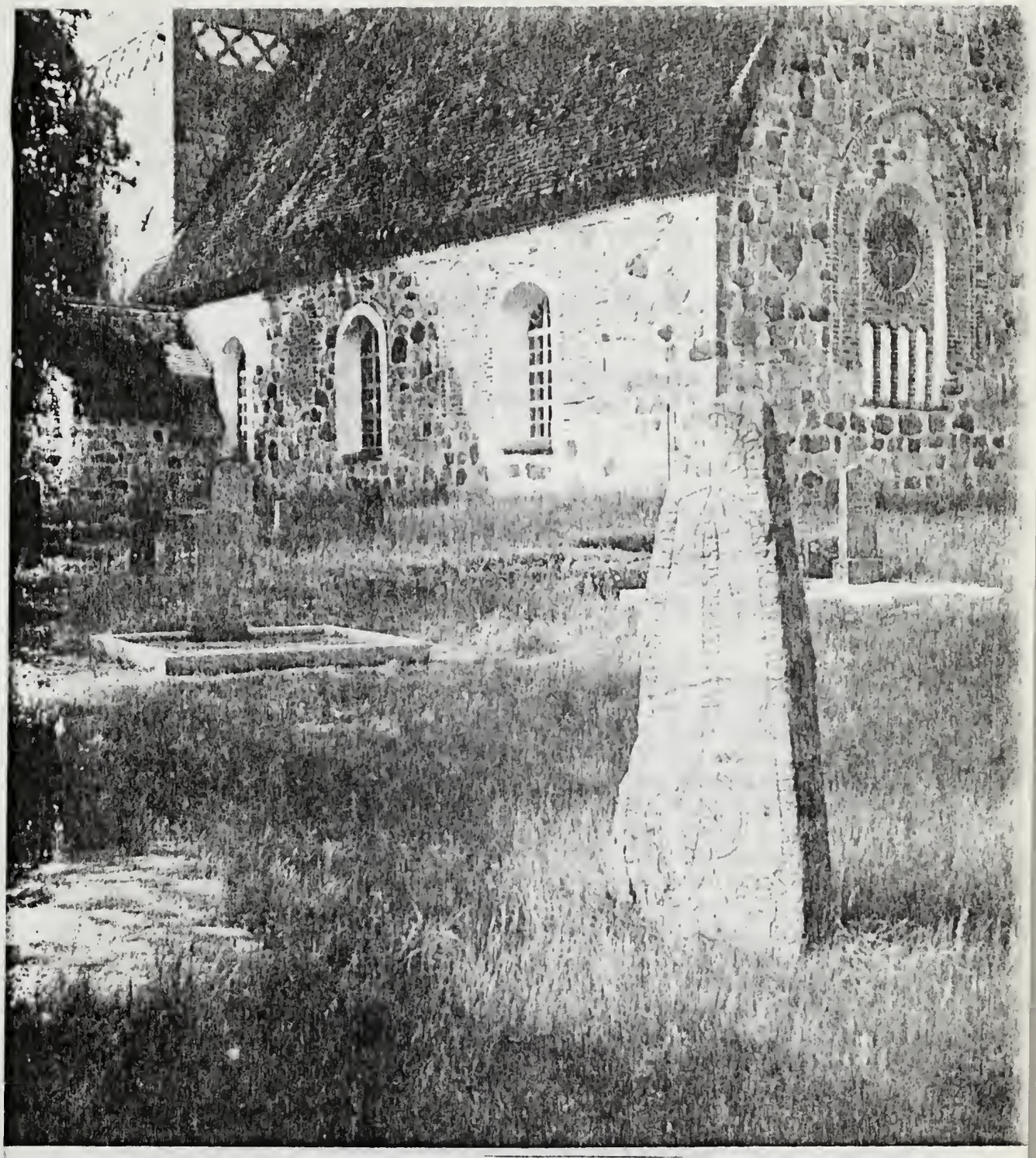
Runic carving is the oldest art remaining from the time of our forefathers, we are told it shows a high degree of civilization and technical skill which in some things was higher than now. This, in part, explains how it was possible for these dauntless clans to infiltrate and be invited by older powers, to bring an influence that was fresh and invigorating. Most authoritative sources agree that the Heathen Runic Culture was common to all the Northland, that it appeared everywhere in about the same period. It is also clear that this peculiar culture and nationality is not restricted to one particular spot in any of the north lands. The Runes meet us in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and England, from north to south. All Scandinavia from Lapland to the Eider and all England from Kent to the Firth of Forth share this common heritage.

Students of Comparative Philology are in accord that the basics of the English language are derived from the North, the Northmen settled large areas of England over the centuries, they spoke one tongue only, that being old Scandinavian. Northland English is the birth tongue of England and her colonies. The Runic language with its many dialects dates to the birth of Christ and beyond. With Christianity having been first introduced to England, a transition period followed which resulted in the gradual banishment of Runes and worship of pagan Gods, the language by then was completely "Latinized." In Scandinavia the language changed to the influences of Saxons and Germans and the people were referred to as Scandio-Goths. However, a "oneness" has ever asserted itself between the Northland countries.

The hundreds of stately barrows, cairns and grave mounds from the Iron Age often employ the funeral words speaking of.... Peace and Rest for the departed.... that the grave was a place of continuation.... that the departed shall live a "mystic" life therein.... to dwell in another land. The formula for "rest" and the invocation of the gods themselves is evidence that our ancestors held fast to the belief of a future state, the ever-life of the soul. Thus Christianity, in its surge forward into the Northland, had only to give clearer views and to teach the name of the Great Unknown whom all felt after. Most of Scandinavia was readily converted to Christianity and Romanism without use of force, no more than was dictated in carrying out the doctrines of the Reformation. At this juncture, our Family History has its point of beginning, our forefather Bishop Jonea continues in the spread of the gospel and the work of the Reformation.

Documentation for the above treatise is taken from a rare book of large dimensions with hundreds of lithographic reproductions of Runic bearing specimens, their transliteration and translations. The book is called:

HANDBOOK of Old Northern RUNIC MONUMENTS



The runestone, for centuries imbedded in the foundation of the rectory, was moved to its present place in 1868. The inscription reads: Vargas, Arnkel, and Andvind, and their mother, Rodalf. The three brothers erected these stones in the memory of their father, Holme.

RULERS OF SWEDEN
and
Some of Their Accomplishments
Pertaining to This Genealogy

(Factual information is from text book of Carl Grimberg)

1008 PAGANS and Warrior CHIEFTAINS served prior to this date

1008 OLAF LAPKING
Mentioned as being first Christian sovereign, baptized a Catholic. In 1152 Sweden placed herself under the jurisdiction of the Pope in Rome.

1250 BIRGER JARL
Recorded as first ruler worthy of the name STATESMAN. He issued the celebrated peace or security laws of Home, Church, Assembly and Women. The first three prohibited attacks on anyone while at or going to and from these places. The law regarding women's security forbade anyone to attack or carry away a woman for a wife.

1280 MAGNUS LADULAS
Issued order that all men who would render Knight-Service, that is, to equip man and horse with full armor for the defense of the kingdom, should be exempt from paying taxes to the King. Thus arose a privileged NOBLES military class. At the same time the CLERGY became fully organized and were granted the same concession. The foregoing culminated in the forming of four ESTATES to represent all the people, each permitted one vote in a unique democratic process. The first ESTATE was the CLERGY; second the NOBLES; third the BURGHERS, merchants in the towns who were engaged in trade and manufacture; fourth, all the free PEASANTRY representing agricultural workers. The foremost NOBLES were Knights devoted to warfare and chivalry. For the security of their personal possessions and huge estates in these turbulent times, these NOBLES built for their dwellings strongly fortified castles surrounded by moats and towers that bristled with weapons. Many of the elegant furnishings of these castles in later years were the booty from foreign conquest of which churches were a lucrative source.

1319 MAGNUS ERICSSON
Authorized learned jurists to compile and unify laws of the various provinces into national laws applicable to rural districts and towns alike. Henceforth people were not to think of themselves as West Goths or Uplanders, but as citizens of one country — all Swedes (1350). The King abolished slavery decreeing "no one born of Christian parents shall ever be a slave," a triumph for Christianity. Terror reigned in 1350 in the form of a universal catastrophy — the

Oriental Plague commonly called Black Death. It is written that one half the population of Europe succumbed, it was slightly less effective in the northern latitudes.

1412 ERIC of POMERANIA

Under his rule Germans swarmed into Sweden and assumed important positions as bailiffs of the King and as such ruled all the people. The Lords became indignant but it was the miners and peasants under the leadership of mine owner Engelbert Engelbertsson that took action. Representing the BURGHERS he formed a coalition with the PEASANTS who in turn forced the large land owners (the Lords) to renounce their allegiance to King Eric.

1435 ENGELBERT ENGELBERTSSON

Was appointed regent of the realm. By the continued cooperation of the BURGHERS and PEASANTS coupled with the support of the landlords, a balance of power was exerted over the other ESTATES of NOBLES and CLERGY. In 1477, by Papal sanction, the now well known and popular UPPSALA UNIVERSITY was founded. Due to the scarcity of capable instructors, printed books and adequate financing, learning was restricted for the first one hundred years. In 1450, John Gutenberg invented the modern version of the printing press using movable type. After a century in the perfection process, books became within the means of most of the common people. After the UPPSALA UNIVERSITY became fully operative it no longer was necessary for young men to seek education in Paris and other places. Heretofore education in Sweden emanated from the convents and cathedrals which was in essence restricted to the training of priests and monks. Latin was predominantly used by the hierarchy, the language of the cultured during that time.

- Note -

The dates given heretofore are in most instances approximate. Various families gathered followers, influence and power which made them sovereigns by Might rather than by Right of succession. Records to the sixteenth century are too vague and fragmentary to be specific. The early rulers being mostly legendary.

1523-1560 GUSTAVUS I or Gustaf (Erickson) Vasa

A nobleman and the founder of the modern Swedish monarchy. He secured for his country its religious independence by introducing the reforms of Martin Luther. By the waging of foreign conquests and through mismanagement and neglect of internal affairs, Sweden and its people had become impoverished, a condition that commanded the attention of the new Monarch. It was found that the Church was a definite factor in the Crown's financial predicament. The Church

had accumulated immense wealth including silver and gold, and owned one fifth of the productive land for which it paid no tax. Thus it was the lot of GUSTAF VASA to break this stranglehold.

While the King attended a Riksdag (parliament) held at Strengnas he heard a report from an emissary who had been present in Wittenburg (Germany) when Martin Luther made his revolutionary proposals. King GUSTAVUS was favorably impressed and by utilizing the media of the printing press, the Doctrines of Martin Luther were spread to all parts of the kingdom. The Swedish translation of the New Testament was completed in 1526 but was not acceptable to the Catholic Clergy. In an effort to settle the economic controversy with the Church, the King gave a report on the nation's critical financial condition to the Riksdag attended by the ESTATES. In conclusion he asked the ESTATES to appropriate funds for government operations, the King did not mention what sources were available but the implication was understood.

Bishop Brask, representing the Spiritual ESTATE, pleaded that they could not relinquish any of the Church's possessions without sanction of the Pope. After deliberating for three days the Riksdag reached a decision resulting in victory for the Crown. Henceforth the King instead of the Pope became the chief governor of the Church of Sweden. The new regulations were intolerable to the CLERGY and the reign of the powerful Bishops ended, simultaneously the ESTATE of the CLERGY ceased to exist as members of the King's council. By being restricted in its former practices the Roman Church gradually disintegrated. The King, GUSTAF VASA, had three sons....ERIC, JOHN, and CHARLES, all of whom succeeded him (not consecutively).

1560-1568 ERIC XIV
Extravagant and weak

1568-1592 JOHN III
Loved grandeur, delighted in beautifying churches. He was partial to the old Catholic service with its pomp and beautiful music as contrasted to the simple LUTHERAN service. King JOHN married a Polish princess of the Catholic faith, from this union a son, SIGISMUND, became heir to the throne. Meanwhile the King became more prejudiced toward Lutheranism.

It will be noted elsewhere in this book that our forebear, Bishop PETRUS JONAE. was summoned before King JOHN to

resolve difference of opinion in the expansion of the Lutheran Doctrine. While the King was anxious to have the Catholic mass restored, he also worked to have the two religions reconciled. As a compromising gesture he introduced a new church book printed in both Latin and Swedish prescribing a grander and more beautiful liturgy. On submitting a plan to the Pope for the uniting of the two faiths, it was rejected, whereupon King John's zeal for Catholicism began to wane.

1592-1600 SIGISMUND

Son of King John III was reared and educated in Poland as a Roman Catholic, the faith of his mother. While in Poland he demonstrated a zeal to persecute protestants under the guidance of the Jesuit priests. The Swedes were aware of his attitude toward them as he ascended to the throne in an atmosphere clouded by suspicion and foreign intrigue. Even as SIGISMUND raised his hand in taking the oath of his position he was perjuring himself, having secretly assured the Jesuits on the day before that he would reintroduce the concessions to the Catholic Church. As the news of this traitorous act aroused the populace, SIGISMUND retreated to Poland only to return with an army. After several skirmishes he was soundly routed at Linkoping in 1598. SIGISMUND escaped to Poland never to return to Sweden again.

1600-1611 CHARLES IX

Third son of GUSTAVUS I (1523-1560) and brother of ERIC XIV and JOHN III. Was devoted to the meting of equal justice to all and was considered an excellent Monarch.

1611-1632 GUSTAVUS II or Gustaf Adolph

Although only sixteen years of age when his father (CHARLES IX) died, he was matured beyond his years. No attempt will be made herewith to extoll the merits and abilities of this great warrier King. He campaigned far and wide without suffering defeat or staggering loss of men. Napoleon regarded GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS as the greatest general of all time, his successes, being the result of superior training, discipline and loyalty which led to bravery that demoralized his foes. By his deeds the dominion of Sweden was expanded far beyond the Baltic regions and elevated Sweden to a position of a world power.

The 30 Year War in northern Europe began October 31, 1617, a hundred years after Martin Luther made known his 95 propositions, some intended to put an end to the sale of indulgences. The long war was both religious and political in aspect, with the countries of central Europe seeking expansion and power; they were directed from Rome which sought

to regain lost territory and influence. In 1630 GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS won a brilliant victory over Tilly near Leipzig (Germany) which turned the tide and made the Doctrines of Luther secure. Ironically, two years later in 1632, at a battle near Lutzen, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS was mortally wounded, leaving a daughter, CHRISTINE, as his successor. Minor battles and skirmishes continued until 1648.

1632-1654 CHRISTINE
Weak and frivolous

The following is a verbatim account of the attache of GUSTAVUS II taken from New Century Reference Library, 1909 edition:

Count Axel Oxenstierna, a Swedish statesman born June 16, 1583, studied theology at Rostock, Wittenberg and at Jena, and after visiting all the courts in Germany he returned to Sweden in 1602 and entered the service of CHARLES IX. In 1608 he was admitted into the senate; and on ascension of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS in 1611, was made chancellor. He accompanied GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS during his campaigns in Germany taking charge of all diplomatic affairs; and on the fall of his master at Lutzen (1632) was recognized at a congress assembled as the head of the Protestant League. The League was held together and supported solely by his influence and wisdom, and in 1636 he returned to Sweden after an absence of 10 years, laid down his extraordinary powers, and took his seat in the senate as chancellor of the kingdom and as one of the five guardians of the Queen. In 1645 he assisted in negotiations with Denmark at Bromsebro, and on his return was created Count by QUEEN CHRISTINE, whose determination to abdicate the Crown, he strongly but unsuccessfully opposed. Count Axel Oxenstierna died in Stockholm, August 28, 1654. (End of quote)

That the Count was a great statesman is attested to in tributes by other statesmen, one is quoted as having said, "If all statesmen were in a storm in a ship at sea, they would choose Axel Oxenstierna as their pilot." The foregoing has added significance in the light that our forebear, Bishop Isak Rothovious, in 1597 was engaged to tutor the three Oxenstierna brothers and accompanied them to foreign courts and academies, returning to Sweden in 1602.

On reading herein it will be further noted that Captain ARON JOHANSSON (a forebear) was Knighted by QUEEN CHRISTINE on January 14, 1653, while stationed at the castle at Viberg, Finland, now Vipurii, Russia.

1654-1660 CHARLES X also called Carl Gustaf
Cousin of QUEEN CHRISTINE was another successful warrior King whose bright future was abbreviated in his prime by a seizure of fever. He left a son, Charles, age four, as his heir.

1660-1697 CHARLES XI
The years 1660-1672 the affairs of state were in the hand of several regents, all of a mediocre caliber, during this regency the treasury was depleted while the many land estates enjoyed immense incomes. Some credit is mentionable, that of the establishment of the University at Lund in 1668 and the founding of the Swedish National Bank.

On reaching his majority in 1672, the young King reigned admirably until 1697. He had the misfortune during the last 10 years of his reign to witness a phenomenal change in the seasons of the years, summers became cold and winters warm resulting in total crop failures. People were known to eat bark from trees and it was estimated that 100,000 persons starved to death, whole parishes perished and churches were abandoned. King Charles died in 1697 at the age of 41, leaving a son, CHARLES, age 15, as his successor.

1697-1718 CHARLES XII
A child was again King of Sweden, he was fifteen. This time the ESTATES declared that young CHARLES should be entrusted with absolute control of the kingdom. He was the image of his father and possessed all the qualifications of a great ruler. CHARLES XII resumed the expansion of the Swedish borders far into Poland and beyond over the steppes of Russia to Moscow. However, from this point the overextended supply lines and adverse weather ruptured all means of progress or retreat. Of those who survived the bitter cold, most were made Russian prisoners, few escaped back to Sweden. From this time the Swedish empire contracted.

A sidelight to the campaigns in Russia is mentioned in a biography of Peter the Great (1672-1725). At the battle of Pultown in 1709, among the prisoners taken was a lady named Catherine, the wife of a slain Swedish officer. The Czar, Peter the Great, married her and upon his death the Swedish woman became CATHERINE I, Empress of Russia.

With the death of CHARLES XII came the end to those who had a legal hereditary right to the throne. His two sisters had married without the consent of the ESTATES. One sister, ULRICA ELEONORA, married to Prince FREDERICK of Hesse, was chosen as successor.

1718-1720 ULRICA ELEONORA
Was chosen to be Queen by the Riksdag in 1719, she abdicated in 1720 in favor of her husband Frederick.

1720-1751 FREDERICK I
The exchange was no improvement. In spite of incompetency many men distinguished themselves during his reign, among them were Carl Linnaeus, world famous for his contribution to botany, and Olaf Dahlin who in 1732 printed the first newspaper in the land, called "The Swedish Argus." This was the age of illumination, great strides were made in the advancement of literature and culture. On the death of King Frederick there was no heir.

1751-1771 ADOLPH FREDERICK
Empress ELIZABETH of Russia because of concessions made to Sweden in the peace treaty of 1743, dictated the choice of ADOLPH FREDERICK, a kinsman of the Empress. He was the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp (Germany) and an honorable gentlemen who in seeking a respite from State affairs, delighted to work with his precious turning lathe.

> It should be noted here that it was King ADOLPH FREDERICK that Knighted our JOHAN PETER WANKIF with the titular name of GRIPENBJELKE, December 23, 1767.

1771-1792 GUSTAVUS III
Eldest son of ADOLPH FREDERICK was an excellent Monarch.

1792-1809 GUSTAVUS IV also called Gustaf Adolph
Was only a child when his father, GUSTAVUS III, was murdered at a masquerade ball held at the opera house in Stockholm. During the boy's minority the brother of his father, Duke Charles, assumed the regency. While the country prospered under the regency of Duke Charles it was reversed when the young King became involved in a disastrous war with Russia. In a treaty signed in 1809 Sweden ceded the Aland Islands, Finland and the Swedish Lapp District to Russia, almost one half of their dominion. Terrific losses were sustained in these campaigns which aroused the ire of the Swedish people resulting in the seizure of the King on March 13, 1809, whereby he and his family were exiled from the country.

1809-1818 CHARLES XIII
The ESTATES reinstated Duke Charles, the uncle of GUSTAVUS IV, to serve as King. He was permitted to be called CHARLES XIII. By this time he had grown old and feeble, and died

leaving no heirs. The ESTATES met during his reign and selected one of Napoleon's most noted generals, Marshal Bernadotte, as his successor. He assumed the name of Charles John.

1818-1844 CHARLES XIV JOHN
Warfare ceased and with the Bernadotte reign came peace that has endured till this day. The new Royal Family ushered in a new era for the Swedish nation.

1844-1859 OSCAR I
Son of CHARLES XIV

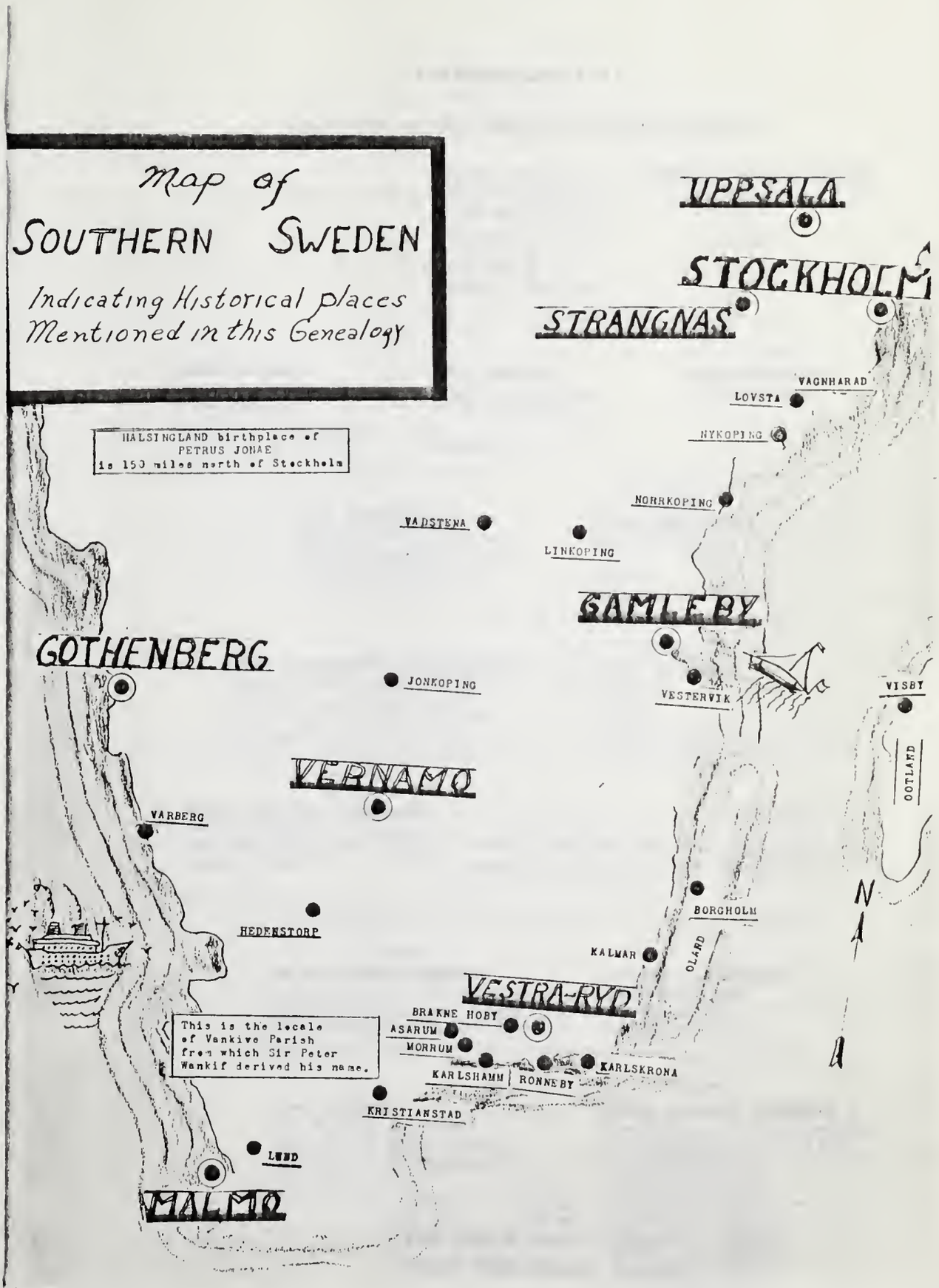
1859-1872 CHARLES XV
Son of OSCAR I, left no heirs.

1872-1908 OSCAR II
Was brother of CHARLES XV

1908-1950 GUSTAV V
Son of OSCAR II

1950- GUSTAV VI
Son of GUSTAV V

N MAYEN
Nor.
RWEGIAN
SEA
LOFOTEN IS.
Hull-Archangel 1926
SHETLAND IS.
ORKNEY IS.
Hammerfest
Vardo
Vadsö
Pechenga
Tromsö
Murmansk
Kola
KOLA
PEN.
Ivalo
Muonio
Kirovsk
Bodö
Gällivare
Monchegorsk
Kandalaksha
Rovaniemi
Haparanda
Kemi
Oulu
Kem
Namsos
Umeå
Kajaani
Östersund
Gulf of Bothnia
Belomorsk
Alesund
Trondheim
Vaasa
Medvezhegorsk
Kuopio
Sundsvall
Tampere
Dombås
Petrozavodsk
Söderhamn
Gävle
Turku
Helsinki
Ladoga
Vyborg
Bergen
Oslo
Uppsala
G. of Finland
Haugesund
Drammen
Stockholm
Tallinn
Leningrad
Skien
Örebro
Stavanger
Novgorod
Wick
Göteborg
BALTIC
Tartu
Pskov
Rybinsk
Inverness
Kristiansand
Jönköping
GOTLAND
Aberdeen
Riga
Velikie Luki
Kalinin
Dundee
NORTH
Halmstad
SEA
Lepaya
Edinburgh
DENMARK
Daugavpils
Moscow
Glasgow
SEA
Copenhagen
Malmö
Kaunas
Polotsk
Vitebsk
Kaluga
ENGLAND
ROSTOCK
Vilnyus
WHITE
Smolensk
Hamburg
Kiel
Gdańsk
Grodno
Hull
Manchester
EAST ZONE
Szczecin
Bialystok
Minsk
Bryansk
Irish Sea
WALES
Liverpool
Berlin
RUSSIA
Gomel
WITTENBERG
Bremen
Poznan
Warsaw
Pinsk
Orel
London
Hague
Amsterdam
GERMANY
Lodz
Brest
Cardiff
Bristol
Antwerp
Cologne
Leipzig
POLAND
Mozyr
Sumy
Southampton
FED. REP.
Wroclaw
Lublin
Brussels
BELGIUM
Bonn
Frankfurt
Dresden
Kraków
Zhitomir
Kiev
English Channel
Le Havre
Prague
Reims
LUX.
JENA
Lvov
Vinnitsa
Dnepr
Stuttgart
UKRAINE
Brest
Paris
Munich
Vienna
Bratislava
Chernovtsy
Dnepr
Zürich
Bern
Dijon
Budapest
Iasi
Kishinev
Zhdanov
Nantes
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
FRANCE
SWITZ.
Graz
Szeged
Cluj
Odessa
La Rochelle
Lyon
Milan
Trieste
ROMANIA
Galati
Bay of Biscay
Limoges
Geneva
Zagreb
Bucharest
Turin
Venice
Bordeaux
Nimes
Genoa
YUGOSLAVIA
Constanta
Yalta
San Sebastián
Toulouse
Nice
MONACO
Bologna
Belgrade
Sevastopol
Novorossisk
Florence
Split
Varna
Bilbao
PYRENEES
Marseille
SAN MARINO
Adriatic Sea
Sarajevo
Sofia
BLACK SEA
Burgos
ANDORRA
CORSICA
BULGARIA
Zaragoza
Barcelona
Rome
Skopje
Edirne
Istanbul
Sinop
Madrid
Bari
Tirane
Bosporus
SPAIN
Palma
SARDINIA
Naples
Salonika
Zonguldak
Valencia
BALEARIC IS.
Cagliari
Taranto
ALBANIA
Üsküdar
Ankara
Murcia
Palermo
Messina
Reggio C.
GREECE
Aegean
Eskisehir
Vólos
Izmir


Map of
SOUTHERN SWEDEN
Indicating Historical places
Mentioned in this Genealogy
UPPSALA
STOCKHOLM
STRANGNAS
VAGNHARAD
LOVSTA
NYKOPING
HALSINGLAND birthplace of
PETRUS JONAE
is 150 miles north of Stockholm
NORRKOPING
VADSTENA
LINKOPING
GAMLEBY
GOTHENBERG
JONKOPING
VESTERVIK
VISBY
VERNAMO
GOTLAND
VARBERG
BORGHOLM
HEDENSTORP
KALMAR
OLAND
VESTRA-RYD
BRAKNE HOBY
This is the locale
of Vankive Parish
from which Sir Peter
Wankif derived his name.
ASARUM
MORRUM
KARLSHAMN
RONNEBY
KARLSKRONA
KRISTIANSTAD
LUND
MALMO

ANCESTOR CHART #1

Read this side for direct tracing of descendants 1539-1769

PETRUS JONEA
bishop in Strangnas in Sweden, born in Helsingland 1539, dead Strangnas 4.12 1607, buried in Strangnas cathredal

BENGTA HAKANSDOTTER

married

* 1st Gen.

BORJE LARSSON
Farmer in Hedenstorp in the parish of Angelstad in the district of Kronoberg, Sweden 1572

ERIK LARSSON
mayor in Nykoping in Sweden 1580

married . . .

BRITA PERSDOTTER
from Strangnas

* 2nd Gen.

ISAK ROTHOVIUS
bishop in Abo in Finland, born Hedenstorp 1.11.1572, dead Abo 1652, burried in Abo cathredal

ANNA ERIKSDOTTER
from Nykoping

married
Nykoping 29.10.1604

* 3rd Gen.

ARON JOHANSSON KLOFVERSKJOLD
captain of the castle of Viborg in Finland, born 1605, dead Viborg 1666, knighted 14.1.1653 by Queen Christine of Sweden

ANNA ROTHOVIA
burried in Viborg
27 5.1652
married 1640

* 4th Gen.

MATTS ERIKSSON DJURMAN
merchant-importer in Viborg, born there 1642, dead Viborg between 1690-92

Church registers for Umea (northern Sweden) start: births 1725, marriages 1726, deaths 1721

marriage records missing

* 5th Gen.

PER MATTSSON DJURMAN
merchant-importer and alderman in Umea, Sweden, born Viborg 1670, dead Umea (before 1721)

ELISABETH HOLMBERG
dead after 1728
but this is not registered in Umea.

* 6th Gen.

JONS WANKIF
born Kopinge 8.5.1706
dead "Lovsta" country estate in the parish of Vagnharad
18.2.1774

ANNA ELISABETH DJURMAN
born Umea 1701, dead Stockholm, burried Klara church 15.8.1769

married 1730

* 7th Gen.

CARL GUSTAF WANKIF (alderman)

JOHAN PETER WANKIF (lawyer)

* Generations after Peter Jonae

Turn next page for continuation

PLEASE NOTE

Dates herein are mentioned thus: day.month.year

This side contains supplementary information as was readily available

JOHAN OTTOSSON KLEEBLATT
(also Klofverblad)
circuit judge in Kexholm district in Finland, born in Holstein, Germany, dead Djurbygard in Finland 19.2.1641 married 1597

ELISABETH HANSDOTTER
dead
Djurbygard
4.2.1645

ARON JOHANSSON KLOFVERSKJOLD
Knighted by Queen Christine
married to ANNA ROTHOVIA
(see opposite page)

NILS OLSEN
parson in parishes in **VANKIVA** and Igneberga in diocese of Lund, 1630 and 1655

PEDER RASMUSSON NORAGER
parson in South Mellby and Vitaby in the diocese of Lund, formerly a corporal in Danish army, dead Mellby 10.9.1681 married to

SISSELA - ?
mentioned in 1698

PETRUS WANKIF
parson in Kopinge and Lyngby parishes in the diocese of Lund, born **VANKIVA** 6.3.1649, dead Kopinge 25.4.1707

HEDVIG NORAGER
dead
Kopinge
1707
married 1693

JONS WANKIF
treasury official in city of Stockholm
married to ANNA ELISABETH DJURMAN
(see opposite page)

SLÄKTFORSKNING · ARKIV FÖR SVENSK

ANCESTOR CHART #2

Read this side for direct tracing of descendants 1769-1917

* 7th Gen.

CARL GUSTAF WANKIF
alderman for the city of Stockholm, born 1741, dead Stockholm 1.6.1822, married to . . .
Brother of **JOHAN PETER WANKIF** *(lawyer) knighted by king Frederick "GRIPENBJELKE" born 1733, dead 1787, unmarried*

KARNA ANDERSDOTTER
removed to Karlskrona

JOHAN NILSSON
boatswain in Gamleby

ANNA KAJSA ZACHRISDOTTER

* 8th Gen.

JOHAN GUSTAFSSON DJERF
boatswain in the Royal Navy, when retired became church official in Gamleby, lived at "Groningsbo" in the parish of Gamleby, born Stockholm 27.6.1788 dead Gamleby 27.4.1856 married Gamleby 10.4.1811

SARA JEANSDOTTER
born Gamleby 22.4.1786 dead there 26.9.1854

* 9th Gen.

CARL JOHAN ANDERSSON
Born at family home "HJORTSTAD" in Baldersrum near Gamleby 15.6.1821, building contractor olso specialist in "bleeding," died 3.9.1875 at "Hommarslund"

GUSTAVA CHARLOTTA DJERF
born Gamleby 26.11.1824, died in epedemic in October 1861, lived in Tornsfalla township on farm near city of Westervik

married Gamleby 26.12.1847

* 10th Gen.

GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON
bricklayer and stone-mason born Gamleby 26.8.1848 made first of nine ocean crossings in 1868. Died at Elgin, Illinois, 12.11.1919

CHRISTINA ELISA CARLSDOTTER
midwife, born Vername 27.1.1849, died Elgin, Illinois, 3.12.1926

married in Chicago 16.11.1872

* 11th Gen.

CARL FRANS (FRANK) RUPERT CARLSON
machinist and tool maker born Gamleby in county of Karlmar 27.3.1877, emigrated to U.S.A. 19.4.1892. Died at Long Beach, California, 13.2.1940

married at Geneva, Illinois, 1.5.1900

ALFRIDA ENGMAN
born Brakne-Hoby in province of Blekinge 9.2.1875. Emigrated to U.S.A. in 1893, died at Ludington, Michigan, 13.4.1917

* 12th Gen.

INGVAR REINHOLD
10.4.1901
B — Sweden

AXEL FRITJOF
4.6.1902
B — Sweden

ERNEST AUGUST
23.12.1904
B — Sweden

OSCAR
13.6.14
B — U.S.A.

RUTH INGEBORG
11.4.1917
B — U.S.A.

* Generations after Peter Jonae

MANS JONSSON
farmer in Gamleby (1700)

KIRSTINA JOHANSDOTTER
married Gamleby 1697

This side contains supplementary infarmatian as was readily available

JONS MANSSON
farmer in Baldersrum in the parish of Gamleby, born there 1700, dead there 4.6.1742

BRITA NILSDOTTER
born 1698
dead Gamleby 15.11.1770
married Gamleby 11.11.1733

PER JONSSON
farmer in Krejstad, parish of Gamleby

KARIN BENGTS-DOTTER
married . . .

ANDERS JONSSON
apiaristand farmer in Baldersrum in the parish of Gamleby, born there 29.8.1736, dead there 28.10.1814
married Gamleby 4.5.1760

CHRISTINA PERSDOTTER
born Gamleby 21.10.1740
dead 24.11.1791

JONS JONSSON
farmer at Ho Ingrem parish of Gladhammar

MARTHA STINA ANDERSDOTTER
married . . .

ANDERS PETER ANDERSSON
carpenter-contractor, born in Baldersrum, Gamleby, 30.5.1777, built "Hjarstad" 1811, dead there 25.9.1860

BRITA JONSDOTTER
born Gladhammar 21.1.1780, dead "Hjortstad" 1866

married Gamleby 27.12.1812

CARL JOHAN ANDERSSON
married to GUSTAVA DJERF
(see opposite page)

ISAK PERSSON
farmer at Ingerdahej (nr 43) in the parish of Asarum, born there 4.4.1776
dead there 27.1.1840

SISSA SVENSDOTTER
born Asarum 23.1.1797
dead there 18.5.1841

married Asorum 18.8.1820

BENGT PERSSON
farmer at Morrum, born there 20.3.1785
dead there 27.7.1863 (nr 42)

GYA BENGTSDOTTER
born Morrum 26.9.1797
dead there 16.3.1873

married 1816

INGMAN ISAKSSON
farmer at Westra Ryd (nr 2) in the parish of Brakne-Hoby
born Asarum 12.1.1835
dead Brakne-Hoby 12.6.1911

BERTA BENGTSDOTTER
born Morrum 29.1.1836
dead Brakne-Hoby 23.5.1911
married Morrum 19.9.1856

ALFRIDA ENGMAN

married to CARL FRANK CARLSON
(see opposite page)

SLÄKTFORSKNINGENS ARKIV FÖR

PREFACE
to the
PROLOGUE
Which Follows

Everyone has at some time spent a day in awesome conjecture at one or more of our various museums. Museums have a common objective, that of restoring and preserving for posterity animate and inanimate objects of every form obtainable. All things of yesteryear relate to the present as we leisurely stroll by the many exhibits of specimens and replicas. We marvel at the evolution and changes over the centuries. In some instances, the changes have been relatively minor, while in others such as crafts, there are many "lost arts." However, because of our interest in these institutions, we are cognizant of the part which the past plays in the present.

Enormous sums of money are spent annually by governments and Trust Foundations for maintenance of museums, archaeological excavations and continuous research in a never ending effort to supply factual answers to numerous theories, to document that which is heretofore suppositive. Each passing year yields break-throughs and information that acquaints us better with the uncertain past. 1961 was an especially fruitful year in the chronicles of maritime antiquity. The event referred to in the following paragraphs will soon be found in reference books so that only passing mention will be made here. The purpose for mentioning it is .....the time and locale parallel the beginning of our lineage as recorded in "This Is Our Life" and lends penetration to our obscured past.

"The Strange Affair of the Vasa" is the caption of a story featured in the October 21, 1961, issue of the Saturday Evening Post. Beneath a two page color photo of the oak vessel there is this description, "The Vasa.....raised from the bottom of Stockholm Harbor, where mud and cold water had preserved not only her timbers but also human skeletons. Divers even found urns of butter, rancid but identifiable." The account relates the incident occurred on a sunny Sunday afternoon in August, 1628. Multitudes of Swedes lined the shore to witness the maiden performance of this, the world's most formidable man-of-war. It was named the "VASA" after the warrior king, Gustaf Vasa, better known as King Gustavus Adolphus, who reigned from 1611-1632. It was during this reign in the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) the Swedes swept victorious through Russia, Germany and Poland. It was Gustavus II who thwarted the forward march of the Roman sponsored legions of Tilly near Leipzig in 1630 which preserved the choice of religion in the Goth and Scandinavian countries. Gustavus was killed on the battlefield in 1632 while defeating Wallenstein at Lutzen.

That the VASA was improperly designed and top heavy was witnessed by the thousands of curious onlookers who saw this squadron ship capsize without having gained the open sea. It was to have been a flagship and if

it had met expectations, it possibly may have changed the course of world history. At this time Sweden was considered a world power. However, the ship went to the bottom and was not seen again for 333 years.

The raising of the Vasa was a painstaking operation extending over a period of five years, however, the cost to the Swedish government was negligible as equipment and services were supplied gratis. In the United States, no expense would be spared for such an undertaking. Millions of dollars would have been expended to obtain this naval information which is expected to be the key that will open many doors to knowledge.

The foregoing dissertation leads to an objective. In recording our lineage history in this book, we seek to preserve that which has gone before. Ancient, medieval and modern history is on every school curriculum, it is considered a major study and its knowledge is mandatory for graduation. Our lineage story is in no way a text book but there is a similarity. Because of cost, our history cannot embrace but one branch of our lineage, in some instances our progress was "detoured" because little or no information was available beyond 1700. Prior to 1600, it would appear that the nation was too preoccupied with territorial conquests to make recordings of vital statistics. Human lives were quite expendable.

The Post's account of the VASA relates little is known of old naval architecture prior to this important discovery..... that there is even no record of a national flag from this period. This punctuates the absence of records in 1628 and dramatically demonstrates that any information we have from this era and before is indeed an isolated revelation..... possible only under favorable and unique circumstances..... that we have in our lineage such rare disclosures is of great consequence.

The catastrophy of the VASA in 1628, took place 21 years after the death of our first recorded ancestor, Bishop Petrus Jonea, 1539-1607, who was buried in the cathedral at Strangnas, a neighboring city on the inland waters west of Stockholm. To correlate other events closer to home with the era of the VASA sinking, we find the Pilgrim settlers had stepped ashore at Plymouth Rock eight years before, in 1620. A Dutch trader in 1626 made a deal with the Indians, purchasing Manhattan Island for $24.

PROLOGUE
to
THIS IS OUR LIFE

The ancestor-table herein was compiled by Mr. Otto Brenner of the "ARKIV for SVENSK SLAKTFORSKNING" of Malmo, Sweden, an agency accredited by that government to render services relative to genealogical research, family tracings, ancestor-tables and kindred pursuits. Mr. Brenner has spent his entire life in this profession, his field of endeavor extends to all countries of Europe, his organization claims 40 years at this work. We are indebted to Gustaf and Karin Nilsson, friends in Malmo, for the recommendation of this service and for introducing us to Mr. Brenner.

Over the past two years our correspondence with Mr. Brenner has been considerable, literally our letters have crossed on the airways. All of this was provoked by the innocent remark of our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, who wrote about his mother's father appearing thus: "his hair was black and his features were that of a Pole, I am suspicious that he was not a pure Swede." His reference was to Jaen Djerf. He went on to say his maternal grandfather was known in the community as a man of order and honor. If Jaen Djerf's complexion perplexed our grandfather, it was only normal for us boys to also become curious, and the remark was passed on to Mr. Brenner for scrutiny. His reply of November 24, 1960, states, quote: "We have looked at him and can inform you that he was born in Stockholm on June 27, 1788. We think that we will succeed in finding his parents, anyway his mother. He died as a church official." End of quote. A subsequent letter from Mr. Brenner mentions..... Djerf as a young man was employed at the naval base located at Karlskrona, and there worked himself up to the position of boatswain. Before retirement he was an officer in the Royal Navy. On retirement he returned to Gamleby where, on November 4, 1811, he had married Sara Jeansdotter. At Gamleby, he maintained a small farm (torp) when on leave from duty.

The information given on these pages is intended to be used in conjunction with the ancestor charts which have been excellently executed, but, as such, leave much to be desired. Charts and statistics are cold and lifeless, to alleviate this pallid condition, we are herewith supplementing our ancestor-table with information received from Mr. Brenner and other sources.

Because our lineage and heritage are indigenous to the history of Finland, it appears necessary to give a brief resume thereof as the basis for a substantial part of our early lineage. Vipurii (Viborg), USSR, was formerly a Finnish seaport and popular summer resort area on a common boundary with Russia. It is located on the Bay of Vipurii some 75 miles west and north of Leningrad, the city is built on beautiful glacial granite hills which surround the bay. In 1293, Marshall Torkel Knudsen constructed the castle-fortress which was the first center for the spread of

Christianity in the eastern province of Karelia. It was Finland's chief loss to Russia in the conflict that ended in 1721, Viborg was regained by the Finns in 1917, lost in 1939 and regained in 1940, being finally lost again to the Soviets in 1944.

The National Church of Finland is the Evangelical Lutheran, presently the archbishop at Turku (Aabo) is its head, he is assisted by five regional bishops. The transition from the Roman Catholic to Lutheran religion was made simultaneously with Sweden in the era of 1527, and was accomplished without incident. Previous to the acceptance of Christianity, the natives venerated their ancestors with the worship of various spirits supported by magic and sorcery side lines. The first newspaper in Finland was founded in the old capitol city of Aabo (Turku) in 1771.

A letter from the "Arkiv for Svensk Slaktforskning" (Documentary Swedish Genealogy Research) is next offered to further clarify or unravel some of the complications of tradition. Mr. Brenner of the research agency replies..... As to the questions you made in your letter, we can answer you as follows:

(1) As to the surname Wankif the matter is, at that time the name was taken after the father's Christian name, but as to families living in the towns the surname often was taken after the place from which the person came, and such a name followed the generation after. It is to suppose, the father of Jons Wankif had the name Wankif too, and when tracing further, we find the family comes from Vankiva in Skane.

(2) When the marriage is not shown, it is usually because we have not looked for it. It is a great work to read through all registers of marriages and births of Stockholm, but of course we can find those dates too.

(3) The name Djerf is a rather common name that was given to soldiers and seamen, often it was given to them because of their characters, Djerf means brave. We often see soldiers from that time with the names Snall (kind), Strang (strong) and Rask (fast).

(4) Jons Wankif in 1729, was employed as a clerk at Riksens Standers Bank, that was a private bank. He was an auditor of that bank in 1734 and bank-kamrere in 1738. A kamrere is the same as a chief auditor. Still more, he was head bookkeeper of Norrkopings Messingsbruk, manufacturers of materials for the smelting of copper.

(5) As to what we know, Jons Wankif was born at the parsonage of Koping, but there are many places called Koping, therefore, we must look closer at this problem. At that time there were only protestant pastors in Sweden.

(6) Lovsta landed property means a "gods" (that is a very large farm). Jons Wankif did not own "Lovsta" but died on this place.

At this juncture, you have perhaps examined the ancestor-tables and are confused by the lack of any pattern, rhyme or reason for inconsistency in the passing of family names from father to son. The name of our Johan (Jaen) Gustafsson Djerf is an example in kind. He was the son of Carl Gustaf Wankif. We are told that Johan used the name Gustafsson for a time and later attached the name Djerf which is indicative of being brave. The adding of the name, Djerf, is more logical to believe, to have been done by his superior officers in the navy. Another example of unorthodox change in family name is our Petrus Wankif whose father was Nils Olsen, a pastor in Vankiva Parish. The son, Petrus Wankif, was born in Vankiva and later adopted this name. To decipher this problem is not difficult. The "V" and "W" are often substituted for each other, such as Vestervik for Westervik and Vestra Ryd for Westra Ryd, thus Vankiva was also known as Wankiva. To explain the change in stem ending, dropping the "va" and adopting "f", we only need to know that towns are of the feminine gender in foreign language study. In this context we have a girl's name "Gustava," the boys counterpart would be Gustaf. By prevailing tradition it was quite normal and proper for Petrus Wankif to adopt this name which also indicated where he lived. It is obvious this promiscuous changing of names with no government regulation ..... poses a monumental task for genealogical research, and is in most instances beyond the capabilities of non-professionals.

THE KEY
to
THIS IS OUR LIFE

Our lineage history begins with the birth in 1539 of a great religious crusader, Bishop Petrus Jonae. The photograph of the Bishop appearing herein was reproduced from a portrait painting hanging in the National Museum at Stockholm. Our collaborator, Mr. Brenner of Malmo, Sweden, translated this biography which has electrified us in a manner comparable to the deeds of a national hero. The physical stature of our ancestor is unknown and of no consequence, that he was a giant of superior intellect is manifest by the dignity accorded to him by the King. His elevation to bishop of the largest diocese in Sweden would seem to rank our Petrus Jonae on a par with other great clerics of history. He was the champion of the rebirth of the early church doctrine which others were not ready to embrace, the Roman Church still influenced men in the state department and at times the scales of the two religions were delicately balanced. The image of our Bishop Petrus Jonae reduces our own status to a most humble appraisal. In eulogizing, it would appear that any exaggeration would be near to realism, that the full import of his magnificent achievements are beyond our meager power to percept. By some strange twist of fate, where some folks may see the Hand of the Creator..... we have been ordained to begin our lineage with a Shepherd of Men to carry the light that leads the way to better life. If we may speak for others of this heritage, the unanimous declaration would be..... we are proud to have Bishop Petrus Jonae as our Commander, we shall strive to be obedient to his principles. He was married to Bengta Hakansdotter.

The life span of Bishop Petrus Jonae (1539 - 1607) is synonymous with a crucial period in history from which our modern world has emerged. To orient the reader the liberty is taken to briefly set the stage for the opening act of our lineage drama. The time was the century of general religious revolution on the continent of Europe. It began in 1520 when the monk, Martin Luther, bolted from the Roman Church causing two conflicting religious ideologies, Roman Catholic and Protestant. Martin Luther died in 1546 but not before he had witnessed the adoption of his rebirth doctrine in many countries. Gustaf Vasa reigned as King of Sweden from 1523 - 1560, and was in the year 1527 compelled to divest the Roman Church of ever widening power. The economy of the nation was impoverished by support of armies and by progressive decreases in revenue from taxes, the Roman Church at the same time had accumulated vast wealth and had appropriated some 12,000 estates on which it refused to pay taxes. The power of the Roman Church had infiltrated the government and was a deciding factor in secular matters, yet it set itself immune from secular regulation. This was the situation when the young vigorous king made an appeal before the Riksdag at Strengnas in 1526 and was given a vote of confidence. Because church influence was general, the debate had been bitter and was won only by the king having threatened to abdi-

cate. A year later the Roman Church had been stripped of its abuses, but in consequence thereof could not survive, this left Lutheranism as the state religion of Scandinavia.

The doctrines of Martin Luther spread rapidly causing alarm at the Vatican where, in desperation, it was decided to launch a "Counter-Reformation" known in histories as the "Inquisition." To implement this, an organization was formed called the Order of Jesuits who were specifically trained as a commando task force to deal with "deserters." The hundreds of thousands who were tortured to death and persecuted as heretics will never be known. The most infamous was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572 at Paris.

The history of Sweden would fill several volumes and it is not our intention to delve into it, except as it is subservient to our objective. Gustavus Vasa, reigning monarch of Sweden, died in 1560 after a reign of 37 years, his heirs were three sons, all were gifted and had received careful education in languages and in the fine arts. Eric was the oldest, he reigned 1560-68; a second son, John, ruled 1568-92. Both brothers were weak sovereigns, having a lust for pleasures. John married a Polish princess who was a staunch Catholic, John thereafter leaned heavily toward the Roman Church and as king was the cause of considerable apprehension. It is at this juncture that we find ourselves at the place where "we came in, or point of beginning." In reading the biography of our Bishop Petrus Jonae, we find he could not agree with the religious edicts of King John, and was slated at one time to be banished into exile. On learning some of the underlying motives were spiced with foreign intrigue, we are inclined to give our Petrus Jonae a rousing vote of confidence as a salute from this generation to his.

First Generation after Petrus Jonae
continues by virtue of a DAUGHTER, BRITA.

Marriage records appear to have suffered the most from the indifferent methods of registration practiced at this time. Nothing is known about the parents of Petrus Jonae and no date is given for his marriage to Bengta Hakansdaughter, however the records show that this union was blessed with a daughter named Brita. From the biography of Petrus Jonae, we are apprised that he lived for many years at Nykoping, a bustling industrial seaport city located some 70 miles south of Stockholm. It was at Nykoping that Brita, his daughter, married Erik Larsson, the mayor of the city. From this union we have a daughter, Anna.

Second Generation* - ANNA ERIKS, DAUGHTER.

Anna Eriksdaughter of Nykoping married Isak Rothovious at Nykoping, November 10, 1604. From the biography of this illustrious ancestor, we learn he was recognized as a scholar and educator. His

* Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

phenomenal ascension as the son of Borje Larsson, a farmer, to one of the loftiest positions of responsibility, is akin to concocted stories of fiction and success. That truth is stranger than fiction was never more pronounced than in this story of our hero. Isak was 32 when he married the granddaughter of Petrus Jonae, two years before he had been made Vicar of Nykoping Parish. It is evident that Bishop Jonae, who was 68 when he died in 1607, had been an influence upon the decisions of Isak, who, as a protege, patterned his life in much the same fashion. The appointment of Isak Rothovious to Bishop and spiritual leader for the sister country of Finland in 1627, rivals in significance that of his patron benefactor. The stature attained by Bishop Rothovious was quite likely made possible by a cultured and charming wife, as must also have been the case with Bishop Petrus Jonae. The standards they maintained, and the goals they reached, would have been humanly impossible in sole endeavors. As laymen, we are at a loss to properly aggrandize these two great men; in addition to their portraits, perhaps there are busts and statues in Sweden to immortalize their person. It is disclosed Isak Rothovious was the twin brother of Jonas. This brother also was accorded a niche in Sweden's Hall of Fame, a short biography of Jonas Rothovious, the Orientalist, is given herein.

Third Generation* - ANNA ROTHOVIA

The marriage of Anna and Isak Rothovious was blessed with a daughter named Anna. Anna Rothovia, in 1640, married Capt. Aron Johansson at the Castle of Viborg, where the captain was in charge of the fortress-garrison. Anna died in 1652 and a year later her husband, Capt. Johansson, was decorated by her majesty, Queen Christine. She bestowed upon the captain the title of Sir Knight Klofverskjold. His Coat of Arms appears herein. Aron Johansson was the son of Johan Ottosson Kleeblatt and Elisabeth Hansdotter who married in 1597. Johan Ottosson Kleeblatt, a district judge (harads hovding) in Finland, was the son of Otto Knudsen (Seeblad), the mayor of the city of Odense. Odense is the principal city on the Danish island of Fyn. Kleeblatt is reported to have fled to Finland from the province of Holstein, Germany, which adjoins Denmark on the south, the reason is unknown. Old ancestor-tables of Danish noble families mention that the Laurids or Johan Ottesen families carried the titular name of "Seeblad" and this family displayed an almost identical Coat of Arms as that bestowed upon Capt. Aron Johansson (Klofverskjold). Our Swedish collaborator states that the mayor of Odense, Otto Knudsen (Seeblad) was married to Birgitta Lauridsdaughter, the latter died prior to September 15, 1613, since which date more accurate statistics are on file, the father died in 1631. Thus we learn the paternal grandparents of Sir Knight Klofverskjold represented distinguished families in Denmark. Our collaborator, Mr. Brenner, advises that the Knudsen-Laurid ancestor-table showed a son as, quote: "cunnis exstinctus," that means unknown place or fate unknown. That Johan Ottosson Kleeblatt

*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

changed his family name from Seeblad is evident. Before he became a judge, he changed again, to the Swedish name of Klofverblad, translated to "Cloverleaf" in English. Mr. Brenner further advises that progress beyond that given, relative to the Seeblad noble family, is impossible.

Fourth Generation* - MATTS ERIKSSON DJURMAN

From the union of Capt. Aron Johansson and Anna Rothovia at the Castle of Viborg in 1640, there was a son born in 1642. He took the name Matts Eriksson Djurman and became a merchant and importer in the port city of Viborg. The wife of this ancestor is not mentioned but records reveal that a son was born to them at Viborg in 1670. He was Per Mattsson Djurman.

Fifth Generation* - PER MATTSSON DJURMAN

Per Mattsson Djurman married Elisabeth Holmberg prior to 1698. Per learned the merchantile and importing business while associated with his father at Viborg. His father died about 1692 after which Per left Finland and continued his business at Umea, in northern Sweden. Umea is located on the coast some 300 miles north of Stockholm. At this distant seaport, the church records date later than those of southern Sweden. In Umea the registration of births begins in 1725, marriages in 1726, and deaths from 1721. It is assumed that Per Mattsson Djurman met his future wife at Umea and they were married there. Per Djurman, while engaged in business, was also an alderman in the city council. To this wedlock we are interested in a daughter, Anna Elisabeth Djurman, who was born in 1701 at Umea. An older daughter was named Margareta (1698-1770), she was first married to the city tailor, Johannes Onsell, after his death, she married the Reverend Olaus Lindahl.

Sixth Generation* - ANNA ELISABETH DJURMAN

That our Anna Elisabeth Djurman was an accomplished woman there can be little doubt, she married Jons Wankif in the Klara Church at Stockholm in 1730. Jons Wankif was a financial consultant and held many positions of trust with private corporations and banks. At the apex of his career he was director of the treasury of the city of Stockholm. Jons Wankif and his wife, Anna Elisabeth Djurman, had several sons and daughters. While it would be extremely interesting to learn about each of them, we have only instructed Mr. Brenner to give us information on two sons, Carl Gustaf Wankif and his brother, Johan Peter Wankif, the latter becoming a "pivot" around which a major portion of our genealogy is destined to revolve.

The parents of Jons Wankif were the Reverend Petrus Wankif and his wife, the former Hedvig Norager, married in 1693. Petrus, while

*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

being a member of the cloth, was also the son of a pastor, his wife was also the daughter of a parson. Petrus Wankif preached in parishes of Kopinge and Lyngby in southern Sweden, Petrus was born nearby in Vankiva, March 6, 1649, he died at Kopinge April 25, 1707; his wife, Hedvig, died the same year.

We can disclose more about the parents of Petrus and Hedvig. The father of Petrus Wankif was Nils Olsen, parson in Vankiva and Igneberga parishes 1630-1655, data on Nils' wife is not available. Hedvig Norager's father was the Reverend Peder Rasmusson Norager, parson in the parishes of Sodra Mellby and Vitaby. He was born in Denmark and as a young man had been a corporal in the Danish army, he died at Mellby September 10, 1681. Of his wife, Sissela, there is no information, the N.N. appearing on the chart indicates her maiden name is unknown. These last two paragraphs relating to the maternal and paternal parentage of Jons Wankif are intended to graphically point out the cultural background of this treasury official. The talents of Anna Elisabeth Djurman, integrated with those of her husband, sparked this union to proportions of inherent promise for their offspring. Jons Wankif born at Kopinge, May 8, 1706; died near Stockholm, February 18, 1774. He was buried at the country estate called "Lovsta" near the city of Vagnharad, not far from Nykoping. His wife, Anna, was five years older than her husband, died August 15, 1769, five years before her husband, and was buried at the large Klara Church in Stockholm. Thus both Jons Wankif and his wife died at the age of 68. Their son, Johan Peter, had been knighted two years before his mother's demise. It is regrettable that there is no more to tell about Jons and Anna Wankif. It would seem that this family could vie with any of the prominent people of the 1750 era.

Seventh Generation* - CARL GUSTAF and JOHAN PETER WANKIF

The children of Jons and Anna Wankif are our next subject for deliberation. We are primarily interested in two sons, one is our progenitor, Carl Gustaf Wankif, born 1741 in Stockholm, also died there June 1, 1822. Carl Gustaf was married to Karna Anders-daughter. Karna, his wife, in separation moved to Karlskrona, a naval base located not far from Brakne Hoby where we boys were born. Carl Gustaf Wankif for many years sat on the Stockholm city council as alderman. To this marriage a son was born, he was our Johan (Jaen) Gustafsson Djerf of whom much has been told herein.

The other son of Jons and Anna Wankif of whom we have documentary information is Johan Peter (1733-87). Johan was eight years older than brother Carl and did not marry. Johan Peter Wankif is predominately mentioned herein as a man of unusual ability as a legal councilor for the crown. It is our information that his keen insight, vision and aggressiveness as a leader in affairs of state, was such caliber as to gain the personal recog-

*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

nition of King Frederick. For this outstanding public service, he was knighted December 23, 1767, with the titular name of "Gripenbjelke." It is translated to "Griffon-beam" in English, and we become excited by its apparent significance. Having been paid the compliment of being symbolic to the virtues of a griffon.....is in itself an expression of implicit confidence of integrity which parallels the highest esteem anyone may receive. The hyphenated word "bjelke" or "beam" has many structural applications, we prefer to think of it as an arch that carries tremendous weight such as the masonry of a long span in a bridge which in turn supports the weight of trains passing above. Thus our image of Sir Knight Wankif takes on the dimensions of being more than a lawyer, he was a champion of human rights. A realist who was dedicated to the betterment of the fortunes of his fellowmen and who attacked the problems before him with fortitude and dispatch. A man who was a leader amongst men and shouldered his responsibilities well. That is our conception of Johan Peter Wankif, the brother of our progenitor. We believe his image will always live and grow. As an act of preservation and admiration, we feel it obligatory upon us to cause his award to be struck anew in bronze and his name emblazoned on the archives of this heritage. Registered presently at "Riddarhuset" (House of Nobles), Stockholm, with the number 1993, and at Riksarkivet. In the U.S., it is recorded with the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., as GU 34824.

Eighth Generation* - JOHAN GUSTAFSSON DJERF

The union of Carl Gustaf Wankif and his wife, Karna, was favored by another outstanding son, our Johan (Jaen) Gustafsson Djerf. From information obtained from the Swedish Genealogical Research Agency, it deduced that marital difficulties arose between his parents when he was a boy. This resulted in separation from his father, his mother taking him to live at Karlskrona where his mother subsequently died. Jaen was an industrious lad, serious of intent and dependable in his pursuits. He joined the Royal Navy at an early age and made seamanship his career, at the time of his discharge he held the rank of "boatswain." Jaen married Sara Jeans-daughter (also spelled Johansdotter) April 10, 1811, at Gamleby. At this point there is little logic in repeating anything which Gustaf Reinhold relates as first hand knowledge. However, some commentary seems prudent, he states that Jaen Djerf was an orderly man, this obviously was the result of years of discipline in meticulous "housekeeping" that is practiced on board ship. Jaen Djerf was also a pious gentleman as in later years he became a pillar of the local church. Jaen Djerf was born in Stockholm on June 27, 1788, and died at Gamleby April 27, 1856. His wife, Sara Jean, was born at Gamleby, April 22, 1786, and died there September 26, 1854.

*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

Ninth Generation* - GUSTAVA CHARLOTTA DJERF

The union of Jaen Djerf and Sara Jean was blessed by two daughters, Johanna and Gustava. The daughter, Gustava Charlotta Djerf, claims our attention, she was the mother of our Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson. Gustava Charlotta married Carl Johan Andersson, the father of our Gustaf Reinhold on December 26, 1847. There were four surviving children born to this wedlock, two sons and two daughters. In addition to our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, who was the eldest, there was his brother, Carl August; and sisters, Johanna Mathilda and the youngest, Clara Sofia. The father, Carl Johan Andersson, was born 1821, he had two sisters, Catharina, born 1813, and Sofia, born 1816, aunts of our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson.

Tenth Generation* - GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON

At this juncture the Family History is replete with information. The "Family Tree" pictured herein provides the latest statistics. Briefly, our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, married Elisa Christine Carlson, November 16, 1872, in Chicago. The ceremony took place one year after he witnessed the Great Chicago Fire. In Grandfather's memoirs there are pathetic accounts of the deaths of a young brother, and of his mother which is evoking of deep sympathy. The dates of this bereavement are not furnished by our Swedish collaborator on the ancestor table, Mr. Brenner has explained they do not appear on the records of the church at Gamleby. Of this he is correct, as the family had temporarily left that parish and had moved some ten miles to another near the larger seaport city of Westervik; in this parish, Mr. Brenner had not searched. However, we have these dates in Grandfather's memoirs. The year was 1861, and an epidemic of contagious and deadly influenza had spanned the country, claiming a great loss of lives. A baby brother, Carl Victor, succumbed to the malady and because of the contagion no one was willing to go near the home. Finally a hired man who had isolated himself by living in an outbuilding, volunteered to make the interment of the little remains. On a Sunday morning, the hired man, Bergman, with the aid of close friends, took the body of little Carl Victor in a rowboat via the waterway, to the Tornsfalla Cemetery, situated beyond the opposite shore. Two weeks later, Grandfather's mother became a victim, and again adding to the great sorrow was the problem of burial. Bergman and his helpers transported the casket over lake Hjorten as before, but on reaching the other side they encountered difficulty in hiring a man with horse and wagon to bring the remains to the cemetery. Sorrow and deprivation is not confined to any one generation.

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson at the age of 20 came to America for the first time. He left Sweden May 28, 1868, and arrived in Chicago on June 23. On the ocean crossing a storm was encountered that tore away

*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

the sails, as a "greenhorn" he was victimized the first weeks in the new land. The day following his arrival in Chicago, he joined a large group of immigrants for employment on new railway construction in the central western part of Illinois. Coincidentally, as he took part in linking our southwestern states, the "golden spike" was driven at Promontory, Utah, in 1869 ushering in the first "straight-through" rail service from east to west coasts.

Eleventh Generation* - CARL FRANK CARLSON

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson and his wife, Elisa Christine, were blessed with a son, Carl Frank. He is our esteemed father whose memory we revere. Dad was married to our mother, Alfrida Engman, on May 1, 1900, at Geneva, Illinois.

Twelfth Generation* - INGVAR-AXEL-ERNEST-RUTH CARLSON

Three days after the marriage of our father and mother, they embarked on a honeymoon to Sweden which culminated in a stay of nearly five years and the birth of us three brothers, Ingvar Reinhold in 1901, Axel Fritjof in 1902, and Ernest August in 1904; a daughter, Ruth Ingeborg, was born in 1917 at Ludington, Michigan. Thus at the end of twelve generations from the time of Petrus Jonae (1539-1607), we have arrived at the current year of 1963. Gustaf Reinhold has written in his foreword, if he would again go to Sweden, he would consult church records and search for important family papers that could possibly throw light on our heritage for several centuries past. He continues....."Should I not live to fulfill this intention, then you will have to accept this history as it is, and do with it as you find best." It must be said of his heart's desire..... we of this generation fully understand the noble aspirations of our grandfather and are elated to have succeeded in obtaining the information to which he alludes.

In the employment of Mr. Brenner, we did not expect the result attained. We had anticipated more success in probing of the male side from the time of grandfather's own recollections of his grandfather, Anders Peter Anderson, but in this we were disappointed when the church register did not exist beyond 1690 at Gamleby. Mr. Brenner has also supplied a short ancestor-table of our mother, Alfrida Engman, which is reproduced herein, this could have been pursued further. Mr. Brenner has suggested several supporting or complimentary probes of brothers and sisters to those mentioned on the chart which could prove enlightening, but in our opinion it is questionable if the additional information would be pertinent. Mr. Brenner volunteers..... while records are fragmentary and sparse before 1690, it can be assumed with some degree of validity that these folks lived their whole lives in a given area. Transmigration was almost unknown in this total agrarian environment. Mr. Brenner thinks our earliest

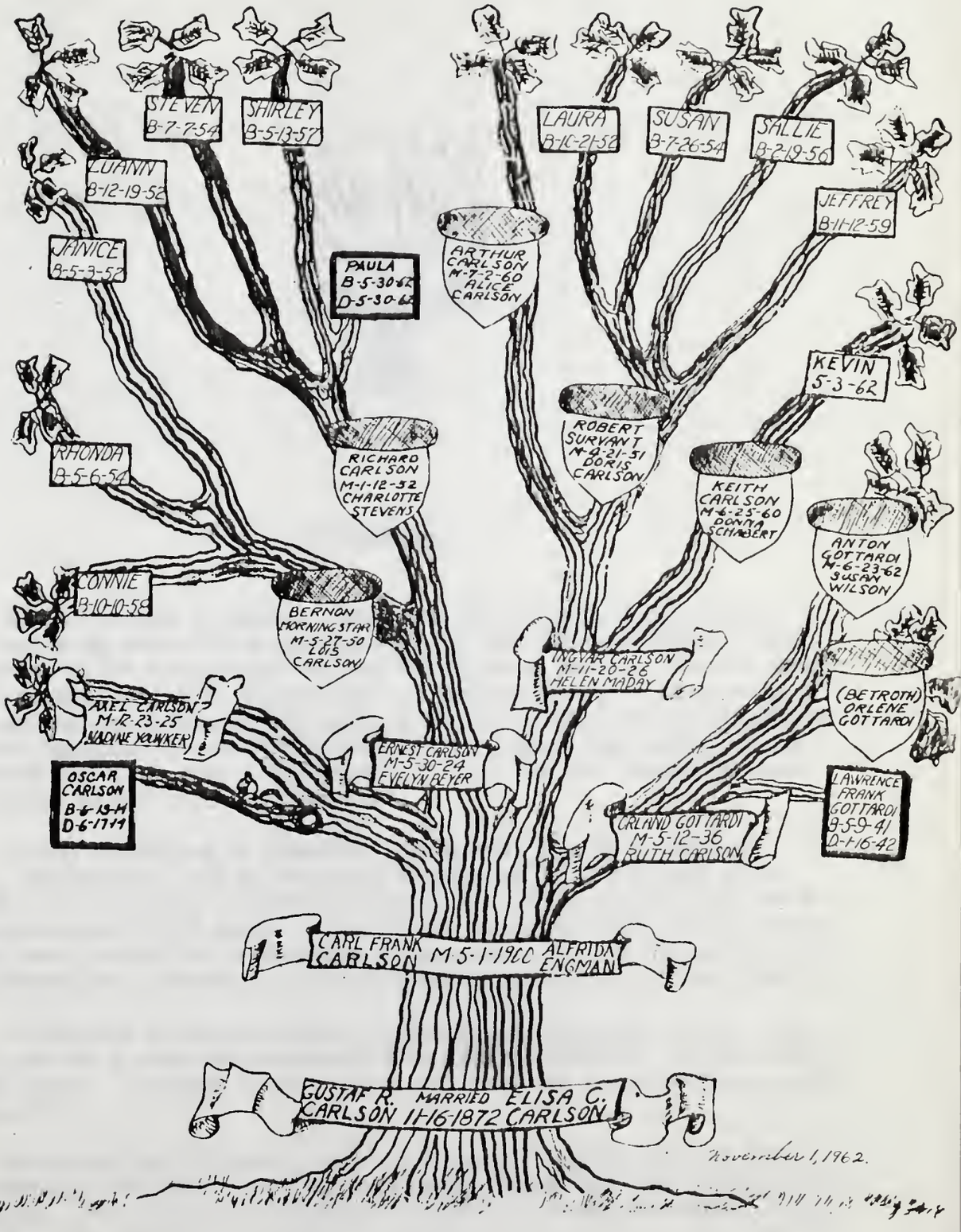
*Generations from time of Petrus Jonae.

ancestors migrated from Central Europe and lived in southern Sweden from the time of the Bronze Age, antedating the birth of Christ.

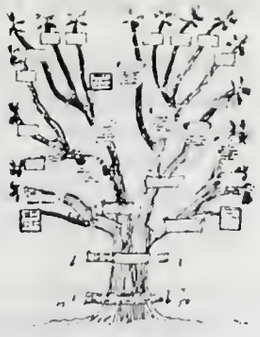
Some who read this history of our lineage may think of it as a story in fantasy, a drama that has all the elements for a Broadway play with each generation playing a role. The story has its roots in the dawning of the new world and the breaking through of a new spiritual light kindled by Martin Luther in 1520. In doing research about Martin Luther, we discover in 1508, he was made Professor of Philosophy in the new Roman Catholic University of Wittenberg. This university is mentioned many times during his lifetime, it was also attended by our Bishop Isak Rothovious in 1602 after the institution was converted to protestantism. Some who read our story will visualize scenes of romance and enchantment rivaling cinema scripts of make-believe. The flight of Sir John Kleeblatt, the son of a noble family, from Denmark and Holstein to Finland will have special significance to many. Others will peer through the windows of the castle at Viborg and see Capt. Aron Johansson and his bride, Anna Rothovia, being feted in the pompous dining salon, attended by many fashionable dignitaries. Others will thrill to the strains of music at the ball given in honor of the popular young couple. More readers will view the Wankif family as a major contributor of business and professional acumen to this heritage.

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson has intimated herein, he does not seek to have his name appear on any marque, nevertheless he is the conceiver of this book. Gustaf Reinhold, our grandfather, whom we knew as youths, could be properly labeled as a humanitarian. His nine crossings of the Atlantic Ocean attest to a deep seated devotion to his wife and son. A devotion he sought to implement in ambitious pursuits in America in defiance of an inward force that would not release him from roots firmly planted in his homeland. The ego conflict of the lure for economic improvement in America, and his reluctance to sever nostalgic ties of his youth, he has described.

In these days of growing juvenile delinquency and alarming divorce statistics, some readers will take special note of the total absence of any mention of crime, undoubtedly influenced by family stability that borders on incredibility. Except for what appears to be a separation or possible divorce, that of Jaen Djerf's parents, this lineage is untarnished. The overall complexions of these generations in the aggregate..... project the image from which we draw our profile. That legacy carries with it a responsibility and a challenge..... to continue as diligently as possible the practice of the idealistic doctrines of our ancestors.



November 1, 1962.



FOREWORD

Being a mason by trade, I have not worked long in one place. I have had to go where there was work, from one city to another. This has given me the opportunity to meet all kinds of people. I found some that have family history records they valued very much. Especially I will mention one family by the name of Whitney. This family possessed the most splendid record of their family that I have ever seen. Their grandsire had come over from England in 1623, he had written his own biography and back three generations.

It now contained 24 volumes, which were kept in a fireproof vault. In the year 1895 an educated member of the family had gone over it, classified the different branches and had it printed, this work contained nearly 3000 pages. This family contained over 2000 members, a copy was printed for each at four dollars per copy. It contained a lot of illustrations, pictures of old homesteads and members of the family.

It was one of these printed records that I happened to see. The family valued it more than anything else they possessed. They showed it with pride. I thought it was grand; why have not my forefathers done the same?

In spare time I started to write a biography of myself, but I was not satisfied with this; I started over again, going back as far as I could remember. As I was well acquainted with the customs prevailing at the time of my grandfather, I thought I would describe the same and preserve

it for coming generations. If it is of any value to know anything about our forefathers, it ought to be of interest to know where and how they lived.

Frank, my son, is the only descendent in our family. It is very likely that he will stay in this country, live and die here and perhaps leave offspring that will further increase and branch out the family.

The manuscript to a second attempt of a family record was stolen from me, together with some other belongings, at a railroad station in the winter of 1892-93. I started again in the summer of 1893 and this is the result. But it is not finished, it is my intention, if I live, and health permits, to once more write it on good paper in a well bound book so at least the outside will look respectable.

We have at times spoken of going back to Sweden, and if we do, I can make this record more complete, there I have papers which will furnish dates and other information. I could also go through the State church records and perhaps trace our ancestors back for several centuries.

Should I not live to fulfill my intentions, then you will have to take it as it is and do with it as you find best.

We have had no men of distinction in our family, that is, of education or wealth. We have made our living mostly with our hands; we have been either craftsmen or agriculturists.

To my knowledge, no one has been in poverty; if they have not had plenty, there has always been enough. All have been honest and good workers. Only one has been accused of crime and he later proved his innocence.

Although we have had this modest position in life, a heart has beaten in our breasts. We have had the same feelings, same love, and perhaps some of the same joys as those that have reached wealth and fame.

I have striven to preserve what I know for my descendents, but if they will not take any interest in this endeavor and continue what I have begun, then my efforts have been in vain. I have to the best of my ability tried to make clear the history of our family tree as far back as I know anything up to this date.

Now as to the record. I will record my family's experiences when any incidents occur which I think worth preserving, also what I find happening in the other branches of the family. Where they have been mentioned at a death, there ought to be a short biography of the dead. If

they have succeeded in life to accomplish something worthy of praise, mention it to their credit. Even important world happenings ought to be recorded, as this will illustrate to coming generations our ideas and character.

When I have referred to history or poets, I have done so to illustrate some great author's opinion.

As my family is the only branch in America, it is likely that my descendents will grow up in the great American nation. The branches now in Sweden, not recorded, will be lost; this cannot be avoided.

Like most Swedish people, we have no family name. It was customary in Sweden to add "son" to the father's first name. My father's first name was Carl, that made my name Carlson. Accordingly, if my son should have followed the same custom, his name should have been Gustafson. I should have changed my name while I was young. Carlson is too common, it has caused me trouble many times, especially with the mail, as I have gotten other Carlson's mail and others have had mine. Several times I have received bills, and threatened to be sued if I would not pay. For a time I thought of changing my name to Hjortstad, or Hjortzberg, adopting the name of mine and my father's birthplace. But changing a name, when a man is well along in years, and has his name on various papers, is not an easy matter, so I gave it up.

After my death I hope my son will continue where I leave off. Take care of this record as a family treasure, seek to interest all relatives in it, take it out at family gatherings. It is not worth much now, but I believe it will have value some day.

You will find by reading this history, that I have not been a learned man. I hope that descendents with an education will think only of my good intentions and not of my deficiency. I have had no expense for this record, but it has taken much time, and I must say it has been a great effort on my part to produce it.

Take it and care for it, continue it, if possible, to the day of resurrection. It is my wish, my prayer to you, not because I want my name or memory to shine, it has no value, but preserve it for your own interest and for coming generations.

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson

Elgin, Illinois, June 8, 1893.

A CENTURY OF SERVICE 1807-1907

"Hjortstad" as it appeared in 1900, it is a farm located in a narrow valley with timbered mountain slopes rising on either side. The village of Baldersrum composed of a half dozen homes lies nearby; GAMLEBY, the closest city, is seven miles to the south. When the land was acquired in 1807 it was almost inaccessible, this condition was rectified in 1853 when a state highway was blasted through the granite mountains.

"Hjortstad" was presented to Anders Peter Andersson in a prearranged division of his father's estate with his sister who then came into full ownership of their father's farmstead in Baldersrum. The brother, Anders, later accused his sister and her husband (named Holmberg) of fraud, it was alleged that the latter took advantage of Anders while under the influence of liquor. By proving his charge, the Holmbergs were compelled to give Anders additional acreage near "Hjortstad."

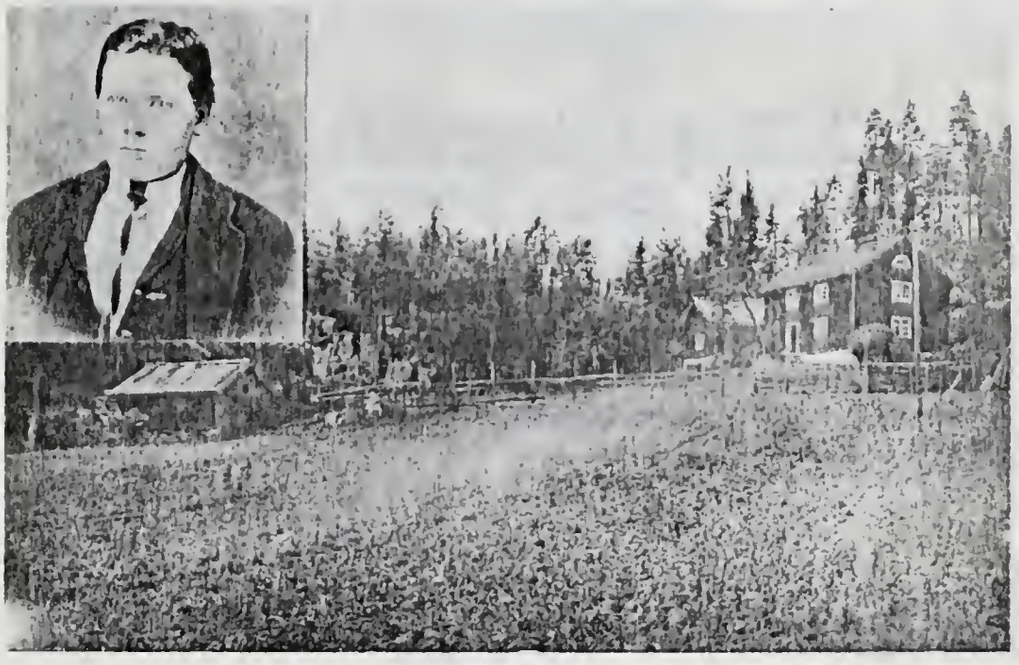
The father of Anders was Anders Jonsson, an apiarist who operated over a wide territory, he was born on the farm in Baldersrum in 1736 and died there in 1814. The Holmbergs cared for him during his declining years.

The "Hjortstad" home was constructed in 1811 by Anders Peter Andersson in preparation for his forthcoming marriage to Brita Jonsdaughter. They had three children: Catharina, born 1813... Sofia, 1816... and a son, Carl Johan Andersson, born 1821, the latter is the father of GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON who conceived this "family record."

Catharina married an Anders Nelson and after working several years as a tenant farmer on the extensive "Kasimirsborg" estate, they in 1852 purchased their own farm on the island of Oland which is separated from the mainland by the long narrow Kalmar Strait.

Sofia wedded an Anders Peter Andersson, an ambitious man who had the same name as her father; when not working on his farm he engaged in the trade of sawing logs into lumber "by hand."

Carl Johan married Gustava Djerf in 1847 and lived with his parents at "Hjortstad" who then moved to the second floor. To this union five children were born: GUSTAF REINHOLD in 1848, and Mathilda in 1851, met the light of day at "Hjortstad," then the family moved to a larger farm in 1853.



BIRTHPLACE of GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON in 1848

Their new home was called "Hybel," here a son, Carl August, was born in 1854. The following year in 1855, the children's maternal grandmother died at her home called "Groningsbo" and as her husband, Jaen Djerf, was left alone... Carl Johan, his wife and three children moved there to care for him. Jaen Djerf, a retired Royal Navy sailor, died the following year in 1856.

"Groningsbo" means green dwelling, here the last two children of Carl Johan and Gustava Charlotta Djerf were born: Clara in 1857 and Carl Victor in 1859.

When Carl Johan and family moved from "Hjortstad" in 1853... his sister, Sofia, and husband, A. P. Andersson, moved there to be near the elderly couple who occupied the second floor. On the passing of Sofia's father in 1860... Sofia and her husband negotiated with the other sister and brother for the ownership of "Hjortstad" where they continued to live until summoned to the beyond. The elderly Brita Jonsdaughter, wife of the deceased, Anders Peter Andersson, went to her other daughter, Catharina, on the island of Oland to live but did not thrive there and returned to "Hjortstad," she succumbed in 1866.

Sofia and her husband, A. P. Andersson, had four children: in addition to a son, Johan August (eldest)... there were three daughters... Clara Sofia and twins, Josefina and Mathilda. Johan August Andersson married Clara Trybom... a daughter, Hilda, was their only child.

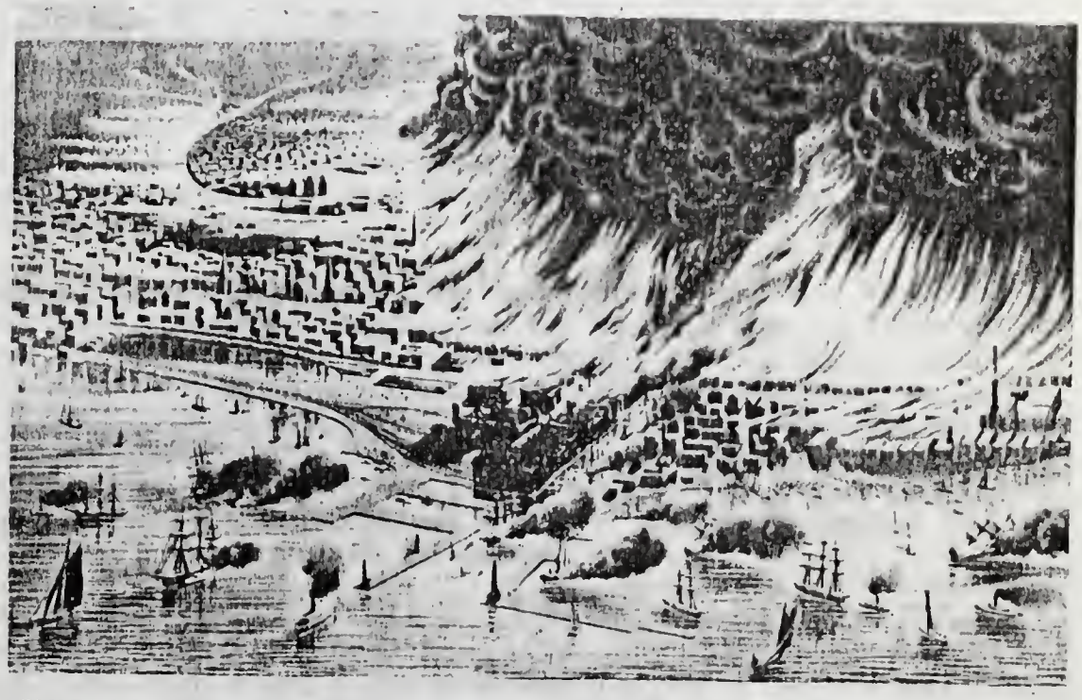
Clara Sofia married a Carl Roos... Josefina wedded a Victor Johnson in 1877... Mathilda, twin sister of Josefina, did not marry. Johan August Andersson, Carl Roos and Victor Johnson... all brothers-in-law, emigrated to America and Chicago in 1882. Mathilda, sister of Johan, also emigrated there.

During the absence of Carl Roos... his wife, Clara Sofia, lived with her parents at "Hjortstad." Carl Roos returned to her in 1889. January 26, 1896, the elderly Sofia (mother of Clara Sofia) passed away at "Hjortstad." Ironically, Sofia's sister, Catharina, died November 4th the same year in her home at Parsnas, Oland. Their brother, Carl Johan, died 1875.

Carl Roos died at "Hjortstad" in 1905 whereupon his wife and her father, A. P. Andersson, rented out "Hjortstad" and moved to Baldersrum. The elderly father passed away there at the home of his daughter, Clara Sofia Roos, November 28, 1909.

"Hjortstad" when constructed in 1811 was touted as capable of lasting for centuries, it must be assumed that the lumber used was hand hewed and hand sawed. "Hjortstad" was sold in 1907, thus closes a chapter spanning 100 years that is an integral part of all descendants of this lineage.

Chicago in 1852: The boosters called it "Gem of the Prairie"; the critics, "a universal grog shop." But the town already was the nation's ninth port.



"CHICAGO IN FLAMES!" A contemporary artist's lurid conception of the 1871 conflagration. Starting at night, October 8, the fire finally burned itself out on October 10. Hundreds lost their lives; damage was $200,000,000.

OUR ANCESTORS

The earliest recollection I have about our ancestors is my great-grandfather was a farmer in Baldersrum Village, Gamleby Township, Province of Smaland, Sweden. Baldersrum is located seven miles north from the town and railroad station Gamleby. Baldersrum is one of the old time villages, inhabited by about six families, all farmers. The farmers lived there happy and contented, one generation after another, the farms being inherited from the forefathers. The people were usually related to each other through marriage.

At that time journeys to America were unknown, those of later years have broken so many family ties. Country folks were at that time satisfied with little and lived happily in their simple surroundings.

Baldersrum has a beautiful location by Lake Rummen. It is mountainous country, hillsides are covered with birch, oak, pine or spruce; the valleys are cultivated. The farmhouses are surrounded by orchards, mostly apples, pears, cherries and plums. The small fruits that are most common are: gooseberries, currants and raspberries.

These old farms look very homelike and as inviting as any home can. I know very little about great-grandfather; I think his name was Anders Jonson. He was a farmer and besides kept bees. He had an apiary at home and besides had bees out on shares at different farms. My father said that his grandfather owned beehives in seven townships. Every autumn he drove around the country with horse and wagon, killing bees and harvesting honey. Taking honey from bees without killing them was unknown at that time.

I remember being told that great-grandfather, on one of his journeys, had the misfortune of tipping over his load of honey on a hill called Hastarums Backe and the honey ran down the hill. A man of the upper classes, a judge by the name of Granskog from Odensviholm, came driving by; he always drove four horses. The judge said, "What are you doing, Anders Jonson?" The old man did not hear well and thought the judge asked the price of the honey, and answered, "50 ore per gallon, your honor." The good natured judge replied, "It looks to me like you sell your honey in yards, not by the gallon."

I knew him only to have had two children. A son, Anders Peter Anderson, my grandfather, I think born 1777, and a daughter married to a Holmberg. This brother and sister inherited the farm in Baldersrum. The sister to my grandfather and her husband, Holmberg, later got possession of the farm in Baldersrum.

My grandfather, Anders Peter Anderson, had the reputation to like

Harbor and city of GAMLEBY, SWEDEN. The locale around which the first two Life Stories herein revolve. Harbor scene is looking north toward the end of the bay, it extends 13 miles in a southerly direction to the city of Westervik on the Baltic Sea. Around the end of the bay is "Hammarslund" ... the birthplace of Carl Frank Carlson, the home appears on a succeeding page. The village of Baldersrum, mentioned as the farm home of Anders Jonsson, a commercial apiarist, is 6 miles further north. Anders Jonsson was the great-grandfather of Gustaf Reinhold Carlson who conceived this family record. Population of GAMLEBY in 1928 was 1500.

strong drink, and once when intoxicated had signed papers so his sister got his part of the farm in Baldersrum. In exchange grandfather got a piece of land on the outskirts of the village about 1-1/2 miles from the village; I should judge about five acres of cleared land between two mountains. It also had some fine timber, pine and spruce, but timber was at that time almost worthless. It also contained some marsh land, called Hjortron marsh.

Hjortron is a berry that looks like the raspberry, but is yellow and larger. The plant resembles that of the strawberry. Because of this berry growing in said marsh, the marsh was called Hjortron marsh, and later when grandfather built on his land, the place was called "Hjortstad." The area of the place in Swedish is "1/48 manlal." Grandfather Anders Peter Anderson was not satisfied with this deal; he sued his brother-in-law and the court granted him another piece of land close to Baldersrum, called "Anghagen." The court also granted "Hjortstad" free from all taxes, so the old homestead in Baldersrum pays taxes for "Hjortstad" forever.

Later in 1855, Baldersrum was surveyed and "Hjortstad" had to give up "Anghagen" for another piece of land called "Sakres hal."

I do not know much about the Holmbergs. As a child I heard that they had gotten into a lawsuit, lost their money and had to give up Baldersrum farm. A son to this Holmberg and cousin to my father and about the same age as my father, lived at the time of my childhood in Westervik. His name was Frederik Holmberg and a shoemaker by trade. He had two sons and two daughters. We occasionally associated with them while I grew up. About 1869 they emigrated to America and located somewhere in Kansas. After I came to this country I corresponded with them for some time, but later lost all track of them.

On this land that grandfather inherited, he built a house and other outbuildings necessary on a small farm and lived there till he died. The place was called "Hjortstad" because of the marsh, before mentioned. My father later cleared and drained the marshy land. At the time grandfather located in Hjortstad, the place had a bad location, as there were no roads to it. It laid between two mountains in the forest; it had little broken land, but plenty of timber, the marsh, and the rest mountainous.

In my grandfather's youth, he worked as a farm hand and also as a sailor, but after he married, he located at "Hjortstad" and he took up the carpenter's trade. That he escaped the wars at that time, seems queer. I heard he had been drafted, but if peace had been declared before he was called, I do not know. However, he never got to the battlefield.

About the year 1811 he was united in marriage to Brita Jonsdotter. She was born in Hertingerum of Gladhammars Township, but brought up in

Rodja of Gamleby Township. This marriage was blessed with three children, Catharina, born 1813; Sofia, born 1816; and a son, Carl Johan Anderson, my father, born 1821.

As experience has taught, it does not work well when a man shall both work at a trade and also be a farmer. In such a case either his trade or his farm must be neglected, or perhaps both. Neither did it work well for grandfather.

The little land that was cleared was poor, wet and full of stones and big rocks; it was mostly worked by grandmother with the help of the children and consequently the crops produced were small.

At that time a carpenter was paid 37 ore (10 cents) a day. Because grandfather liked strong drinks, it is easy to see what circumstances the family was in. The girls, my father's sisters, left home at an early age to work for others. My father stayed home and worked the farm. He told of many adventures he had, such as breaking steers; oxen were their beast of burden.

He cleared and drained Hjortron marsh and other breakable land, so the family's living conditions improved through father's effort. Father also built a distillery for making whiskey. About the year 1853 a state road was built close to "Hjortstad." This greatly improved "Hjortstad" both in convenience and value. Grandfather had no deed for this place. When he became of age, he understood that this was a necessity. After much trouble and considerable expense he succeeded in obtaining a deed but only after certain mislaid papers had been found.

The small farm hardly gave the family a decent existence, and not enough for my father's energy, so on spare time my father practiced his father's trade, carpenter and builder. Father said that he had to thank a man by the name of Sjogren, for what he knew. Sjogren had shown father how to make tools and gave him other instructions. Father built for himself a wood-turning lathe which at that time was considered quite a curiosity. He practiced and got a good reputation as a mechanic, cabinet maker, carpenter, and finally mason.

At this time (my father's youth) domestic manufacturing of whiskey was allowed. Every farm had its own distillery, the parson as well as the smallest tenant. The parson had usually a good size farm as part of his salary. The poor had a still called a lift-pan, often so small as two gallon capacity, and operated in the kitchen on the open fire hearth. It was a copper kettle with legs on and a spout on top with pipes attached which led through a tub of water for cooling. It was usually the women's duty to watch and attend to the still. It might be thought in our days that it was an imperfect product thus made, but that was not the case. The old-timers testified that the good whiskey disappeared when prohibition

came into effect. For example: a farmer had a barrel of whiskey, the last he had distilled, he sealed this barrel and ordered it not to be opened till his death. It was then customary, and is yet in some parts of Sweden, to give a feast at funerals. This man reached an old age, died 1880; the whiskey was found to be of unusual good quality. A firm dealing in whiskey offered 8 crowns per gallon, but it was not for sale. At the funeral festivities some people loved to imbibe, and a demoralizing drinking took place.

A lift-pan, like the above described, was in use at Hjortstad; but when father became old enough, he built a distillery which was enclosed. At that time it was only allowed to distill liquor during October and November of each year. During these two months, the year's supply of liquor had to be produced. The owner of a still had to pay a tax according to the size of his still. At the end of the distilling period the still had to be brought to the sheriff for him to seal. This seal was not to be broken till the tax had been paid for the coming period of distilling.

Once a law was passed prohibiting all small stills, the smallest allowed being 14 gallons, this size, only the rich could afford. The poor protested that their rights had been taken away. The common classes were discontented and it was difficult for the authorities to control the situation. This law only lasted about two years, and again it was allowed to distill as before for a few years. Finally a prohibition law took effect that forever done away with domestic distilling of liquor.

There were many stories circulating how the sheriff had been fooled during the time small stills were prohibited.

"Hjortstad," as described before, laid isolated in the forest between two mountains, and so was well situated for moon-shining. The farmers in the neighborhood brought their products there and the still was kept operating the year around, instead of the two months as had previously been allowed.

The sheriff had heard about the "Hjortstad" still being in operation and ordered all stills of the district to Baldersrum for inspection. The farmers received him well, entertained him and got him intoxicated, he finally went to sleep. They found his wax and seal and then sealed the "Hjortstad" still. When the faithful servant of the state awoke, he found all stills properly sealed. As soon as the sheriff was gone, the still was taken back to "Hjortstad" and put in operation. My grandfather had the reputation of having much wit and humor and it was he very likely who instigated this act. This is the only violation of the law, I have heard about father's father, and of course this was only considered as a joke. Anyone that could fool the sheriff was considered above the average in intelligence.

I must say in honor of the Swedish women, that in spite of their fathers being heavy consumers of alcohol, they kept sober. It was their job to keep the still in operation. One might think they would be tempted to take a drink now and then. This job needed constant attention night and day. Old women have told me how they stayed for the two months in a cold and damp distillery just to make whiskey for the men. It has been rare to see a Swedish woman intoxicated; she is a hard worker, good housekeeper, good wife and mother. She stands faithful by her husband, in need as well as in success; never shirking her duty.

"Syrach" says: "A good woman can not with money be paid." And in another place: "As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house."

My father's sister, Catharina, married an Anders Nelson; he was a tenant under a large estate, "Kassimirsborg." About the year 1852, he bought a farm on the island Oland in the Baltic Sea, we shall meet them later. The other sister Sofia, known to us children as Aunt Fia, married Anders Peter Anderson from Hallingeberg Township. They rented a small farm in Gamleby Township. They lived there many years. Besides farming, he had another trade, sawing lumber by hand. The generation now growing up, I expect, do not know that planks and boards were sawed in that manner less than a century ago. This sawing was called "kransagning" and was done mostly during the winters.

We will now leave my father's sisters for awhile and visit with him.

My father, Carl Johan Anderson, married Gustafva Charlotta Djerf, 1847. She was the daughter of a marine soldier, Jaen Djerf and his wife, Sara J. Djerf. He was discharged early and pensioned on account of a rupture sustained while in service. J. Djerf knew little about his parents and said that in his childhood he was knocked about like water in a stream. As part of his salary as marine soldier, he had a small farm; such a farm is called "torp". It would perhaps feed two cows, a few chickens, three or four sheep and a hog, that is about all.

This place was called "Brinktorpet," and was located four miles southwest from the town Gamleby. J. Djerf's wife, Sara, was brought up in Nynaset, two miles from "Brinktorpet." My grandmother's home at Nynaset was torn down before my memory, only the foundation and some old apple trees and gooseberry bushes marked the spot. At "Brinktorpet" Djerf lived for many years after marriage, until 1826.

The rupture that caused J. Djerf's discharge apparently did not bother him much as he cleared another piece of land and built there a house and necessary outbuildings. This was a "torp" under Ullevi Village, and about three miles from the town of Gamleby. Djerf lived there for the remainder of his life. He was an ambitious and sober man, a hard worker

and very economical, and reached an independent state. This new home was called "Groningsbo," which means "green dwelling." Besides working his little farm, or "torp," he worked as a stone mason.

This marriage was blessed with three daughters, Johanna, Married to Jaen Peter Nelson, a farmer in Lapserum, Lofta Township. One daughter died young, and Gustafva Charlotta, my mother, born 1820. Mother's father, as I hereafter will call Jaen Djerf, improved this place to one of the best in the neighborhood. He cleared the rocky land, planted an orchard and made "Groningsbo" a beauty spot in the wilderness. It was located away from main roads in the mountains covered with forest.

He was usher in the church "Kyrkovacktare" for many years. He was discharged from the navy about 1826, and shortly after that built his new home "Groningsbo." When discharged he had to give up "Brinktorpet" because it was part of his salary. My father told when his father-in-law came home discharged from the navy, he sat around, quiet and absent-minded. Mother's mother asked what was the matter, he answered: we are without a home. Such were the circumstances with the family that my father married into. It is all I know about our ancestors on my mother's side.

One Sunday shortly before Christmas 1847, it was announced in Gamleby church...."A Christian matrimonial union is hereby announced between Carl Johan Anderson, builder and contractor, and Gustafva Charlotta Djerf, domestic servant, both of this township. Wishing them in this important union, success and happiness and the blessings of God, that commanded marriage." This form has for centuries been used by the Swedish State Church.

A marriage had to be announced three successive Sundays. It was customary that the candidates would not go to church the first two Sundays of the announcement, but the third and last they should go so as to hear that their intended marriage had been properly announced. The eve of the first Sunday of the announcement was celebrated by a feast called "kryck-gange" (crutch-party). I was told that my father had a big crutch-party worthy of the occasion. These parties or feasts were all about the same. Both young and old friends of the groom's neighborhood gathered, went to the woods and cut two trees (birches). The branches were left on the trees and the trees should be as large as could possibly be handled and dragged to the groom's house. The size of the trees were to signify how much was thought of the matrimonial candidates. So the larger the trees, the more honorable. One tree should be straight to represent a cane, the other should have a crotch to represent a crutch. There were no invitations to these crutch-parties. It was the custom, and the groom was prepared for it. When the procession came near the house, the candidates went out to meet them to wish them welcome and receive congratulations. The trees were left in the yard and the whole party, with a musician in the lead

started for the house. In the house everyone should shake hands with the couple, wish them success, happiness and so on. Refreshments were served, a lunch with plenty of home made whiskey and beer. Coffee was coming into use about this time.

After refreshments the dance started and lasted till daybreak.

If the crowd was not well received, invited into the house, served refreshments, or allowed to dance, the trees were dragged with the large end into the house through a door or window, and other mischief was done. If then no refreshments were served, the folks of the house had to clean the house the best way they could, which was not an easy task when it involved taking out the big trees. If the couple were too poor to go to any expense such as serve lunch, they were then excused and it was enough if the group was well received. If the candidate was a person not well liked, or if the union was against public opinion, then it happened that instead of trees (cane and crutch), a lot of old stumps and other trash was dragged to the house and stacked up against the doors.

The larger the crowd of people and the grander the trees, the more honor for the couple. It was a rule whereby the couple's standing in the community was measured. These ceremonies always occurred at the groom's home. This custom had its meaning. When the intended marriage was announced the first time, it was said that the candidate had fallen off the pulpit. He was supposed to have been hurt in the fall. To get him on his feet his friends gathered to give him a cane and a crutch.

Stop and think and you will see that there is something in this.

When these customs started, I do not know, but it was continued in this locality to about 1860. It was then started to give the couple presents, called announcement presents. The custom had its dark sides, the drinking to excess. Intoxicants were thought necessary at these occasions and everybody should carry a gun and shoot. It could not be an announcement feast or a wedding without shooting. If no shooting occurred, the couple was not recognized, and the union considered a failure.

We can imagine what these feats were like when perhaps a couple hundred men became intoxicated, making all possible noise and shooting right and left, even in the house. The shivaree guns were mostly home made muzzle loaders. I remember my father had one, made from an old sawed off shotgun, with about a one inch bore. I fired it a few times, but was almost afraid of it, it made a noise like a cannon.

To prepare a wedding in those days was not a small task. How small the means were or how close economy was practiced in everyday life did not make much difference. At a wedding there had to be extravagance that knew of no limit.

Carl Johan Anderson, my father, was married December 26, 1847. The ceremony was performed in Gamleby Church. On the way home to "Groningsbo," my mother's home, the procession was greeted all along the road by shooting. Arriving home the big wedding dinner was served. I have been told by men present at my father's wedding that this feast was not below the standard. A lot of people had gathered around the house yelling and shooting. The first thought of rest and sleep was after midnight and it was certainly needed after continual eating and drinking for twelve hours. It was customary to make a bed on the floor big enough to hold all guests. Such was called a bed for "brothers and sisters." No attentio was paid to the sex and nobody thought it indecent, as it was the prevailing custom at such gatherings. Personally I believe that morals were at a higher standard at that time than in our days.

Even the groom and the bride slept in this bed for "brothers and sisters," but mark, this was among the common people. I expect that the "upper classes" had different customs.

Everyone stayed in bed till late the following morning, and I expect most of the men had the feeling of the "day after." Now stimulants were needed and they were started with coffee mixed with whiskey (gok). After breakfast and dinner and more stimulants, the men went to the woods to cut and bring home the "gruel tree" (grottradet). It should be a spruce and as big as could be handled, with the branches cut off about six inches from the trunk to make it easy to climb. On the way home the groom should ride straddle on the big end, a musician led the party. A gruel tree (grottrad) is a stick to stir gruel while cooking. Arriving home, they were met by the cook with a large spoon that all should taste. Whereafter the gruel tree was raised.

An old carpenter that worked for my father told me that he was appointed to superintend this job. He also told that one of the musicians, Jon Hjort, a known jester, had taken the best axe and had struck with its edge at every rock and stone that he saw, and by the time a spruce had been chosen to be cut, he had not much more than the handle left.

The gruel tree was raised, the groom should climb it and break off its top and take a drink of whiskey, then throw down the bottle. If the bottle broke, it was a sign of success in his marriage.

My father performed these ceremonies faithfully, but the bottle did not break, it landed on the head of the musician, Jon Hjorts, with considerable damage to the head. A big confusion resulted as every man was more or less intoxicated.

On the third day the party broke up and groom and bride were left to start on their matrimonial life. My father rented "Hjortstad" from his parents and there moved the newlyweds.

I have described these old customs because I think it will interest coming generations how their fathers lived and it ought to get more valuable as the years pass by and our ways of living change.

It may seem to some of you that part of what I have written is not worth the paper it is written on. But let us consider that great men have spent much time, even devoted their lives, just to study how their ancestors lived and died, so it might be preserved for coming generations.

This history ought to have value to us and be worthy of preservation as it concerns our own family tree.

The customs and even speech of Sweden have changed much during the last 50 years. Things that could then be done or said, would now offend.

The surface was not polished as it is now, but the heart was good. As before mentioned, our fathers consumed much alcohol, but it was seldom that any fight or disturbances were present at their feasts or parties. At auctions and market places, there was usually some fighting.

MY CHILDHOOD

The year following my parents' marriage, I was born in "Hjortstad," August 26, 1848.

It was here my cradle stood,
it was here my eyes met the light of day.
It was here I ran and jumped in childhood glee,
here stood my father's house.
It was here I saw the sun shine brightly,
as it sprayed a quilt of gold upon the trees.
In fall the frosty nights brought color to the foliage
in hues of dormant blues and brocades in rosy tints.

It was lovely in the springtime
when nature sang her sweet refrain
that wakened those early tender thoughts
which fill the breast with love and devotion.
Here I heard the babbling waters in the brook and
the roaring of the waterfall in its downward leap.
Yes, memories of our old homestead enchant me
throughout each day I live.

I have been told that as a baby I was cross and unruly. Superstition was then great and many things were tried to make a good child out of me. For instance, I was taken seven miles to look at a dead person; I do not know if it helped, but I know that ever after I have avoided looking at a corpse.

When I was two years and four months, I was taken to "Groningsbo" to mother's mother for weaning, this was about Christmas. Grandmother had prepared a whitewash for decoration for the coming yuletide which meant so much at that time. Perhaps I thought the work proceeded too slow, so when grandmother was not looking, I took the whitewash and painted furniture and everything that came in my way. My talent for decorating was undeveloped, and in fact has never improved. My work was a failure and I was sent home to mother. This was my first mischief of any importance that I know of.

The first memory I have of myself, is that I got frightened from a calf that was grazing in the yard. As I ran through the grass barefooted, I happened to step on an old ox-shoe and the rusty nails went in my foot. I had to stay in bed and mother cooked a plaster and put it on the wounds.

In the summer of 1851 my oldest sister was born, Johanna Mathilda. My father now worked as a builder and superintended several important buildings.

In 1853 we moved from "Hjortstad," I don't know why, and then rented a larger farm, "Hybel," in Odensvi Township.

Aunt Sofia (Fia) and her husband, A. P. Anderson, now took over "Hjortstad," together with their place, "Klartorpet."

My father continued building and farming. About this time he also started to practice the mason's trade. Also about this time my father had some kind of a disease that nearly took his life, but he recovered.

I had an accident that also nearly ended my existence. I had got hold of a bottle, likely wood alcohol, which my father used in preparation of furniture polish as father made furniture in his spare time. This fluid I drank, and was found unconscious on the floor.

Here at "Hybel," my brother, Carl August, was born March 4, 1854. I remember my father distilling whiskey here, but I believe it was the last year it was allowed.

During our second year in "Hybel," mother's mother died and I remember that we drove to the funeral. My parents now gave up "Hybel" and moved to "Groningsbo" as grandfather was alone after grandmother's death. This was in the spring of 1855. We lived together with mother's father, Jaen Djerf. We children thought he was a cross old man, but we had great respect for him. He never said a cross word to us, and if we did him a favor, he always gave us a small coin. I used to warm water for him when he shaved.

During my childhood, part of the time I stayed with father's parents in "Hjortstad," they lived upstairs till their death. I thrived there so well and the old folks were so good natured that I liked it better there than at home, as I thought mother's father looked so cross.

There I learned to read and write. Grandfather had a Bible 200 years old with pictures in, this interested me much. I remember running errands for grandmother and carrying in water and wood.

My father now mostly worked at the mason trade. He was at this time very sickly and weak, he was ailing periodically with an ague chill for several years. The ague seemed to be epidemic for some years. After we had lived in "Groningsbo" a couple of years, mother's father died (Jaen Djerf). My mother and her sister, Johanna, each inherited 1,500 crowns ($400), a considerable sum at that time. Jaen Djerf knew little about his parents. I am suspicious that he was not a pure Swede. The features of his face and his black hair was not that of a Swede, he looked more like a Polack. I remember his face well as if he stood before me. During the many wars, prisoners were taken and many of them stayed in Sweden. Also there were skilled workmen imported from the southern

countries, this might account for J. Djerf's southern looks.

My mother had inherited the black hair, also my sister Mathilda and brother August. I and my youngest sister, Clara, had red hair, inherited from father's mother.

Mother's father was a particular man, everything had to be shipshape, every tool had its certain place, provisions always had to be in large quantities stored for the household. For instance, wood for fuel was cut up and stored in a shed since he first cleared "Groningsbo," 30 years before his death. He had an old chiffonier, the different drawers contained sugar, coffee, cork, pieces of cord, knives, wooden spoons, nails, buttons, and in the center was a place full of whiskey bottles. In the corner by the door stood a cupboard, it contained among other things about three dozen walking sticks; his nature was a little eccentric. Once he built a foundation to a big barn on an estate, the inspector thought the work proceeded too slow. J. Djerf then started to set a large stone, he worked with this stone all day and still it was not in its place when evening came. After that he was left alone with his work.

Jaen Djerf was known in the community as a man of order and honor. He reserved a place for his grave beside that of his wife. Mother took care of their graves as long as she lived. Blessed be their memoirs.

In "Groningsbo" my sister, Clara Sofia, was born July 7, 1857, and two years later a brother, Carl Victor.

We lived in "Groningsbo" five years. There I spent the happiest days of my childhood, the age when there are no cares and the child is innocent. I think it was an ideal place for a child to grow up, in the forest with singing birds, and mountains with little brooks of sparkling water.

The years went by like a pleasant dream, I had not experienced the fight for existence or tasted life's bitterness.

My mother kept me busy with useful things. I had to care for my brothers and sisters, mend our clothes, knit stockings, do chores and so on. By this time we had some cousins, both in Aunt Fia's and Aunt Johanna's family; these I will later mention.

At festivals and other occasions we got together with our cousins, romped and played out over the hills and mountains. Many and beautiful are the memories I have of those days; they never will be forgotten.

At mother's father's death (Jaen Djerf), the old contract on the land to "Groningsbo" became void. The rent was then raised so high that my father thought it not a paying proposition, so he prepared to move. But

the buildings belonged to my parents and to Aunt Johanna. My father first bought his sister-in-law's half and later sold all to the landowner.

We were ready to move in the Spring, 1860. I remember how my mother, under a stream of tears, left the dear old home. I did not then understand her sorrow. In this plain and simple home she had been brought up, petted and loved by a dear mother. Here she herself learned to love, here she had become a wife and mother. No wonder it was dear to her.

Now a few words about the change from the old to the new customs and our forefathers' habits and their ways of living. As everyone knows, the century soon ending has shown a larger development in art, science and inventions, than any previous century, and consequently customs and habits have changed. These changes were so great that if a man who lived fifty years ago could come to life, he would not believe it to be the same Earth he lived on. The now growing generation can hardly grasp the situation as it was, even if they do read and study the same. As I lived during a part of this period, I will try to describe some of what I have seen and experienced.

Our forefathers asked little of life. Their dwellings were low with small windows, no paper on the walls, walls and ceilings were white-washed once or twice a year. The furniture was made at home and was very plain. They slept on straw, under a rag carpet. In those days lamps were unknown, at festivals and important events the tallow candle was used, but these had to be used sparingly. It was a popular saying that one who burnt two candles must own a ship at sea.

During the long winter evenings a fire was kept on the open fire hearth. Around this fire the family sat with their work. The men made tools or other useful articles, the women worked with the spinning wheels. The plainest of food was eaten on wooden plates or bowls with wooden spoons. Later came the crockery dishes. These were considered very fine, often the whole family would eat from one bowl. Undoubtedly this great economy was a necessity with many. But even those who had plenty practiced this economy in the same manner, often to extremes. Even with this economy and plainness, there still were luxuries in many of the homes. Wealth was not deposited in banks, stocks, bonds or mortgages.

A family's financial standing was judged by the storage of bed clothes, silverware, copper, tin and similar things. If the family could brag of having money put away in the bottom of the family oak chest, then their riches were complete.

The upper story or attic of a well-to-do home looked like a storage house. Stacks of feather mattresses never used, were eaten by the moths, while the owner slept on straw under a rag carpet. A pyramid of copper kettles that fit one into another, highly polished, stood in one corner.

Many large drinking vessels and cheese cake platters (ostkakefat) and many similar things filled the shelves. Around the walls stood oakchests lined with iron, filled with linen.

The head of the household had a smaller chest for his money and legal papers. There also had to be a chest for the family supply of tallow candles which weighed at least fifty pounds. There was a considerable supply of leather, wool, flax, tallow, wax and many other supplies of this life's necessities. This storeroom was the pride of the housewife, her efficiency and ability was judged by the amount in her storeroom.

If girls were growing up in the family, it was the custom to start many years in advance to accumulate the things above mentioned for their coming marriage. Another room would be filled with clothing of all colors, the cloth being spun and woven by the women. Shoes and boots stood in neat rows along the walls according to their sizes.

Let us imagine that we are with the mistress of the house and she has just shown us her wealth in the attic, and that we now have gone down the dark and narrow stairway and have succeeded in feeling our way without mishaps. We are taken to the kitchen, a small and dark room. After a few minutes our eyes get accustomed to the darkness and we discover shelves along the walls full of shining copper and tin kettles, bowls and plates of all sizes and shapes, placed corner-wise one after another, so as to show their fineness and give a favorable impression.

We now go to the living room. By the fireplace we see a cupboard, often called the silver cupboard, as the family supply of silverware has its place there. It is not put away in drawers or on shelves, certainly not, the different articles are hung up in notches, just so far apart, to give the best possible display. If a stranger comes in, the cupboard door is left partly open so the riches might be seen.

We now go to the granary. Here we find smoked hams, meats and sausages of all descriptions hanging from the ceiling. In a grain bin are preserved all the old cheeses covered over with grain. Over in the corner are a few kegs containing the household whiskey.

Let us imagine that it is getting late in the afternoon and a couple of visitors appear. Now our hostess gets busy. With her apron she wipes the dust off from the sofa and asks the visitors to be seated, then she gets busy in preparing a lunch. She runs to the granary with a big knife and slices generously on the hams, sausages and cheeses. No small pieces are cut. The bread is cut in two inch thick slices, so as to show her generosity. A lunch table has been set in haste that would make a dozen hungry coal miners gaze with awe. The hostess stands by her guests urging them to eat, so they may not starve to death before supper time. It was not the custom to entertain the visitors, so they were left

to amuse themselves; the hostess only tended to the eatables.

For the evening meal, the mistress' ability as a cook was set to a severe test, and many dainty dishes had to be prepared. A white linen cloth adorned the table. The large candle stick of tin or bronze was brought out of the cupboard, two candles were brought from the candle chest, now the table was set. The husband or head of the family was the only one who had the honor to eat with the visitors. The mistress stood close by waiting on and urging the visitors to eat, also making apologies for her inability as a cook and for the simple meal she had prepared.

My father told: that when as a young man he frequently called on a certain young lady, her mother wanted to show her prospective son-in-law her generosity by urging father to eat. If he refused, she would make expressions like: "Darn you, Johan, if you don't eat, the devil take me if I envy you the food."

The guests should be modest and not eat without being urged. It was considered bad form to be in haste to accept food the first time it was passed, but one should wait until asked several times. A talented hostess was expected to be able to make her guests eat against their wishes.

At bedtime, two or three feather mattresses with pillows and quilts were carried down from the attic to the living room. Again apologies were asked for the poor accommodations. If the bedclothes were moldy or reeked of foul odor, that made no difference. It was not good form to put the guests in a separate room. Thus there were two extremes, extravagance and super-economy.

At least once a year, usually about yuletide, a big feast was held, also at baby christenings, funerals, weddings, or other family happenings. I will later on describe the eating and drinking at these feasts.

I have now described how a well-to-do household looked in our forefathers' time. The same customs existed in my time in certain localities, my mother's parents' home was a good example. Consider their financial standing, as a tenant of a small farm (torp). My mother had inherited this habit to economize, but my father had as a builder been around both in the cities and country, and had learned new methods. He did not believe in sleeping on straw and having feather mattresses in the attic, or eating potatoes with salt and water for gravy, or to let the worms eat the hams and cheeses, or to wear the clothes till there was nothing left but rags and leave the good homewoven clothes hanging in the attic to be eaten up by moths, or to carry the "church boots" in one's hands and walk barefoot to church and put them on at the church gate.

The change started first in the cities and gradually worked its way into the country. But rigid economy was practiced, for example, as a boy I had to split wood into fine sticks, make the ends pointed, and then dip the ends in sulphur. These sticks could be lighted on the glowing coals in the ashes and thus save matches. If my mother could see how matches are wasted at the present time, it would surprise her.

Coffee was coming into use about this time, but was considered a luxury. We had it in my father's house every Sunday morning, and yet we were a little further advanced than people of our class. I remember mother would send me to town, Gamleby, to buy coffee and sugar for 12 ore (about four cents), it would last for months.

The country folks income was small, but their needs and expenses were also small, that which had to be bought was very little. All had sheep, so they raised their own wool for clothing. Every farmer grew his own flax, cotton was little known. The women spun and wove the cloth both for bedding and clothing. The buttons were made out of wood and covered with cloth, even the thread was made at home. A tailor or shoemaker's wages were 50 ore (about 14 cents) per day with meals. The tailor or shoemaker went from house to house and made shoes or clothing for the families. The animals were slaughtered at home and the hides sent to the tannery to be made ready for the shoemaker.

Farm help or servants were mostly paid with clothing. A servant was considered a member of the family and the master was responsible for him the same as any other member of the family, both morally and spiritually. Servants were hired by the year.

The Swedes are known for their hospitality and generosity, no one should leave the house hungry.

It has for ages been the Swedes' reputation, to be honest, steadfast and his word was dependable at all times.

A poet writes about the character of the Swedish farmer:

"Perhaps a flowery speech, he could not make,
but his handshake was more valid than a written oath.
He deemed a grudge as ridiculous folly,
he bore a sword but from his tongue there came no venom.
He did not understand the written word of a debt to pay,
but the gentle throbs within the bosom he did not mistake.
For no one bore he hate, you were his comrade unto the grave,
with his friends he shared his life, his fortunes and his fate."

The old clung to these old customs, and thought new invention and improvement as foolishness, to give up father's methods was thought as

a crime.

Matches were first coming into use in the country about the year 1840, they were sold by peddlers who carried a load on their backs. The price was 8 ore (2-1/2 cents) for a box about the size of the now common safety match box. The people thought that these matches were the devil's invention to burn up homes with, and many refused to have them in their homes. Some even locked their doors if they saw a peddler coming and thought he had matches.

A fact is, that matches were then more dangerous than now, as it was a new industry, and have since been greatly improved with safety. The matches had to be handled with great care, if they received a jar or fell, they would ignite. Once I remember my mother making a fire with the old fire tools, flint and steel. She had a fire started in a very short time.

We also heard about ships that were driven by fire. Later someone had seen a steamer and came home to tell us about it, we all thought it a miracle. We also heard about railway trains going with lightning speed. When the telegraph came into use it was a mystery to the people. Once when going to church with my parents there had been poles put up along the road and we were told that a pipe was to be put on top to talk through. When a wire had been finally strung on the poles, we were told that if parcels with addresses on were hung on the wire, they would go to their destinations. I heard of a man who wished to send his son a pair of new boots, he climbed a pole and hung the boots on the wire. Next day they were gone and a pair of old ones were in their place. He thought his son had received the boots and sent home his old pair for repairs.

Newspapers were only read by the upper classes, the common man regarded them as lies to fool their money from them, but gradually they gained entrance into the homes.

Educated people were bringing in better methods for farming, but they were slowly accepted. In gamleby community at the present time agriculture is second to none.

When compulsatory schools were established, parents were unwilling to send their children as it was their opinion that the children would learn bad habits and would become lazy and not get any help. They could not understand why a girl should learn to write and figure. No one will now deny the blessings education has brought.

There was also a general mistrust against the physician. They were seldom consulted and if so, only when the patient was dying. If the doctor was unable to restore the patient's health, he was declared incompetent. The opinion prevailed at that time as well as at the present that

the physician was after the money and cared little if the patient lived or died.

It was also thought that disease was sent by God, and also determined by Him whether the afflicted should recover or not. Many would have nothing to do with the physician, but would consult quacks and witches, these made big money on the people's ignorance. But it must be admitted that many of the old folks knew many simple and effective remedies.

The people were very superstitious and believed in witchcraft, spirits and spooks. Among the ignorant people was a good field for these "black art" performers to work their "wonder-cures". I will tell about a few of these that I remember: A sty in the eye had to be "cut away"; the healer struck with an ax in the wall over the patient while he murmered some nonsense. Toothache, headache and all kinds of pain was cured by "reading it away". Sometimes a butcher-knife was used to rub a sore spot, while the "healer" would gesticulate and say things no one could understand. One remedy for toothache that was infallible was, if you had one of your teeth pulled and you put your tooth in the coffin with a corpse to be buried, you would never have toothache again. Certain diseases were cured in both men and beast by firing a gun over their heads.

When I was about eight years old I had the ague. I mentioned before that the ague was an epidemic about this time. A woman was sent for that had accidently suffocated a child while sleeping in bed. This woman cut herself in the hand, the blood obtained was given me to drink. This was done three successive Thursdays, but without effect. Someone recommended an "aguestone" (a glass marble), that I should carry on a string around my neck, and every time I drank or ate I first should dip this "aguestone" in the food or drink. To carry this precious thing cost 50 ore (14 cents) a week. After a time the ague left me, likely from natural causes. A few years later I had another ague, called spring ague. I was ordered to take ashes and sow around a big stone on a Thursday morning before sunrise. I should walk three times around the stone to the left, so as to go opposite the sun; sow my ashes and at the same time read: "Here I sow away my ague and it cannot come back before these seeds grow."

During the years 1855-60 that we lived in "Groningsbo," my parents had "bad luck" with their livestock. As soon as the animals were put in the barn in the fall, they lost appetite, got thin and sick. A gypsy woman came, she could cure the animals and forever take away the "bad luck". Here is the cure: my father was instructed to tear up part of the barn floor and there dig a hole. In this hole she had her "hokus pokus". A hole was bored in the threshold and filled with some kind of a mixture. She carried a pail of dirty water to the house and told us to start a big fire on the hearth. She took something out of the water that looked like

a little pig wrapped in hair. I suppose that this was the fellow that had done the mischief and was now to pay its penalty. She put this thing in the fire, it smelled burnt hair all over the house. This was the finish and she was now to be paid. She said, "my parents were such nice people, she would only charge 16 crowns ($4.25)," she was paid with nine crowns, a ham and some clothing.

The bad condition in the barn was likely responsible for the "bad luck". No ventilation and not enough daylight, one could barely see inside. Even the door was not to be open on a mild winter day as they were afraid the cattle would freeze. I have to this day thought it strange that my parents did not understand that daylight and fresh air was very necessary for the animals. That my father, who had a reputation standing above the average in intelligence, could set so much faith in a witch, is more than I can understand.

A few years later, about 1861, my mother suffered much with a skin disease, very likely it could have been a simple matter for a doctor to cure. Instead a man was hired to go 20 miles to consult a "wise old man" (klok gobbe). This hired man made his living by going on similar errands. He was to have with him a shirt, stockings and other things that mother had been wearing for three days, instructions were not to go out after sunset.

There were many different ways that one could protect property against witchcraft and evil spirits. It was considered a duty and a necessity to conscientiously follow all rules to fight their evil powers.

When a child was born, it was important to observe and obey the rules laid down. Before the baby was baptized, it had to have a piece of steel on its body; otherwise evil spirits could exchange the child with one of their own. The evil spirits would give you one so much like your own, that you would not suspect an exchange had been made.

The water wherein a child had been bathed could not be thrown out before fire had been put in it, and also not thrown outside until after sunset.

The child should be baptized as soon as possible as the evil spirits then lost their power. Many important things were to be observed at the baptism, first: a godmother to carry the child had to be chosen. This was not an easy task as a godmother should have all the virtues known to mankind. If she had any bad habits, they would likely be transferred to the child. As soon as the godmother got charge of the child, she had to be quick in all things she undertook so the child should become a hustler. She should read the Lord's Prayer as fast as possible so as to make the child a good reader. Also have the child look at animals so it would not be afraid of them. Smart godmothers would perform little tricks of witchery to protect the child from disease.

Baptism was usually performed in the church. As soon as godmother and child had been seated in the vehicle, the horses had to be started on a run and had to be kept at a neckbreaking speed till the church was reached. When the godmother returned with the child, the father should meet her at the door and ask: "What do you carry?" She answers: "I carry your child, when I went away it was a heathen, but I am bringing back a Christian." Whereafter she turned the child over to its parents and her duties were at an end.

Even the domestic animals were exposed to the evil spirts, ghosts, spooks, frauds, or whatever they may be called. The animals had to be protected. When a cow calved, a piece of steel was put in the water she was given to drink. She should walk over steel the first time she went out of the barn. Had an animal been bought, it had to go through certain ceremonies so the evil beings should have no power over it, and so that it should thrive in its new home.

On "Dymmelonsdag" (Wednesday before Easter Sunday), witches called "Blakullakaringar" made their rounds to every barn. These witches milked the cows and done other mischief; this was prevented by painting crosses over the barn doors. Shooting after dark was also recommended.

A report was being circulated that Free Masons had come to Vestervik, the nearest city, 13 miles, a seaport on the Baltic. Terrible stories were told about the Free Masons. Their chief occupation was supposed to be to kill people and sell them to the Turks. Vestervik had to depend on the surrounding country for its foodstuff, but on account of the rumors, the farmers did not dare to enter that city, and the result was that the people had to starve.

Many years later I met a man who told the following of his experience with the Free Masons: "I was a servant on the estate, 'Stensnas,' and was ordered to take a load of grain to Vestervik. There was nothing to do but obey. I armed myself with two pistols and was determined to sell my life at the highest price possible. My friends bid me good-by as if they never expected to see me again. When I arrived at my destination, I was asked to take my load back in the yard. I said, 'No, if you want the grain, you carry it in,' and I unloaded my grain sacks in the street. They asked me in and wanted to treat on whiskey, but I refused and started on my way home. Had I been foolish enough to go in the house, I surely would have been killed. The people finally drove the Free Masons out of Vestervik. If they had not, they would have starved to death."

These, and the many other tales I have written, will likely seem exaggerated to our coming generations. But stop to consider, the people were superstitious, did not read newspapers, and when a rumor was started, it grew as it was transmitted from mouth to ear.

Even in this time of education, people are superstitious, consult fortune tellers and quack doctors. Anyone having read our American history knows how several people supposed to be gifted with witchcraft were burned to death at Salem, Massachusetts. I just mention this so you will not form the opinion that our Swedish forefathers were a lot of barbarians below other nations in civilization. Our forefathers have for centuries been able to read and write. They were religious and steady church goers and the Sabath was strictly observed, they were honest and obedient citizens.

A FEW MEMORIES

About the year 1857, my father had a contract to build a new house on the marine soldier "torp" or farm, "Brinktorpet". Perhaps I better explain what a soldier's torp is. As part of their taxes to the government, the landowners had to keep and pay a soldier, ready for war. One soldier had to be kept for a certain number of acres. If the community was divided up in small farms, there would then be several farmers supporting one soldier. He was given a house and necessary outbuildings, with a piece of land as part of his salary, this was called a soldier's "torp". He was there supposed to make his living in time of peace. In wartime or when he was in training, the farmers had to attend to the "torp" and care for his family.

I was with and helped father tear down the old house, it was the house where my mother had been born. The house was five feet high on the walls and about seven feet high in the center of the ceiling. It had two small windows, and doors not over four feet high with a one foot high threshold. A six foot man must bow low to get through the doors. The house was built of fine pine timbers, something like our log cabins. The house had likely stood there for centuries. The last time I visited the place was in the spring of 1890. Only the big pear tree remained, it had stood at the entrance. It seemed to say, "Here stood the house," it was the only thing left to mark the spot. Pear trees, I believe, reach an age of several centuries in Sweden. Everything else was leveled with the ground, and the land added to another field.

From there I went to Nynaset. I wanted to see once more the old foundation, it was still there, but almost grown over. The old apple tree and plum trees had had a hard struggle to keep alive unaided by human hands. The birds singing in the tree tops were all that broke the solemnity.

I sat down on a rock and many were the memories that came to me. Here had once been a home, happiness, strife and sorrows. How perishable everything is. I had an unpleasant awakening out of my dreams by a big snake coming toward me. I rose to go from the place where some years before had been children romping and playing. A mother's, sometimes stern, sometimes mild, but always loving voice had been heard there. Hard labor and hardened hands had cared for those now neglected fruit trees. Now reptiles laid there undisturbed. The children grown, and here dead, their children and grandchildren scattered over the world.

I had gone out on purpose to visit these old places, to dream for a few hours and recall the days of my happy childhood. I next went to "Groningsbo". I took an old path through the woods. This path was once worn, but now it was mostly grown over. First I saw the old maples that

had their place at the entrance, they had just received their new foliage and bowed in the mild spring breeze. They seemed to greet me and say, "Here we stand alone, but we thrive." Of the old orchard only the stumps remained, they seemed like old friends. I thought I tasted the flavor of the fruit in my mouth of each kind. Close by is the foundation to the house and the pit of the cellar.

What an army of memories that paraded through my mind. In that southwest corner our bed stood, where three or four of us children used to sleep, and mother called and scolded us for not being still and quiet in bed. Here we had clasped our hands in prayer, the prayers mother had taught us. I remember how father and mother wrestled and played with each other the first years of their married life. I could not see why old folks should frolic around, I thought it looked foolish.

Here our loving mother's hand patted us, here our father whittled out playthings for us during the long winter evenings. Here we got punished if we did not behave or obey.

Thirty steps from the foundation stood my father's carpenter shop, there I had made my first mechanical efforts; I had, after many attempts, succeeded in making a small chair that I sold for 25 ore, about 7 cents.

I went to see an old friend, the well. The path that led there had been plowed up, and as it was springtime, I had to wade through the mud. The stones had fallen in, but the water flowed as clear as ever, sparkling in the sun as if to greet me.

It was a warm spring day, and as I sat down I wanted to drink from this spring with its fresh and clear water. How many times had I been here after water; I drank, and drank again, how stimulating it tasted. I sat there for awhile, listening to the singing of the birds and the water rippling from the spring. Oh, that music, I recognized it so well; it was the same tune as when I was a boy.

How busy my mind and soul were with those memories, now and then a cuckoo starts to call in the top of a birch. Something is running down my cheek, I feel it is tears. I went further up the little brook, the rippling water seemed to say, "Hello, old comrade." I had here as a child, dammed the water and made waterfalls. I had built mills in this brook, how proud I was when I saw the wheels turn.

A little further was a small pond where my mother used to do her washing, but this was filled in. August, my brother, nearly drowned here, he was pulled out by an older boy.

I strolled around the neighboring forest and mountains, the cliffs and rocks there looked the same as in my childhood. I found stones that

I had used in building my playhouses. The sun is down on the tree tops, I must go home to "Hammarslund," about four miles distance.

I have never in my life dwelled in old memories as I did this day.

I have many memories from "Hjortstad" dear to my heart, but they are not so touching to the tenderness of my soul. I think it is because "Hjortstad" is preserved, it was built sometime before 1812 and will stand for centuries. But of "Groningsbo," nothing remains now but the memories. "Hjortstad" stands exactly today as the day my father was born there, and the same as when I and my sister, Mathilda, was born there. The only difference is that a few more fruit trees have grown up around the place.

The great Swedish philosopher and poet, Geijer, writes the following about his place of birth:

> "The memory of this happy little place
> which my parents held so dear,
> lays as a ray of sunshine that penetrates my breast;
> it has found a haven in my inner self.
> I seem conscious of the fountain of my youth
> that murmurs even now of spring's prolific growths,
> that offer shade and refreshment in the forest,
> of buds and sprouts in fresh creation
> that blend the fragrance of pine and perfume,
> scenting the morning air and country breezes.
> All this lives of that dear little place in my memory."

My youth and what occurred during that time: In the spring 1860, my father rented "Ahagen", another marine soldier's "torp" and gave up "Groningsbo". This place belonged under Ullevi Village, and about two miles from town, Gamleby. Here at "Ahagen" we had no farming; my father now practiced the mason's trade exclusively.

Here my first struggles started for existence, here I commenced to earn my living. I worked for a farmer tying grain into bundles for board and 12 ore per day.

The same year in the fall my father's father, Anders Peter Anderson, died at "Hjortstad". We were all at the funeral. Grandfather had been a man of great physical strength, he had good judgment, and was always good-natured. His worst fault was that he liked strong drink, otherwise his life was blameless, he was honest and his word was as good as gold. He had never been to court or in any trouble with the law. He had no schooling, but was a good reader and was well read. The last years of his life he spent in bed on account of old age, but the soundness of his mind remained intact to the last. He could read the finest print without

glasses, he was very religious and I believe if anyone has had his sins forgiven, and was saved, it was he.

I remember how he sat up in bed, clasped his hands and with his eyes toward heaven, prayed and sang his favorite Psalm, number 444 (Swedish Psalm-book). He died a natural death, as we should all die, his last moments went without pain. He asked grandmother why it got so dark, if it was evening. She heard him take a few deep breaths, she went to the bed, he was through. His lamp went out at the age of 83 years, 3 months, and 25 days.

"Blessed be his memory."

My father and his sisters, Catharina and Sofia, now inherited "Hjortstad". Aunt Sofia and her husband, Anders Peter Anderson, bought my father's and Aunt Catharina's share. They lived there till their death.

During this year, 1860, my father and his brother-in-law, Jaen Peter Nelson (my mother's sister's husband) bought a small farm called "Mortvik", in Tornsfalla Township, and 3-1/2 miles to the city Vestervik. We were to take charge of this place March 14th.

So after one year's stay in "Ahagen", we moved to "Mortvik" in the Spring 1861. This deal turned out to be a mistake. First, my father was not a farmer, he should farm and also work at his trade, the result was that both were neglected. Second, we were to farm and live together with father's brother-in-law, which did not harmonize. Third, happenings occurred that forever broke up our happy home. My father gave up farming, and hired a man to do his part, and took up his trade exclusively.

In May that year, I started to learn the mason's trade with my father as instructor. My first attempt was at the so-called "Kallarstugan" in Heda, Gamleby Township. All that summer we went from village to village building foundations, cellars, and smokestacks.

In the fall of the same year, 1861, things happened that broke up our home. Father's brother-in-law had a son, Nils August, who went to school in Vestervik. This Nils August was taken sick with dysentery and taken home to be cared for. The result was that before long both families had dysentery. Had a physician been called, it is likely that the disease would have been checked, but the mistrust of doctors was still prevailing among the people. My mother had to help her sister as all were down with the disease. Mother contracted the disease and finally we all got it with the exception of the hired man, who moved to a shed where he stayed and cooked his own meals.

Bergman, the hired man was smart and ambitious, he tended to

everything on the farm. A neighboring woman helped us a little too, otherwise no one dared to go near the house. No help could be had, it was a terrible time!

My dear mother and my youngest brother, Carl Victor, succumbed to the disease. When my brother died we could get no one to bury him, no one dared to come near.

Finally Bergman, the hired man, succeeded in getting some of his friends to help with the burial. They took a boat and rowed across the lake to Tornsfalla Cemetery on Sunday morning with the little body of Carl Victor.

Two weeks later my mother passed away. Aunt Sofia came and stayed with us for two weeks and helped with the arrangements. My father was recovering, but was weak from the disease and sorrow, so he was helpless.

The funeral was very simple, the same men helped us that buried brother Carl, we also took the water route. I was the only one of the two households who had recovered enough to go as a mourner. We had some difficulty in obtaining a rig to take the remains from our landing place to the cemetery, but finally succeeded in getting a horse and wagon. I rode on the wagon to open the gates.

Such was the funeral of my dear mother, it took place on a Sunday afternoon in October, 1861. It was plain and quiet, not like the custom, such as a feast with many invited guests. Mother died of a contagious disease and this was the best we could do, "dear Mother, you were worthy of something better."

It is the custom in Sweden to ring the church bells when a funeral procession nears the gates of the cemetery, and again when the ceremony is over. I went up in the church tower and saw the bells give the last tolls for mother. I can yet hear the echo of the last rings die out. The wooden cross placed at her grave had the following inscription:

"Could I have left my heart behind,
and now complains to have been forsaken;
for somehow it seeks to sway me.
In moments of somber thought I feel
it clinging to me in utter desperation,
inseparable unto the end we shall go.
When in that final tribute all tears have vanished,
I know that together in another life
we shall be at home
living in mutual trust."

Swedish Psalm 468

The following Sunday, my father and my oldest sister, Mathilda, had recovered so they could go with us to church and hear the announcement that mother was dead and buried. We children could not grasp the situation, or understand our loss.

Mother had been a good and noble woman; she was a good wife and mother, the matrimonial life between father and mother was of the best. She sometimes seemed stern, but her good heart overflowed with love. She taught us to be virtuous, and the way to salvation to the best of her knowledge. Many were her prayers to our Heavenly Father for our protection and welfare.

"Dear Mother, may you rest in peace, and blessed be your memory."

My Mother

O yes, dear mother, I recall your melodious song
full of emotion from the heart, to wit:
My son..... My son.....
lofty of ideas and blessed with youth
you shall be widely acclaimed in this world
and your mother you will forget.

But Mother..... Mother.....
you are wrong, your son is humble,
small and low I may be judged
but of my heritage I am proud and unashamed.
Mother..... Mother.....
you will never be forgot.

A queer thing occurred that I will mention: Four burning candles had been placed around the coffin; we found one candle instead of burning from the top, the flame had went out and had started in the middle of the candle, the upper half hanging down held by only one thread of the wick. The wick was not burned in the upper half. In this occurrence, people saw some omen, and many were the guesses of what it meant.

Now followed a troublesome time. My sister, Mathilda, only ten years old, had to take up the household duties, we had difficulties of every description. To work the farm together with uncle, led to disagreement in many ways. The following summer we secured a housekeeper, Fredricka Jaenson, from Odensve. Likely she came with matrimonial intentions toward father; the household conditions now improved.

This summer we had no hired man; I with the help of Fredricka and occasional hired help, did our part of the farm work.

In the fall a man, Westerberg, came from California, U. S. A., where he had been prospecting for gold, and bought "Mortvik" for the

same amount as father and uncle had paid, 7,000 crowns. He was to take possession March 14, 1863.

This winter I started the preparation for my confirmation, and was confirmed in the spring, 1863.

I was fond of ice skating, and at the same time careless and daring. While skating this winter I broke through the ice. I surely would have drowned had not assistance arrived in time. This gave me a warning, and I have always been careful since.

After mother's death, father held an auction sale in March, 1863. We four children inherited each 209.33 crowns (about $57.00). Our uncle, J. P. Nelson, was appointed our guardian. March 14th we moved from "Mortvik" to Almvik, a village of the same township. My father rented a house there and worked at the mason trade.

The buying of "Mortvik" would have been a good deal had my father been a farmer, and if we had not been in partnership with uncle. "Mortvik" was situated on the beach of Lake Hjorten and surrounded by beautiful scenery. The land was good, plenty of timber, good fishing and the distance to the city Westervik was only an hour's walk.

My father got acquainted with a woman, Cathrina, from Westervik, with the result that marriage was decided upon the coming fall. Fredricka, our housekeeper, took this turning of things seriously; she had learned to love us and we her. I felt sorry for her and we children really missed her when she left us on the Swedish servants moving day, October 24th.

About the same time the intended marriage of my father and Catharina was announced in the Westervik church.

The good people of Almvik were faithful to the old custom and gave my father a big "cane and crutch" party. The cane was so big that it measured 10 inches in diameter, 12 feet from the large end. My father later made furniture out of these trees.

October 24, 1863, we moved to Westervik to live. Father was preparing for his intended marriage. We had been there about two weeks when on a market-day my father happened to become somewhat intoxicated. Father quarreled with his sweetheart with the result that their intended marriage was broken up.

The marriage was to have taken place on the next Sunday. This likely was luck, as I believe it was not a good match. The woman was a city lady and appeared too refined to be a wife to a man in father's class, and stepmother to country bred children.

We moved back to Gamleby Township. My father rented a place

called "Lilla Herstad"; it had a few acres of land. The place is located about one mile from Gamleby village. This was a good farm but it did not fit father, he was a man with a trade. Farming and building do not harmonize; farming is one way of making a living, and working at a trade is another.

We now again had the confusion in our household that always follows where a woman's ordering hand is lacking.

Syrach was right when he wrote: "As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven; so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house."

We learned the truth of that statement in a practical way. We children now asked father to get Fredricka, our old housekeeper back. She worked for Westerberg, the man who bought our farm "Mortvik". Servants in Sweden are hired by the year, but he did us the favor of letting her come to us. She came and stayed with us for two days at Christmas, it was a joyful Christmas as we had learned to love her. She moved to us in the Spring, 1864, and father married her shortly after. Now again we had a good home, but it was to be of short duration.

The following winter I made a journey, over which I felt quite proud. I was hired to help drive a herd of cattle to Ostergottland, the province north of Smaland, our province. I then saw Atvidabergs copper mines and smelters; and then I saw my first train. I went through Linkoping city and saw the big cathedral. There I saw the beautiful and fertile Ostgotaplain, it is of the best agricultural land in Sweden.

I thought of myself as a great traveler. It seemed that I developed too slowly into a man, as could be expected at my age; I was 16 years old.

My father thought that the mason work was too hard for me and that I ought to have a change. I hired out to a farmer in Almvik for one year, but it was a change to the worse. No system, poor food and hard work; I stuck the year out and kept in good health. In the fall I went to an evening school and got some instruction in writing, spelling, arithmetic and reading; it was not much, but it has done me good all through life.

In the Spring 1865, another sad occurrence came at home. A neighbor, an old man that lived alone, had committed suicide by cutting his throat. My stepmother, who was now far advanced in pregnancy and highly nervous, happened to be the first one to discover the body. This shock was too much for her. She was taken sick and gave premature birth to the baby, she never fully recovered. The following winter pneumonia ended her life, she died Christmas Eve, 1865.

She was a good and careful housekeeper, a good wife and mother,

which can not always be said of a stepmother. She loved her stepchildren and was rewarded by our love. She was perhaps at times a little easy on us and did not rule with the determination that our mother had done, but this cannot be called a fault; blessed be her memories.

My oldest sister, Mathilda, was now able to take up the household duties. My brother, August, had started to work at the mason trade with father. I hired out to another farmer, "Johan in Mortnas", Odensvi Township. He was an old friend of our family. I moved there from Almvik in the fall, 1865; here I thrived, grew up and developed into manhood. I am not a big man, not quite 5 feet 9 inches, neither have I had great muscular strength, but I have been blessed with wonderful health and great endurance in work.

I stayed in Mortnas two years. I had a good home there that I miss very much; I was treated as a member of the family and they looked after my needs, both spiritual and material. My employer was a man with a good education; he taught me arithmetic and writing, which has been a great help to me. There was also a hired girl, Charlotta Nelson. Well, we were sweethearts, but this first flame of love gradually died out after I got out into the rush and struggle of the new world.

During those two years a few incidents had happened in our family. In the fall, 1866, my father's mother died in her home at "Hjortstad"; we all gathered there for the funeral. Grandmother had been a good woman with a tender heart, and we grandchildren all loved her. Her greatest happiness was when she had her grandchildren around her, even though we were disobedient and noisy. We all mourned her from the depths of our hearts. After grandfather's death, she had visited her daughter, Catharina, on the island of Oland, but she did not thrive there. She wanted to go back to her old home, "Hjortstad", and stay until she died, which she did. She was well and active and had her senses to the last. Blessed be her memories.

At the funeral, my father uttered a remark: "Never again will so many of our family be gathered in one place." His prophecy came true.

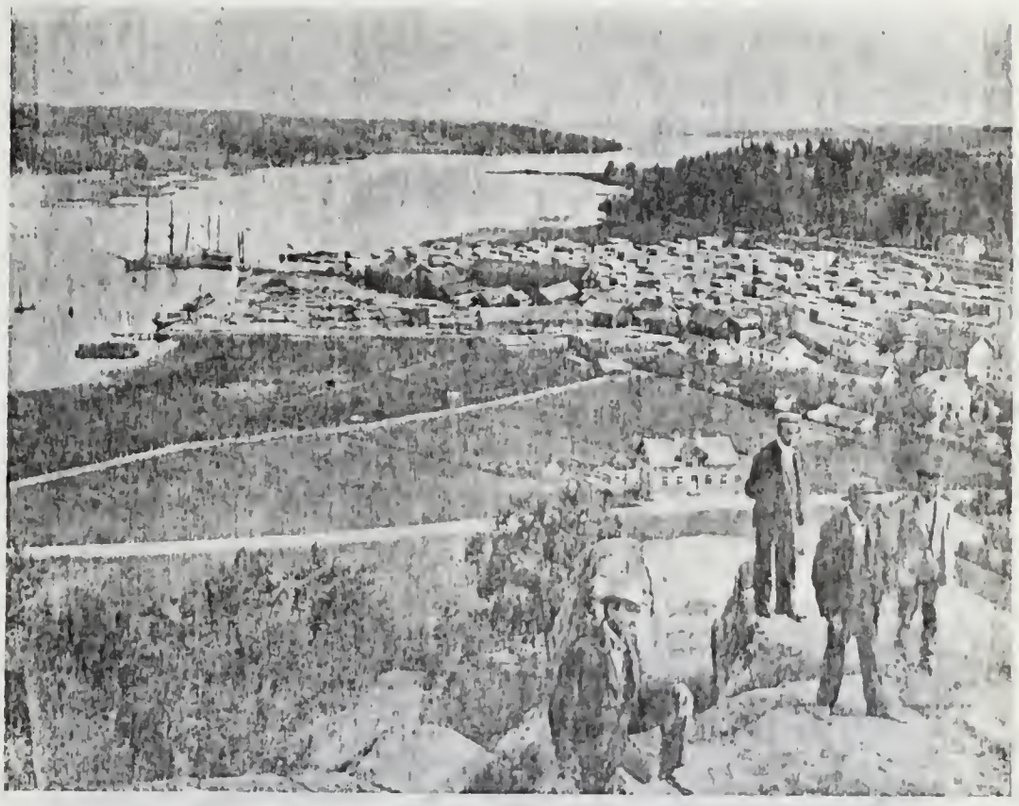
In the spring, 1867, my father married the third time; this third wife's name was Maja Stina Pearson, from Vinkulla, Odensvi Township. Father continued to live at "Lilla Herstad."

Sister Mathilda now left home to work for others; brother August worked with father as a mason, and sister Clara went to school. After I had left Mortnas in the fall, 1867, I took a job with a blacksmith in Gamleby village, as his helper; my intentions were to get a job with some mason in the spring.

During the winter I made many friends, they talked about America,

Above — GAMLEBY BAY AS SEEN FROM "HAMMARSLUND"

Below — HARVEST TIME. The standing grain was cut with scythes handled by the men, raking into small piles was reserved for the women folk. At the age of 12, G. R. Carlson earned his first "bread" by tying bundles at 12 ore per day (4 cents) plus his meals.



HARBOR and TOWN of GAMLEBY in 1900

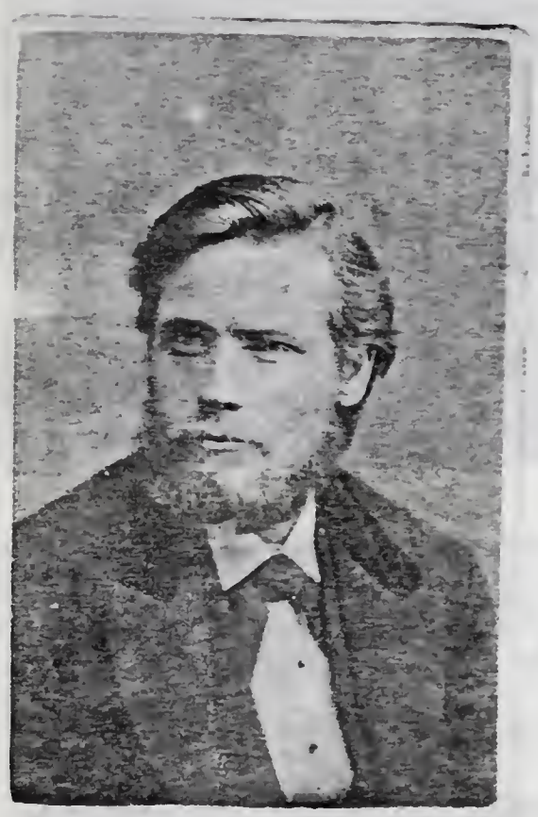
The locale where many generations of this lineage have resided in centuries past, it was a favorite retreat for the ancient VIKINGS when not plying the Baltic and the many navigable rivers of Europe to the Black Sea and Turkey. Extensive commerce was carried on with the orient which was reached from the Black Sea by sailing up the Don River and portaging to the Volga and proceeding down to the Casplan Sea.

GAMLEBY means "old town," it is the former site of the city of Westervik founded there in about 1200. In 1433 the town administration was moved to the mouth of the bay 13 miles distant and was called Westervik (west-bay). As a seaport Westervik has currently attained a population of 15,000. GAMLEBY is 165 miles south of Stockholm and 120 miles north of Kalmar.

Moored at the wharf is a sailing schooner and several smaller craft, it is from this wharf that GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON departed when emigrating to America on May 28, 1868. His route included sailing in a small boat to Westervik and there boarding a larger coastal vessel to Norrkoping, a distance of 100 miles to the north. At Norrkoping he proceeded by train across the country to the country's chief seaport of Gotenberg. Internal combustion marine engines had not yet been invented and steam had only started to replace canvas in ocean liners at this early date.

In the background of the picture skirting the wooded hill can be seen railroad tracks and the GAMLEBY station, also a track spur with a train of cars loaded with lumber; huge piles of lumber are stacked in the area between the spur and the waterfront. In the large expanses of meadow below, one can faintly recognize horses and sheep grazing. The railroad was built in 1877-88 at which time Johan Gustaf Svensson worked on the construction while living with his sister and brother-in-law at "Hammarslund."

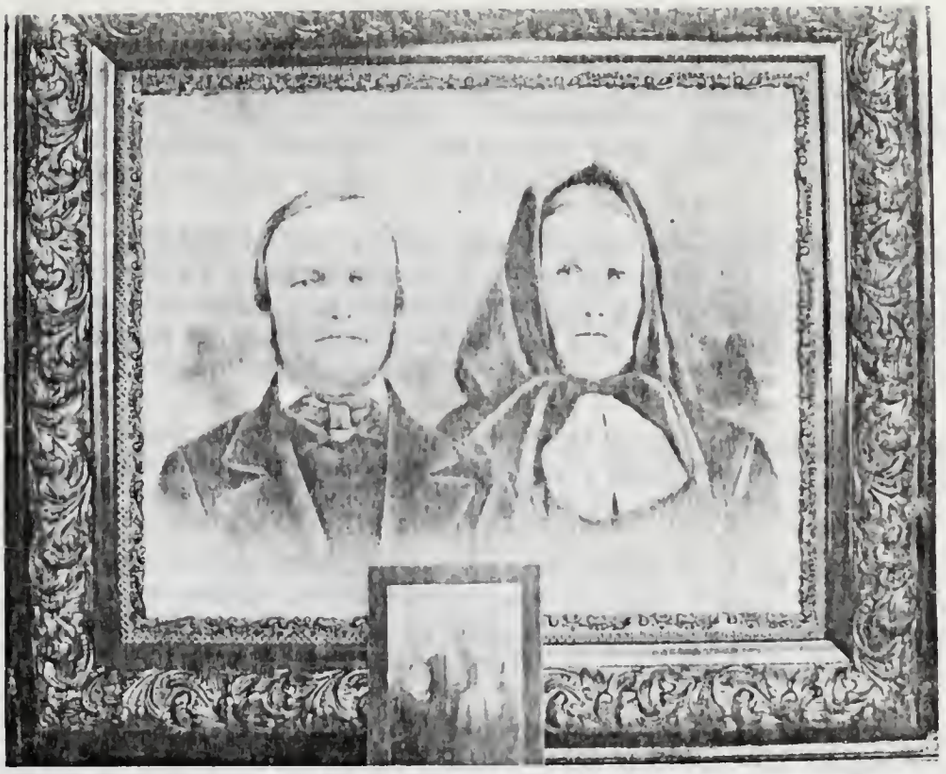
In the foreground are friends of CARL FRANK CARLSON who snapped most of these early pictures. The young man on the right of the group is Carl Frank Sandgren, a son of Mathilda (sister of G. R. CARLSON), and a cousin of CARL FRANK CARLSON.



GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON
at age 27
Embarked for America (Chicago) 1868-88-91 also 1904-1905. Witnessed great Chicago fire 1871. Married to Elisa Christine Carlson November 16, 1872.

CARL AUGUST CARLSON
at age 19
Brother of Gustaf, Clara (in Chicago), and Mathilda (in Sweden). Came to America in 1871 and again in 1877. Died, unmarried, in Chicago 1879 at the age of 25.

CLARA SOFIA CARLSON
at age 21
Sister of Gustaf Reinhold, Carl August and Johanna Mathilda. Emigrated 1878. Died in Chicago 1888, age 31. Married to a John Carlson, no surviving children.



Above — CARL JOHAN SVENSSON and his wife, Gustava Gumesdaughter of "Alandsryd," Wernamo, Sweden.

Below left — The Swensson family comprised of 3 sons and 3 daughters, a daughter missing herein is Christine living in Chicago.

Below right — "Newlyweds," daughter Christine and husband Gustaf R. Carlson in Chicago. These pictures were all made about 1872.

that money was easily made there. It was said a laborer made at least eight crowns ($2.25) a day. I decided to immigrate; I already imagined myself coming back as a gentleman with plenty of money, and how proud Charlotta Nelson would be of her lover.

I asked little of life, the largest aircastles I remember building was, that as a skilled mason, I would work on big buildings in large cities; this wish has been fulfilled. It now began to be quite common for people to immigrate to America. It was much talked of in the blacksmith shop where I worked.

I decided to try my luck. How much different my life would have been had not this come up; perhaps I would have lived a more contented, quieter and happier life, who knows?

My father promised to get me the money for the ticket to America. I was now nearly 20 years old and thought I was "full feathered," and man enough to take care of myself, and understand the dangers I had heard immigrants were exposed to in the new world.

A young man loves to imagine himself an adult as early as possible. I judged myself as being a fairly good mason, but found later that I had a great deal to learn.

Uncle Jaen Peter Nelson and Aunt Johanna, after they left "Mortvik," bought a farm in Hvena Township. I walked to there (50 miles) to bid them good-by. The real motive for my going was to get money as he had not, as our guardian, given an account to my father for our money, which was our share in our mother's estate.

This was the last time I saw them. In the spring I helped my father with some mason work, it was the last work we did together.

All preparations for my journey to America were now finished; on the 28th of May, 1868, I was ready for my journey. A leather satchel with some clothes and lunch and some money inherited from mother in my pocket were my total resources. It was a beautiful day, and late in the evening I left home.

My parents (stepmother), brother August and sister Clara, (sister Mathilda was away from home) accompanied me to Gamleby harbor. I there bid sister and brother good-by, they returned home crying. My parents boarded the steamer with me to Vestervik.

The following morning while we stood on the pier waiting for the steamer to take me to Norrkoping, I received my father's last advice and "God bless you, child". I bid them a hasty good-by and ran on board the boat that was ready to leave. I saw them waving to me which I answered as long as I could see them, I never saw them again.

I realized now for the first time that I was alone, I had thought I was so brave, that I could face almost anything; I felt now like I was already a thousand miles from home.

Tears were running down my cheeks, the hero was weeping. What would become of me in a foreign land, without money or friends? What will be the end of this; my thoughts went to my dear dead mother as if to seek comfort in her arms. She had dried my tears when a child, I was only a child now; if I could have only felt her hand patting my cheeks. Perhaps she, at this moment, from Heaven, was looking down at her frightened son.

"Maybe even now a spark of your love within me burns
though the cloak of time, you from me conceals;
unseen you wisk soft and gentle by my side, and I hear cries:
Have Trust, Have Courage, God's Will shall abide."

I remembered my father's last words: "Do not lose your courage." I thought . . . I must brace up. I succeeded in calming my feelings and in gaining my balance. I have never since been so near to collapse from emotions from within.

A fellow traveler, Gustaf Soderlund, was known as a town failure. To get rid of him, his relatives had given him money to immigrate to America; I had been asked to look after this fellow. We arrived in Norkoping that afternoon; a woman offered us lodging which we accepted. We left our baggage in our room, fixed ourselves up and went out to see the city. Gustaf had plenty of money and he was not stingy.

We went to restaurants and saloons. I felt ashamed the way he flirted with the waitresses, I thought that was out of place among strangers. I asked him to go with me to our lodging place, but he said, "It was no hurry." My father had told me: "Never drink till you become intoxicated." This in mind, I left my comrade after again having urged him to come with me. He told me I was a poor sport and a good-for-nothing fellow, and not fit to go out in the world. After some difficulty I found my lodging place, but Gustaf did not come, and I felt that it was not right for me to leave him.

Next morning as I was ready to go to the station for my train, Gustaf came; he had with him a very pretty little girl. She smiled so sweet at me and said that I ought to stay a few days and rest up before I started on my journey. But my father had warned me: "Keep out of bad company." I thanked her for her concern but said that I must be going. I never saw Gustaf again.

Gustaf did like Syrach says: "He followed her like an ox that was being led away to be slaughtered." Later I heard through a letter from

home, that Gustaf and the girl had a good time as long as the money lasted. He had taken with him 400 crowns and a trunk full of good clothes. In the fall Gustaf came home, walking the road like a beggar.

Again Syrach says, "Give not thy soul unto a woman to set her foot upon thy substance; meet not with a harlot, lest thou fall into her snares; use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts. Gaze not on a maid, that thou fall by these things that are precious in her. Give not thy soul unto harlots that thou lose thine inheritance; look round about thee in the streets of the city, but wander not in the solitary places thereof."

At the station I met some people from Gamleby that I knew. They were also immigrants and had driven the country road to Norkoping. It was a jolly party, so from now on I had company, my sorrow and loneliness was forgotten. On our way to Gotenberg we were met by an agent of the Allan Line Steamship Co., he told us his line was best and the only line we could take. We decided to go with him, he also was going over to America. He promised to help and advise us, and I must say to his credit that he kept his promise. He was willing to help wherever needed, but he fooled us into taking the Allan Line and a poor boat. He succeeded in getting a couple hundred people with him to the steamship office in Gotenberg where he arranged for tickets and baggage. He was the leader of this party and we all knew him as the "interpreter". During our stay in Gotenberg, I got acquainted with a couple of boys that one day fooled me into a disorderly house where a girl started to get too intimate! I grabbed my cap and ran out. After two days in Gotenberg, we boarded a steamer, June 3rd, that was to take us across the North Sea to Hull, England. We steamed out of Gotenberg Harbor through the narrow channels out to the North Sea. The weather was beautiful, as the sun shone from a perfectly clear sky. We stood there on deck in a shower-bath of sunrays. It was perfectly calm, the water laid like a mirror. It was lively on board, everybody seemed like old friends; games were played and everyone was making jolly. It seemed like we were all back home playing and dancing around the May pole. A fact is, that nowhere is it so easy to get acquainted as on a journey.

At sunset I stood at the railing, watching the beautiful sky and the fatherland disappear on the horizon. Should I ever come back to these shores, what will my future be? I would have given part of my life if I could have lifted the veil of destiny, and beheld what the future had in store for me.

I have never been of a gloomy disposition, but I have often taken pleasure in reflecting and dreaming. As I stood there, lost in my thoughts, a powerful youth hit me on the shoulder and said (in the Smaland dialect): "Do you stand here and cry?" This brought me back to myself and I joined the noisy crowd of young people. They danced to their hearts con-

tent, to the squeaking tunes of an old accordian till twelve o'clock, when we were ordered below deck.

After two days of a pleasant voyage we arrived in Hull. We were welcomed there with a cup of coffee and biscuits; thereafter we were packed into a train and taken across beautiful England. I don't know where a person should travel to see scenery change so much in six hours.

Here we saw the prettiest farms, with well cared orchards, and fine agricultural land, changing to high bluffs, rough and good for nothing. We went through long tunnels in the mountains; it took the train twenty minutes to go through the longest. Next the train may run over a high trestle, through large cities blackened from smoke, and pretty country villages.

Towards evening we arrived in Liverpool and were lodged in a so called emigrant hotel which was surrounded with Jews and swindlers trying to get our money. We stayed here four days; on a Thursday we boarded the ocean liner with sails and went to sea.

Everything went nice until the third day when the crew started to tie up everything that was loose on deck. The upper part of the masts were taken down and everything was carefully looked after. By these preparations we guessed that a storm was due which we soon found to be true.

During the night a storm broke loose that I believe few emigrants have seen the like; sails blew away and everything loose went overboard. No one could stand on deck, even the crew seemed helpless. The seasickness was terrible and the condition among the emigrants cannot be described; the storm continued to rage for three days, and then gradually died down.

It was now so cold that no one could go out on deck; the whole ship was covered with ice. The sky was clear, the many icebergs around us glittered like gold in the sun, it was a wonderful sight.

After having gone through another storm, but not as severe as the first, we landed in Quebec, Canada. We had been on the ocean 18 days and 19 nights. The food on board the ship was very poor and we young fellows had nothing but the bare boards to sleep on. We were told in Gotenberg that we did not need to buy any bedding as we would be provided with hammocks.

Our voyage so far had been very hard and tiresome, and our train to Chicago was not any better. We were packed into coaches, the poorest I have seen. It took seven days to get to Chicago. The train at times went so slow that we jumped off and picked flowers along the roadside.

I had not suffered much from seasickness, but on the train I was very sick for two days with high fever. As we crossed the river at Detroit and came in on U. S. territory, a small fee was asked called head money; this was only from those who had trunks as baggage, so I was not included. Most of the emigrants protested against this, they believed our interpreter was in collusion with those men trying to collect the head money, and that they afterwards would divide their gains. The interpreter was in for trouble, and had not the police come between, there would likely have been violence. It also nearly came to a fight between the emigrants as there were two elements, one willing to pay, while the other refused. The head money was finally paid and we were allowed to start again. Our interpreter disappeared here.

We now got a better train and made faster time. We left Detroit at six o'clock in the evening and arrived in Chicago at daybreak next morning, June 23rd, which is the eve of the Swedish midsummerday. One child died during the night and another died at the railroad station; one man had laid down to sleep and stuck his feet through the window and got one foot partly tore off, he was taken to some hospital.

When I arrived at Chicago I only had four dollars and a few cents. My first efforts were to find some Swedes so I could get some information; but this was not an easy task in this sea of humanity. I had a letter with me to my stepmother's brother, but it was addressed to "general delivery." I found some countrymen but they seemed unwilling to help a newcomer. One said, "What do you want here, you will starve to death, if you get any work, you will be held as a slave." Another I asked if he could show me a cheap boarding house; he said, "he did not have time to bother with a greenhorn." I wondered what a greenhorn was, but a newcomer soon learned that word, as it was his title. Finally I met a man from Norway who directed me to Chicago Avenue, and said that I could find plenty of Swedes there. I followed instructions and came to a small wooden church which had the inscription, Swedish Emanuel Church. In the basement were many people. I thought they must be Swedes and went down. It was the Swedish newspaper "Hemlandet" printing shop. Here I met people who were willing to help and advise a greenhorn. They sent a boy with me to a Swedish boarding house, I was promised board and lodging there.

I went back to the station to get my satchel, and found that a shed or storage house had been opened to the emigrants for lodging. As I had little money, I decided to take advantage of this. This was our midsummer eve, June 23rd.

I saw some bricklayers at work and realized that I was not capable of taking up this line of work. I thought that on the coming Sunday I would go to church and find my stepmother's brother, Peterson. I thought it was here like in Sweden, that everybody had his name and address in the church books, so at least the minister could tell me Peterson's address.

I was in good humor and courage, but anxious to get to work and find what my destination was to be. I was now left to take care of myself and to form my own future. I had reached manhood, a new chapter of my life was now begun.

I laid down on the floor of the store-house above mentioned, with my satchel under my head. It was midsummer eve which the young people at home thought so much of. A pole would be raised and decorated, called the midsummer pole; there the young people gathered around to play and dance all night.

But other thoughts came to my mind, what would the morrow bring? I clasped my hands in prayer to Almighty God for assistance and protection; then, tired as I was, I soon fell asleep. About midnight we were awakened by two Swedes who wanted to hire us for railroad work, they offered two dollars a day as wages. The fare to this place of work cost three dollars if paid in advance, otherwise five dollars were to be taken out of the wages. This offer was tempting for a greenhorn, and many accepted it. I and every one that had three dollars paid in advance, later I learned that we had been swindled, the transportation was free.

About two hundred men hired out, some had families; we were put on board a train and started off toward the West, no one knew whereto. Our ride ended at a small city, Lewistown, 260 miles from Chicago; from there we were taken 3 or 4 miles through an oak forest and quartered in barracks.

The next morning I started to work pushing a wheelbarrow. The board was poor, consisting of potatoes, cooked pork, molasses and bread, and a substitute for coffee. We suffered much from the intense heat, the temperature was between 90 and 100 degrees every day. The sudden change, the intense heat and bad food was too much for my stomach; I got diarrhea that had after ten days so weakened me that I had to quit work. I now had time to go around and look over the surroundings. There was no room for the families in the sheds, so big parties were camping in the woods. If they only had money to buy food, they were better conditioned than we in the barracks. These parties were made up out of 40 to 50 families, the nationalities consisted mainly of Swedes, Germans and Irish.

Accommodations were not pleasant as you can understand, but when people left these groups, new ones came to take their places; it continued that way all summer. No one has a chance like an immigrant to witness different people with their peculiar national customs and habits.

After studying our conditions, I thought...can this be the America that I have heard so much about, how well the laborer was treated, and how easy money was made. I had been told that in America only such

food was eaten as we at home had at festivals.

The worst of it was, we were swindled out of about half of our wages. We were sent to work in different gangs, likely to confuse us as there was not a Swede among us able to interpret the languages. There was nothing to do but take what was given us, I lost five dollars on this job.

I got acquainted with a Danish boy who helped me get a job as stonemason for a man who had a contract to build culverts. This improved my first impression, better board, regular paydays ($2.25 per day) but the work was irregular. We lost considerable time waiting for material, but I stuck it out for the summer.

In the fall I again took a job wheeling dirt. Later I took another job driving a team of horses with a scraper for board and $15.00 per month. But I have never been a "horseman" and did not like this job. It was also my duty to start a fire in the stove in the morning. If breakfast was not ready on time, the boss would get after his wife, even slap her; as an excuse, she would say...the Swede had not gotten up on time to start the fire. I thought, "I'll build you a fire;" one morning I had the stove and pipe red hot and it started to burn in the wall, so we had to put it out with water. I stayed there three weeks, then some of my friends left and went to Galesburg; I wanted to be with them. There came a rainy day and we could not work; the boss had an errand to Lewiston and said I could go along. I hid my belongings in the wagon and off we went.

In Lewiston I met my friends. The boss grudgingly gave me 10 dollars for wages, also lunch and a drink of whiskey. I joined my friends and stayed there about a week, looked over the city and had a good time. One day we met a man who wanted a gang to go to Missouri to work on a railroad. About 20 men, all Swedes, hired out to him; his name was Davidson. A couple of days later we arrived in Alexandria and Davidson showed us a restaurant, and told us to fill up on food and beer as we had a long walk before us.

Davidson started us off to walk the railroad bed, rails were not laid, and instructed us: "Now, boys, you first have to go through some swampland, then some wooded land, next, an open field, then again through some woods, there to the left you will find our shanty. He explained...I must drive the country road with the women and equipment. We started off, it was getting dark and it started to rain. Some places the railroad bed had been washed out and we had to wade through water, sometimes up to our chests. The current at times was so strong that we had to hold each others hands to form a chain and not be carried away in the stream. The rain was now pouring down so it did not make any difference whether we were on land or in the water. We commenced to feel tired and the swampland seemed to have no end. Each one of us had a

small bottle of whiskey, this stimulated and helped to keep up courage. It took us five hours to get across this swamp. We later learned that it was twelve miles across. After getting across we tried to rest, but had to keep going as we were chilled to the bones. After another four or five mile walk we found the shanty, it was now midnight. Our first thought was to get a fire started which we succeeded to do; some of the boys had kept matches dry by having them wrapped up and carried under their hats. There was plenty of wood for fuel and we soon had a warm fire going. It had stopped raining and it did not take long to thaw out our stiff limbs. We were all young fellows, the hardships of the night were soon forgotten and the party was soon cutting capers, laughing and cracking jokes. A young man is soon rested, renewing his vigor and enthusiasm. An adventure like we just went through was only a little joke to us then. After awhile Davidson arrived with the women; they had not been better off, they also were wet and frozen stiff. The stove was soon set up and in operation after which we had hot tea, bread and butter. Our supply of whiskey was now exhausted.

Davidson had brought our baggage, so most of us had dry clothes to put on. We sat around the fire which was fed from time to time the rest of the night. Finally morning came and a new day. We took a walk along the railroad bed to see if we could find any living being in this wilderness. After a fifteen minute walk we arrived at a well built shanty; here we found 60 Swedes and a Swedish boardinghouse boss.

For some reason Davidson was not given a contract, and we were divided up into other gangs. I got into the Swedish camp where we had good board and conditions were very good all through the winter. Last part of March, I quit and went back to Galesburg; here I took sick with pneumonia and was in bed for two weeks. With the help of a physician, and a girl from the old country who took care of me, I soon recovered.

As before mentioned, I was not competent in bricklaying. I could get along as stone mason, but there was very little of that kind of work in this locality. I knew something about the carpenter trade and could probably have had this work at smaller pay, but I was too proud to acknowledge that I was incompetent. So I worked at common labor and waited to see what the future had in store for me. I started to work for a farmer, but did not like the place and left the same day.

In the spring, 1869, I took a job as a section hand and was sent back to Lewiston where I had been the previous summer. Here I met several young people that I knew, and spent the summer in an agreeable way.

Late in the summer I was bothered with some kind of an eye disease that caused me much suffering and expense.

August 26th, my 21st birthday, we ran into a freight train with our hand-car; we had to jump to save our lives.

My parents, sisters and brother were considering coming over to this country; I sent them $45.00 as a help on the journey, but they changed their minds.

In the fall, I left Lewiston and went to Elmwood, a railroad was being built there. Here I had the misfortune to be squeezed between two dump cars, luckily my injuries were not severe, as I was laid up only a week. February 1st, I finished here and went back to Lewiston and got a job on a gravel train as brakeman. One rainy day another fellow and I were the cause of the crew quitting work, I was fired.

I now went to Browning and took another railroad job; it was the worst life I have ever experienced. We were thousands of men in barracks, in a wild forest. Every man was lousy, fights and disorder broke out everywhere. Blind pigs were thick in the woods. I thought if ever I got out and back to civilization, I would never take another railroad job. The railroad was finished in three months, but we had only been paid once; we worked but no more money came. One day about five hundred men marched along the tracks carrying a banner with the inscription, "Everyone interested in getting his money should meet at Browning the following day at one o'clock." This demonstration was a noisy one, some were blowing horns, some pounded on tin pans and everyone made as much noise as possible.

The next day at one o'clock we were about three thousand men in Browning. It was decided to stop the train which we knew was coming with provisions and rails. If this did not bring results in 24 hours, we would tear up the railroad bed and carry the rails to the river. A red handkerchief was used to flag the train and ties were stacked up on the tracks. The train stopped and the conductor jumped off to clear the tracks, but a few men got hold of him and told him, if he valued his life, he should stay where he belonged. Meanwhile a stack of ties was also piled up behind the train to prevent it from backing away. The engineer told us that he had expected this and thought it was a shame that the company did not pay us. He bartered if we let him go back to Beardstown, he would report conditions and he thought we would get our money. We told him to go back and report that if we were not paid within 24 hours, we would tear up the rails and throw them in the river. We now went back to Browning, a small steamboat station with about a hundred houses, on the Illinois River. The people had locked themselves in and no living being could be seen on the streets. The two saloons were locked, but they had to open up, otherwise doors and windows would have been smashed. Luckily the saloons did not have a large supply of liquor, so after four hours the supply was exhausted.

On the evening of the same day, a train with paymaster and money arrived. Money was paid out for three days, night and day; this was in 1871.

I now went back to Lewiston and worked on the section, for the same railroad, close to a place named Tablegrove, but in the fall wages were cut and I left. I then went to work on a farm for two months, a parson owned this place. It was a good place and I intended to stay for the winter, but I got a letter from home stating that my brother, August, was coming over from Sweden.

Another brother of my stepmother, Carl Peterson, had also emigrated and my brother was now staying with him in Chicago. I sent my brother money to come to me, but he never received my letter. I decided to quit my job and go to Chicago; I found my brother with the Petersons, brothers of my stepmother. One of these Peterson brothers I had tried to locate before as I had a letter to him from my stepmother. We had a good time together and I soon felt at home in Chicago; we stayed with the Petersons over New Year's Day, 1872.

In February I got a job in the Illinois Central Carworks as a blacksmith's helper. Brother August got a job taking care of a place with a horse and cow. In the spring he also started work at the carworks. Together we moved in with a family that had just come over from Sweden.

We were now acquainted with some Swedish boys and girls, so we had plenty of company and enjoyed ourselves.

The same year, in the fall, 1871, we had the historic Chicago fire, a spectacle that I never will forget. One Sunday we were down to the city and had our pictures taken; we paid ten dollars in advance as we wanted the pictures sent to us when they were finished. On the way home we heard fire alarms and saw flames after dark, but paid no attention as it was a common occurrence. About two o'clock in the morning our landlady woke us and said she thought the whole city was burning up. The fire in the evening had been put out, but another had started about midnight which developed into the "Big Chicago Fire". We dressed and walked toward the city; it was a scene that I will not try to describe. Twice I was near getting into accidents, after which I thought it best to keep at a distance. I can say that I have seen the world's greatest fire. The photographer to whom we had paid ten dollars was burned out and we never saw him again.

Sometime in the winter of 1872, I got another job in the same shop; this was piece work and I made good wages, but it was hard work.

In February my brother was taken sick with pneumonia which was severe; this caused me much trouble, worry and expense. My brother

never recovered fully. The doctor advised that he should not go back to the shop, so he went to work for a gardener, so as to get the benefit of fresh air.

April 1st I was promoted to another job, to shear steel and iron to its proper size, weigh and keep a record of how much was used. It was a good job, but much to keep in mind and often hard work.

I was now at the height of my youth; I had many friends, everything was play and sweethearts were not lacking.

In the month of May, I got acquainted with a girl from Wernamo, province of Smaland, Sweden. It was love at first sight, a love that I felt would never fade or die, a love that could not be conquered, a love that would last "till death do us part."

Love begins as a spark from an immortal flame
fanned in surroundings of sublime ecstacy.
It is fashioned to guide the heart
through the crowded canyons of a busy world.
In prayer we lift ourselves upward
but with love the heavens come near,
and she gets a glimpse of eternity
that purifies the heart unconsciously.
A beam of light shines from God, our Father,
that brings magnificense to our lonely soul.
(Byron)

From now on I had but one aim, to at any price win this girl, but it was not to be an easy task, I had many rivals, both handsome and with money. But after a well planned courtship, I was victorious and could soon call Elisa Christina Carlson my sweetheart.

One rival was more persistent than the others, but after promising him a beating, he stayed away.

On my sweetheart's namesday, July 24th, I put a ring on her finger. We were now engaged and appeared so in public; I was proud as a king.

A new era in my life started now; I had planned to remain a bachelor for many years, but now my only thoughts were...the object of my love. We started to plan how to arrange our home after we got married.

I again boarded with my stepuncle, but I did not thrive there. He was a heavy drinker, and was delirious at times; this made it uncomfortable. We had set the coming Christmas for our marriage, but as it was getting more and more disagreeable at the Petersons, we decided not to wait.

On Saturday evening, November 16, 1872, my sweetheart and I went to a minister named Nyquist and were married. My brother and four friends were all that witnessed the ceremony.

We had thought of having a little wedding feast or celebration, but there were several objections to this, perhaps it was mostly our bashfulness that prevented it.

We rented two rooms on 26th Street, close to Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, and lived there happily.

An incident happened that does not belong to this, but I will mention it anyway as it struck me as being uncommon. The morning after the marriage I went back to my bachelor room and there found a girl in my bed with a new born baby in her arms, she was a girl that I knew. Her sweetheart had left her after getting her in this conditon. Well...her labor pains had started and she knew that I would not be in my room as I was to be married. She went in my room and there gave birth to her baby. She was married to the father of her child six months later.

During the winter we joined the Swedish Salem Church and were members till we left Chicago. Here I organized a Bible and reading class which I called Swedish Library Society. This organization broke up after I left Chicago.

My brother had been working in Hyde Park (suburb of Chicago), but now moved to us and went to work at the Illinois Central Car works.

In Sweden during the spring, 1873, my father built a home and moved there from "Lilla Herstad". The place was called "Hammarslund" and is located one mile east from the town Gamleby, close to a bay that comes in from the Baltic Sea. While building this home, he lost his third and last wife. My youngest sister, Clara, then stayed with father and cared for him until his death.

This last stepmother was an ambitious worker, a good woman and a good helpmate. As a stepmother we could not complain, but she never gained the affection of us children. She seemed rather cold toward us and thought more of her own family. She cannot be criticized for this as she was already 50 years old when she came into our home. May she rest in peace.

If there is anything such as "bad and good luck" then this can be said about father, he had bad luck with women, even financially. Catherina, whom he intended to marry but broke with, shortly afterward inherited quite a sum of money. Frederika, his second wife, had some inherited money, but lost it all on a brother who went into bankruptcy; and if father and Frederika had not had a will, her relatives, according

to Swedish law, would have taken half of what father had. His third wife, Maja Stina, had nothing. As long as his first wife (my mother) lived, the household prospered, but after her death, it gradually went backwards.

July 27, 1873, our first child was born, a girl; she was christened Anna Eugenia. She came before due, perhaps on account of a defect in her spine. She had a blister over the spine between the kidneys; this blister was filled with a fluid that the doctor said was marrow from the spine; doctors said that nothing could be done for her. This was hard for my wife, no rest night or day. Finally the blister broke and the marrow leaked out, after which she only lived one week. The Deliverer came after four months of suffering. Doctors said that she could not live and if she did, would not be able to sit up.

We were young and inexperienced, and this was a time of worry and trials, hardships and considerable expense. I have never experienced anything that could so torture a mother and father as to have a child born with a defect, it never left me for a moment as long as the child lived. But after the storm, God permits the sun to shine, and we have since had two years of happiness with many friends, health and prosperity.

During these two years I worked on a sewing machine of my own invention. I succeeded in making it sew, but could not finish it as we decided to go back to Sweden.

In the winter of 1874 we received a letter from sister Clara that father was sick, and shortly afterwards that his condition was serious. My brother, August, decided to go home and help them. Soon after my brother left, I received a message that they were in financial difficulties. I immediately sent father 400 crowns ($107.00) so he would be able to keep his home. August arrived safely at home and was a great help. Father's condition became more and more critical and he passed away September 3, 1875.

First, when our parents are gone, we realize how dear they have been to us.

On the plain black painted wooden cross that marked his grave was the following verse from the Swedish Psalmbook 473:1-2.

"Now I wish to make a change, I want to journey hence
to a land where I know I'll be content.
I have suffered long from frailities and with want;
now I yearn for solace and this, God will surely grant.
I had a paralyzing stroke and laid in distress and pain,
'O my God' how anxiety possessed my heart;
but now I am better, Your nearness has inspired me;
healing and hope have come my way;
Now, Lord Master, thank You, I am content."

During father's days of health he was good natured, happy, witty and full of jokes; in the community he had been considered a very smart man. He had been a "Jack of all trades", mason, builder, cabinet maker, glass cutter, farmer and bleeder.

In those days in order to keep in good health, an artery was cut open and a certain amount of blood drawn; he was considered an expert bleeder, as they were called. He had been a good husband and father, but he had a weak constitution and was often sick. This held him back in the struggle for betterment, therefore at the time of his death he was in financial distress. He went through much worry and trouble, losing one wife after another; this also depressed him. He lived in peace with his fellow man; he had many friends. He was never in law court, he used to say, "I would rather suffer than gain my rights by quarreling." Father had no schooling, but was a good reader and a fairly good writer; he possessed good sense and judgment.

"Blessed be his memories"

The same fall, 1875, my wife began to fail in health, she suffered with asthma and other troubles that came in spasms. She became extremely nervous, doctors advised a change of climate, preferably the old country.

We decided to go back to Sweden. I wrote home to my brother, August, to buy my father's place "Hammarslund" for me, which he did for 980 crowns.

In the beginning of May, 1876, I held an auction sale of our belongings, bid our friends good-bye and started on our journey back to Sweden. This journey was tedious and tiresome; besides my sick wife, I had promised to take care of a sick man whom his brother was sending home to seek health. This man caused me much trouble and worry; he was weak of mind and had to be watched like a child. I had his ticket, but he had kept his money and it was stolen the first night; otherwise the journey was pleasant and the weather was fine. The ocean steamer was a small one, and the board was bad and not enough. In Greenock, Scotland, we had to wait a few hours for the tide; there meat and potatoes were taken on board so we had a decent meal.

In the afternoon we steamed up the River Clyde to Glasgow; along this river is the world's greatest ship wharves. I believe I do not exaggerate if I say that I saw 200 iron ships under construction. Everything seemed busy and there was a hammering and noise that almost was deafening.

A little further on the city starts on both sides of the river. Next our eyes met the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen, a mixture that

makes it a wonder in beauty and harmony. Here on top of a bluff we see the ruins of an old fort or castle, here and there an old church, the hillsides are dotted with beautiful residences of wonderful architecture. The sun shone from a perfectly clear sky against the foliage with a greeness soft as velvet; it was grand. At a distance to the west, we see high mountains with heavy clouds resting on their peaks.

Our trip up the Clyde River at this time of the year will never be forgotten. After four hours we arrived in Glasgow and were transported by rail to Hull. I was disappointed in this overnight trip as I missed the famous scenery that is along this route. After two days in Hull we embarked on a steamer for the North Sea. This was the most pleasant voyage I ever had; the sky was perfectly clear and it was so calm that the sea lay like a mirror in the balmy spring air.

The day following, on Penticost Sunday, in early morning, we beheld the rocky islands off the Swedish coast gradually emerging out of the sea; a few more hours and we were in Gotenberg Harbor. A person experiences a mixture of feelings when again treading the soil of forefather land. We stayed in Gotenberg two days to buy a few things and prepare ourselves for the last part of our journey.

Here I found it was a mistake that we had returned to Sweden; everything we purchased cost so much. Customs and ways of the people were so different from what we had been used to in America.

We took a train to Jonkoping and arrived there the same evening, from there, a distance of 50 miles to Wernamo, we had to hire rigs. This way of traveling took much patience, at every change of horses we had to wait 3-4 hours. The driver usually being an old farmer in knee breeches, with an old skinny horse to transfer us to the next change and then it would be the same thing over again. Everyone, we had anything to do with begged for tips. At the last stop, we washed and dressed up so as to appear respectable on arrival at the home of my parents-in-law. With queer feelings I neared the home of those people who had never seen me and whose son-in-law I was.

I wondered how they would receive us and what they would think of me. But now we were up in Alandsryd, my wife's birthplace. Alandsryd, a farm village, is located two miles north from the town Wernamo, it lays high over the surrounding country. From a nearby mountain one can see over 14 townships with their churchspires.

Now we drive up to my wife's home, no one seems to be at home. Christine goes in and finds her youngest sister, Anna, sleeping with the cat; soon mother-in-law appears to whom I was introduced. The others of the family had gone to Wernamo as it was market day. From traveling and loss of sleep, I was tired and I laid down to rest; when I woke up I

vas surrounded by the entire family. I was introduced with lots of hand-
ihaking, welcome and good wishes.

We stayed here three weeks and I must say, I enjoyed the visit
mmensely. As a pastime I helped with the rural duties, building fences
ınd the like.

The last part of June, we packed and bid good-bye, then started for
ny own home town. Brother-in-law, Sven, drove us to the railroad station,
where we took a train to Oskarshamn, a city on the Baltic Sea; from there
we continued by boat to Westervik. For the remaining 14 miles we again
employed horses as there was no boat going to Gamleby.

When we arrived in the evening at our new home, "Hammarslund",
we only found my sister, Clara, at home; brother, August, was away
working. The house as well as other things that brother August had
bought for us was more plain and simple than expected. Next day we
went to visit August where he was doing some mason work in a nearby
village.

The following Sunday we visited my sister, Mathilda, and her hus-
band, Sandgren. They lived in Gunnebo, ten miles from Gamleby, our
home town. Christine's sickness continued, we now started in earnest
to seek a cure. We consulted a doctor in Westervik and soon we could
notice an improvement and she gradually gained in health and strength.
Brother August and sister Clara lived together in "Hammarslund" after
father's death, and August had taken up the mason trade.

After our arrival, Clara went to Westervik to work and a couple
years later emigrated to America.

I also went back to the mason trade, my brother and I now worked
together, this and the following summer. During the winter, 1877, I
worked as sawer in the Gamleby sawmill and in spare time made furniture
for our household. I knew a little about cabinet making having worked
with father during my childhood.

March 27, 1877, our first born boy arrived and was christened
Carl Frank Rupert. Christine was now in fairly good health and we lived
happily.

The following fall my brother decided to go back to America. My
two sisters and I went with him to Westervik, and there bid him farewell,
it was the last time we four were together.

During the year a railroad was built close to our home, this helped
to make things agreeable. I fenced in our house, planted an orchard and
it was now one of the prettiest places in the community.

Utdrag af förmynderskapsprotokollet, hållet vid lagtima Höstetinget med Norra och Södra Tjuncts Härads Tingslag i Gamleby den 9 September 1885.

§ 32

Genom F. A. Forstenson i Ullnäs inlemnas en så lydande ansökan.

Till Norra och Södra Tjuncts Vällofl. Härads rätt.

Ödmjukligen får jag härmedan hålla att Härads rätten till förmyndige barn.

På grund häraf fordrads Murarens G. R. Carlsson i Stammarslund till förmyndare för aflidne Arbetarens Peter Reinhold Larssons och hans efterlemnade hustru Sofia Amalia Claidotters omyndiga barn Hildegard Amalia, född den 11 November 1864 och Carl Petrus, född den 11 Augusti 1871; Åliggande det Carlsson att i utöfningen af denna befattning ställa sig lag och författningar till noggrann efterrättelse.

Som Ofwan.

Vid Härads rättens wägnar
Carl Nordenstiöm

(Translation of document on opposite page)

AGREEMENT for GUARDIANSHIP entered at September term of the court for North and South TJUST in the county of Gamleby, September 9, 1885.

Presented by T. A. Torstensson of Ullevi (lawyer).

To the court of North and South TJUST: I respectfully petition the approval of the person named herein to act as guardian for the minor children who are born HILDEGARD AMELIA LARSSON, the 11th of November 1864, and CARL PETRUS LARSSON, the 11th of August 1871. The stone-mason G. R. Carlson of Hammarslund, whose name is being submitted and is willing and able to perform in this capacity, having been present in behalf of the minors at the appraisal of the estate.

Hagnaset, September 7, 1885.

Sofia Amelia Larsson (widow)

I, the undersigned, have no reservations or objections to serve as guardian for the minor children and as administrator representing the widow, Sofia Amelia Larsson of Hagnaset. A declaration which is attested to by the witnesses present whose signatures are attached hereto.

Hammarslund, September 7, 1885.

G. R. Carlson

Witnessed by: T. A. Torstensson
E. Lindstrom

An inventory of the estate of tool-sharpener PETER REINHOLD LARSSON, deceased, of Hagnaset, was today submitted for recording in the County Court which names as his survivors, his wife, Sofia Amelia Larsson and two minor children.

The request of the petitioner is granted and I do hereby appoint the stone-mason G. R. Carlson of Hammarslund to administer the estate of the deceased tool-sharpener, PETER REINHOLD LARSSON, in behalf of his wife, Sofia Amelia Olafsdaughter, and his minor children, Hildegard Amelia born November 11, 1864, and Carl Petrus born August 11, 1871.

Stone-mason G. R. Carlson of Hammarslund is hereby instructed to execute this mission in strict accordance with the law and governing regulations.

Carl Nordenstrom,
Judge in the District Court of Gamleby

So went a few years of happiness and peace. I worked as a mason in the summer and made furniture in winter, which I sold. Christine had a brother, Johan, who stayed with us and worked on the railroad while it was being built. In the winter, 1878, we accompanied him to Alandsryd, his and Christine's parents' home and stayed there over Christmas and part of the winter.

We returned in February, 1879, Johan remained at home. Although we had a nice home I was not satisfied. America was in my thoughts, every spring I had what we called America fever. In the spring, 1882, I came near to emigrating together with my cousin, August Anderson, but it was too hard to separate with the family. Christine thought a separation would be unbearable.

In the spring of the same year I joined the "Good Templars" and was an ardent worker for Alcohol Prohibition for five years. I was chairman of the lodge for three years and as a token of appreciation, I received a German silver coffee server with an inscription.

The same year 1882, November 16, our second son was born and christened Ernest Amandus Fritjof; he was weak and in ill health from birth and required much care.

In the winter, 1883, an incident happened that could have proved more serious. On a cold evening we had built a fire from oak wood; I checked the fire too early with the result that the room later filled with gas. Unmindful, we went to bed and I fell asleep. Our baby, Ernest, cranky as usual, awakened Christine, she called on me for help. I got up but fell to the floor unconscious, Christine noticed the gas, opened up the doors and sprinkled water on me. I soon revived but was dizzy and had a headache the rest of the night. I had sat around the fire after the others had gone to bed, so had gotten the full extent of it.

In the summer, 1884, I went over to Denmark to work and later to Landskrona, Sweden. But I got lonesome and came home about August 1st.

Our son Ernest's condition was getting more serious. He passed away "to the far beyond" at an age of nearly two years. Frank was healthy, but remained delicate and did not develop as fast as could be desired.

The biggest job I had while in Sweden was to repair the Swedish State Church which has a seating capacity of several hundred people. This work I did in the summer of 1885. During this summer, Christine made a three weeks visit to her parents.

The following years I had plenty of work at home and in the surrounding townships, mason work in summer and furniture making in winter. I had a well equipped carpenter shop with a lathe for woodturning in the

upstairs of our home.

1887 I had an accident, a scaffold broke and I fell thirty feet to the ground, together with mortar and timbers. The wrist of the right hand was broke in the fall, my left arm was also wrenched, but not broke; I also received other minor injuries. Christine worried much over my condition, she tended to me like a baby, undress and dress, feed me, fill my pipe and put it in my mouth. After two weeks my left arm had recovered enough so I could commence to help myself. The doctor who set my wrist did a good job, and after it had time to heal was as good as ever, but it took a long time.

I only laid off one month, and then started to work using only my left arm; the right suffered from this work, but I succeeded in finishing my job.

Now again my thoughts went to America, my arm would have time to heal and get strong while on the journey.

I earned more money than the average man of my class, but the Swedish money was so small and had so little buying power. We had improved financially a little every year, but too slow for the work and hustling I did. These were the best years of my life, had I not had a thrifty wife, there would not have been anything left to save.

A death in the winter, 1887-88, ought to be mentioned, that of a cousin to my father, Anna Maria Trybom; she was mother-in-law to August Anderson. She stood above the average in intelligence and good judgment. She had been a good friend to our family. She was an expert in art weaving, at times she served as midwife, cook at festivals, and had many other qualifications. She died at the home of her daughter, Clara (Trybom) Anderson.

In 1888, a friend of mine decided to emigrate, he urged me to go too, but Christine did not want to give up our home; here she had recovered her health and thrived so well. For me to leave my family? It was all I had to live for, it seemed impossible, but finally we decided that I should go.

I prepared for the journey, but as the date for our departure grew nearer, I thought how can I leave my dear ones. Surely I would have changed my mind, if I had not been ashamed to show my friends that I was so weak. As a protection for the family, I insured my life for 1,000 crowns, I had also joined five mortuary funds which in case of death, each paid 100 crowns.

Everything was ready, and in the morning of April 10, 1888, I bid my wife good-bye. We had decided that she should not go to the railroad

station, because we were afraid we would break down at the parting. It would be anything but pleasant in public.

My son, Frank, went along to the station, he was eleven years old. At the station were also a few friends to see us off. When the train started, I felt as though my heart was going to break, I never will forget that day.

At almost every station came more emigrants, and the same heart-rending scenes were repeated. Parting of husbands and wives, children from their parents, sweethearts, brothers, sisters or friends; these scenes seemed to give me comfort, I was not the only one unhappy in this world. I said to myself: brace up, you have nobody but yourself to blame, and you will have to bear it. But I was disgusted and could not free myself from it. I believe if I had not thought that I would have been laughed at, I would have left my company and returned home. But I had sent my trunk ahead and the party looked to me as their leader, because I had been in America before and could speak the language.

This year was the largest emigration to America there has ever been. When we arrived in Liverpool, we found 2,000 Scandinavian emigrants ahead of us waiting for passage on the White Star Line. We had to wait our turn, which took ten days. We used our time to look over the city, there was much of interest to see, museums, art galleries, parks, churches and old cemeteries. We went through everything we could find that interested us.

I and another man were asked to serve as interpreters as we were the ones who understood English. This brought us nothing except that we were allowed more liberty than other steerage passengers and perhaps an extra treat now and then. It was more trouble than it was worth, as everybody thought they had the right to call on the interpreter for assistance and advice.

A Swedish man died on the ocean and was buried in the sea. The Swedes sang: "Jag gar mot doden hvar jag gar," it was sad.

We had fine weather and the voyage was pleasant. We arrived in Chicago on May 19th, the journey had taken just a month.

I hired out as stonemason for the Chicago and Alton Railroad. This job lasted till Christmas, then I returned to Chicago. At first I was very lonesome and suffered with homesickness more than I can describe. The first letter I received from home stated that my wife was sick which added to my misery, but later I had better news and gradually my homesickness disappeared.

It was a very hot summer and I suffered much from the heat. In

Springfield, I became overheated and had to lay off and be in the care of a physician for a few days.

December 23rd, I was back in Chicago and lived at the Svea Hotel through the winter, together with some friends from home. The winter went and as I was with friends, the homesickness did not bother much. I had done fairly well during the summer, I sent home over $400.00, besides some presents, and had enough left to live the winter through.

I was together a good deal with my cousin, August Anderson, and his two brothers-in-law, Victor Johnson and Carl Roos. Carl Roos later went home to Sweden, he had his family there. I sent with him a pair of shoes for my wife and a diamond pointed gold pen for Frank.

One day a fellow stole my overcoat at the hotel, I had him arrested and prosecuted. In March, I started to work for the Strom Manufacturing Co. as a carpenter, together with my cousin, August Anderson. I stayed there till May 17th.

During the summer, I worked around Chicago suburbs, I could not work in the city as I was not a union man. The work was not steady, but my earnings were larger than the preceding summer.

First part of November, 1889, I packed up, bid my friends good-bye and started for Sweden. The journey was pleasant, weather was fine and I was in Gotenberg in 14 days. With my heart full of joy, I again put my feet on my native land. I thought I now had enough of America and I would stay in Sweden the rest of my life, but such was not to be my fate.

In Gotenberg I bought my wife a muff, a fur collar, some goods for a dress and a watch for Frank.

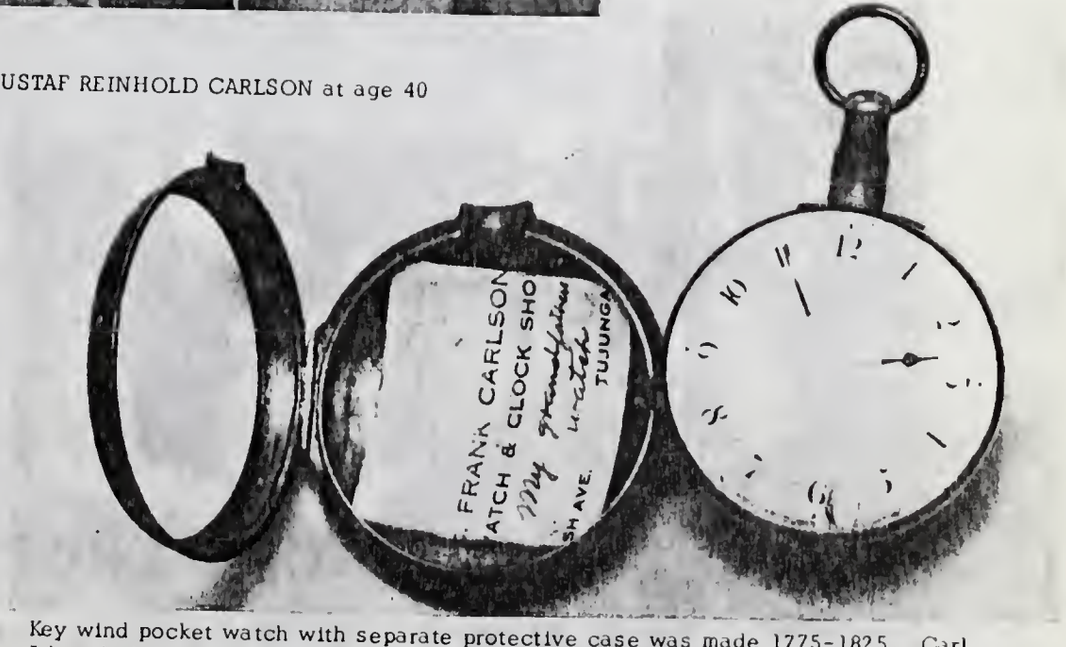
As my wife's parents' home was on my route home, I wanted to stop there for a short visit. I arrived at Wernamo after dark, a darkness that I have never seen the like. I wondered how I should be able to find my way the two miles to Alandsryd; but I succeeded after considerable trouble. I got off the road several times, once getting into a manure pile, another time into some thornbushes.

They all welcomed me and were glad to see me, especially mother-in-law. She was overjoyed with happiness at seeing me. I stayed there a few days, then on a Friday evening I started for home. The train seemed to go too slow, I was overanxious to get home and sometimes felt like jumping off and running. I arrived in Gamleby at dusk the next evening.

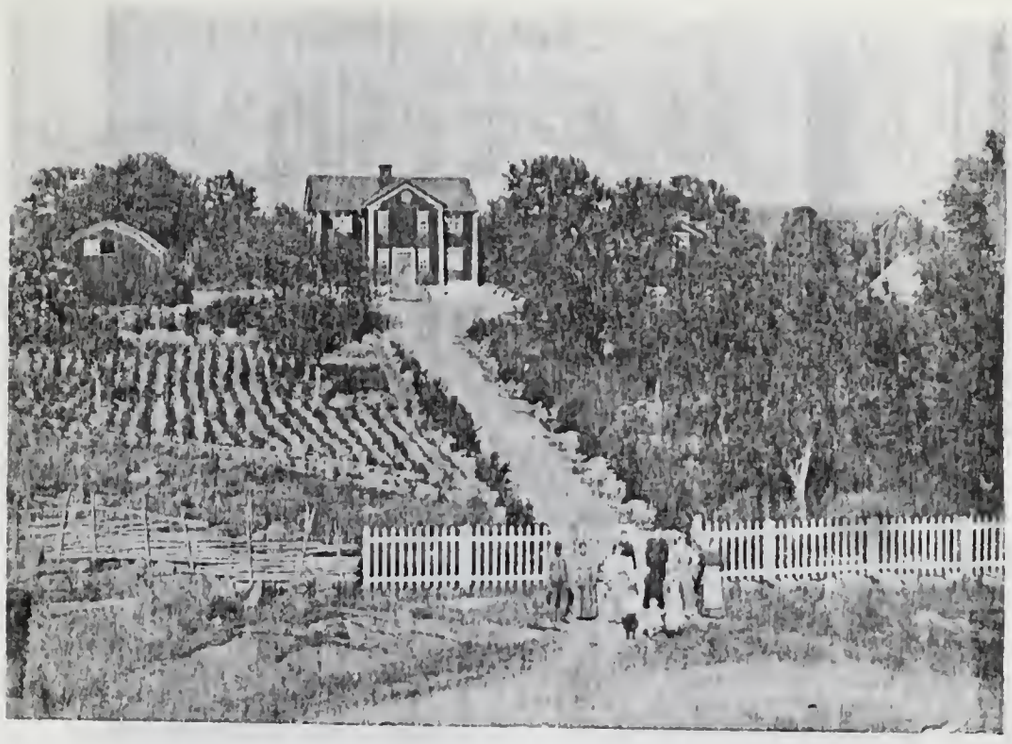
Christine and Frank had taken a train to the next station to meet me, but had failed to find me. They then took the same train back that I was on; we got off the train about the same time in Gamleby and soon we were

GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON at age 40

CARL JOHAN ANDERSSON
father of Gustaf, shown with his third wife, Maja, whom he married in 1867, photo taken about 1870, Maja died 1873.



Key wind pocket watch with separate protective case was made 1775-1825. Carl Johan Andersson carries this timepiece in photo above, it is now in possession of his great-great-grandson, Richard Allen Carlson.

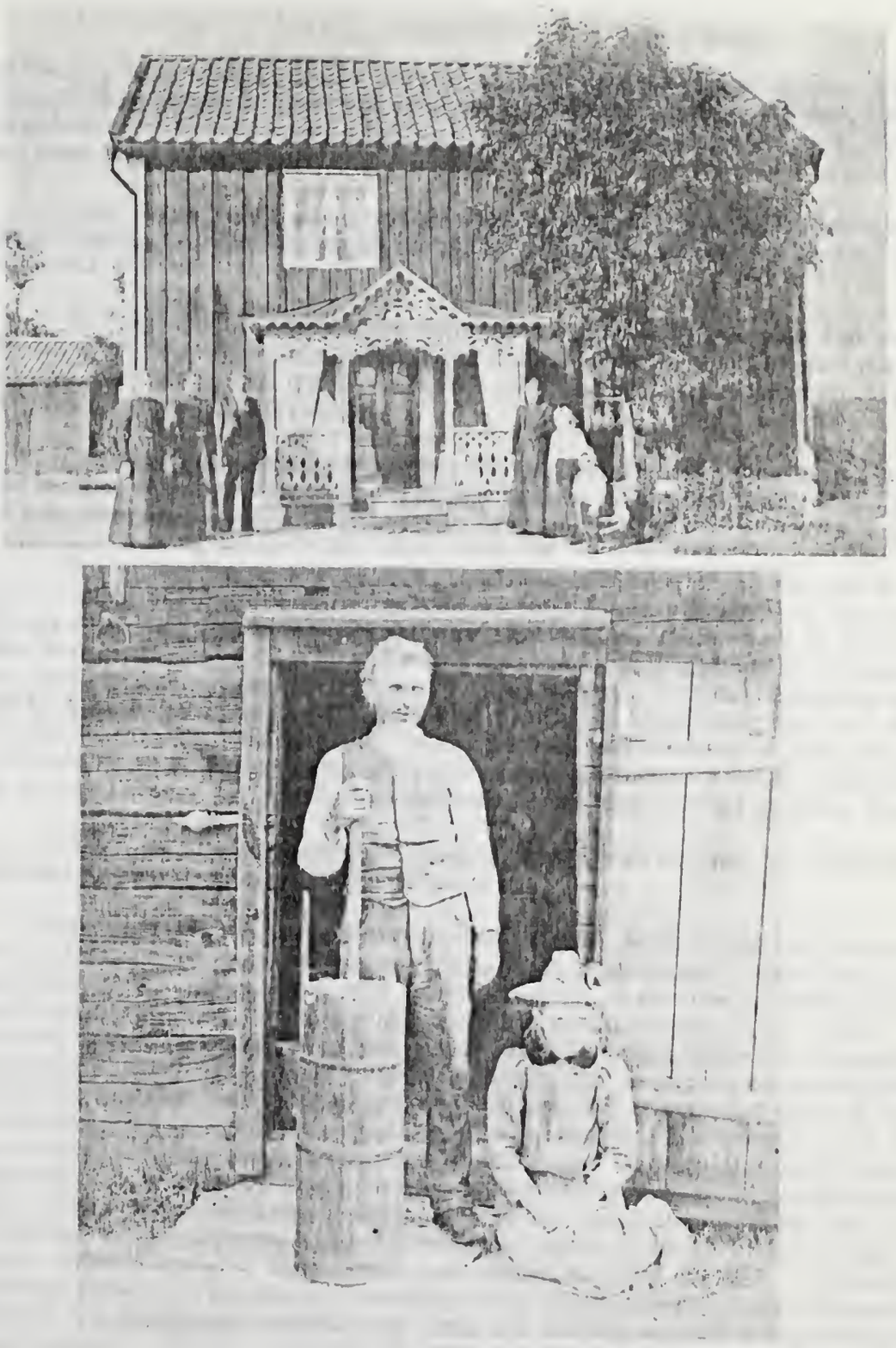


Above — 1900: Friends and neighbors at "Hammarslund," note the solid granite on surface in left foreground.

Below — Neighbors and youthful friends of Carl Frank Carlson on a Sunday outing.

Above — Standing in center is PETER LARSSON with other friends.

Below — PETER LARSSON and helper hauling fertilizer to the field.



PETER LARSSON AND FAMILY
close friends of Carl Frank Carlson

in each others arms. I was now to enjoy a few weeks of rest in my home. One of those periods that have come in my life but a few times, when I could throw off all cares, relax and just do nothing but enjoy myself with my dear ones.

Christine had, during my absence, been in good health, and become quite stout, so I hardly recognized her at first. Her clothes had gotten too small for her.

In February, a contractor came to hire me (1890) for mason work in the town of Ed, about ten miles from home. I made good wages there, but did not like it and quit in the fall, then went to another town, Gunnebo, where I stayed till Christmas.

Shortly after New Year, 1891, we received a message from Alandsryd that mother-in-law was dead. Christine took this very hard. We prepared for the journey, about 160 miles; the funeral was to take place February 25.

The winter was very severe, with much snow, the train had a snow-plow attached all the way. We arrived without any mishap in Wernamo, except that we were a few hours late. Father-in-law met us at the station with horse and buggy. At the home everything was gloomy as it usually is in a house of mourning, but it was a busy place. It was customary that the family should give a feast in honor of the dead, this feast was not to be an exception from the old custom, but worthy of the memory of the deceased. At Gamleby, our home town, those funeral feasts had now disappeared, but at the time of my youth and before, they were just as popular there.

I will try to describe this funeral in general to give an idea of the customs that prevailed among our people:

Saturday afternoon brother-in-law, Sven, with horse and buggy drove after the community table. This table was about 16 feet long and four feet wide, its purpose was for the guests to put their "forenings" on, the forening usually consisted of different kinds of cheeses, sweet-cheese, baked-cheese and other kinds that I cannot name, also pastry or dainty cakes. The making up of a "forening" required considerable skill; the housewife's ability was set on proof. It was not enough that the quality had to be the best, but the size had to be enormous, as it was considered the most honorable to bring the largest and most delicious "forening". There was much rivalry between the women to produce the best. One woman told me that her "forening" had cost without her labor in making it, 25 crowns. The "forenings" were either brought by the guests themselves, or they were sent ahead of their arrival. "Forenings" were customary at funerals, weddings and child christenings. Saturday evening the relatives arrived, we were all seated around a big table for a big supper. Sunday morning the other invited guests arrived and a fine breakfast was served. Now the community table could not hold any more

"forenings", so they were piled one and one half feet high in some places. After breakfast some religious service was held and then the funeral procession went to the cemetery. After the burial we all went to church for the Sunday morning sermon, then home for dinner. This dinner was to be the crown of the feast. We were seated around tables arranged in horse-shoe form, it took two hours to consume this meal. Once more before supper we were seated and served coffee. Supper was another big meal.

Early Monday morning brother-in-law, Sven, hitched up his horse and drove around the neighborhood to call on, as the Bible says, both the blind and lame.

Relatives had stayed over the night, the other guests came back during the morning, so now the house was crowded again. The day was spent mostly with eating and drinking. The following day, Tuesday, only relatives were left, and after dinner they bid good-bye and departed. This funeral was more modernized, there were no alcoholic drinks served. I was tired and sick from all the eating and was glad when it was over, so my stomach could get a rest.

Mother-in-law, Gustafva Gummesdotter, had been a good wife and mother. She seemed to think much of me and was rewarded by my love. She was loved by all, many prayers has she sent to our Heavenly Father for her children's welfare.

"Blessed be her memories"

After another week stay in Alandsryd we returned home. The remainder of the winter I worked at home making furniture. When spring came, America also came to my mind, but I decided I would stay in Sweden for the remainder of my life, but I could not help but compare U. S. and Sweden. The last year had been the best one I had in Sweden, but after making this trip to Alandsryd, I had nothing left of my year's earnings.

The thirteen years I had spent in Sweden were the best years of my life. I had worked hard and both I and my wife had economized, still we had not been able to save anything worth mentioning. I could not get this off my mind and I thought if I would make another trip to the U. S., I would almost be able to save enough to put us in a state of independence; at least it would take many years in Sweden to accumulate what I could do in the U. S. in a couple of years. I left it to my wife to decide, and she finally gave her consent, and I started off again.

I will not describe the journey as they are about alike. I arrived in Chicago May 23, 1891, there I met a procession of Swedes that were on their way to Lincoln Park to unveil the statue of Carl Von Linne.

I now intended to give up the mason trade and take up carpentry. I hired out to Illinois Central Car Works to repair freight cars, and started to work June 1st. The evening of the same day, an old friend, Franzen, came to see me, he was contracting in Elgin, Illinois. He had heard through friends that I was back in Chicago. He offered me a proposition to go with him to Elgin and do his mason work and when he did not have enough of that, to work as a carpenter. I accepted his offer and went with him to Elgin, I started to work June 3rd. I worked for him only a short time as I could see that he would not be able to give me steady work. He was not contracting on a large scale.

The winter 1891-92, I roomed together with a man who had been a school teacher in Sweden. We studied together; he taught me Swedish and I taught him English.

My son, Frank, was now through school and had started his confirmation. He wrote me that he wanted, as soon as he was confirmed, to come over to me, or else go to sea and become a sailor. It was decided that he should come over and we stay here a few years. He left home April 19, 1892, and I met him in Chicago, May 12th. He had grown considerable and his voice had changed. I had a job waiting for him in Elgin, in a harness shop, to learn the harness makers trade. He did not like it, he was only paid $2.00 a week for 59 hours work. He quit the harness shop in the fall and went to the Elgin National Watch Co. where he secured a job as errand boy, and received a wage of fifty cents per day. He did not earn enough to pay for his board.

Towards fall I rented three rooms, bought some second hand furniture, and we did our own cooking, but it was tiresome, there cannot be a household without a woman.

This winter, 1893, I had no work, I decided to try Chicago. I sold the furniture and got Frank a boarding place where the charge was $10.00 a month for board and lodging. I went to Chicago February 15, and paid $10.00 to the bricklayers union as first installment. It had been my thought to make Chicago our future home, but I did not like it and came back to Elgin.

After Frank had also left home in Sweden, Christine became lonesome and we decided that she should sell our home there and come over to us. She sold "Hammarslund" for 1,000 crowns and held an auction sale and sold our other personal belongings for 765 crowns. She arrived in Chicago April 19, 1893, where I went to meet her. That it was a happy reunion, I do not think I need to mention. After a two day visit in Chicago, we went to Elgin. I had rented a cottage, furnished it, and we were again one household.

REVIEW OF MY LIFE

I have been blessed with good health and endurance in work, although I do not possess great physical strength; I have not been sick in bed for a whole day since 1869. My life has been a chain of constant struggle and work; I have enjoyed my work, but have not always had enough.

We have never been in financial distress, but always have had enough to pay bills. By strict economy we have saved a little each year. Now and then I have had a period of rest, when I could throw off all worry and devote myself entirely to home and family. I have a good and affectionate wife who is my life's joy, and a son now in his seventeenth year who, I hope, will give us much comfort in the future.

I have nothing to complain over, I thank God for what I possess. In my eagerness to better our conditions economically, I have sometimes made blunders.

I would like to advise anybody who has to work for daily bread that: If you have a decent job and make a fair wage, stick to it, economize and save, especially while you are young.

Syrach says: "If thou hast gathered nothing in thy youth, how canst thou find anything in thine age."

If a boy would start to save as soon as he earns enough so as to be able to spare anything, and regularly puts away a small amount and invests it wisely, he will by the time he reaches middle age be almost in a state of independence.

But alas, the young think that they have plenty of time, and spend their surplus earnings thoughtlessly for amusements and finery. Our youth is gone before we realize it, they are the best years of our life and those precious years are often wasted materially, morally and spiritually.

While young, I thought I could get out some inventions. I developed a sewing machine, but had to abandon it on account of moving from country to country.

The last years in Sweden I had an organ which I learned to play fairly well; it gave me much pleasure even if my technique was only fair. But I had to abandon this when I left Sweden to return to America.

My interest in religion has been slack, I believe in a God as unity; a Good Creator and Maintainer; and to my neighbor: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

I close with these words from Vikingen:

> "Though I may not complain of the number of my days,
> they pass so quickly and their speed I cannot retard."

MY SISTERS AND BROTHER

My oldest sister, Johanna Mathilda, born 1851, left home when father married the third time. At Ofverums Bruk she married a blacksmith, C. A. Sandgren, 1874. After a childbirth she never fully recovered, but was mostly in bed. Her husband was killed in an ore-crusher which he fell into, April 27, 1884; two years later Mathilda died. Sandgren was a man with a low character, cold, careless and without tender feeling toward anybody, a low individual whose brain had never produced a noble thought. I believe his brutality was the main cause of my sister's illness. Two children survived them, Sigurd, born 1876, and Frank, born 1881. This youngest boy we took into our home for two years after the parents' death. I was appointed guardian for these boys; as the parents left no money, they had to be taken care of by the community. This guardianship caused me much trouble and loss of time. Johanna Mathilda died at the age of 35.

My brother, Carl August, born 1854, learned the mason's trade with father; emigrated to the U. S. in 1871. He was like myself, not competent to take up his trade here. Of the preceding pages we know his history till he returned to the U. S. in 1877. The sickness he had in 1872 undermined his health; he again took sick in 1879 and died. He was only 25 years of age.

August was a man who was dependable, honest and a real brother. He was like sister, Mathilda, of a quiet disposition, they did not like fooling or joking. They were both brunettes, their features and dispositions were from mother's side. Blessed be their memories.

My youngest sister, Clara Sofia, born July 7, 1857, stayed at home, she took care of father till he passed away. She emigrated in 1878 and nursed brother, August, during his last sickness. She married John Carlson, became sickly and died in the fall of 1888. She had one daughter, but she is also dead. Clara and I were both blondes, with red hair, we resembled father's side. Clara was my pet sister, she was the smartest of us all. She had gone through the grade school, and with her ability to learn, she had acquired a good education. From what I heard from others, her husband was also a poor specimen of humanity. She died at age 31. Blessed be her memories.

My mother's only sister, Johanna, and her husband, Jaen P. Nelson, farmed in different places. They bought in partnership with my father "Mortvik". Sold and bought a farm in Hvena Township, there they went bankrupt. Uncle Jaen Peter Nelson died shortly after. The last I heard of Aunt Johanna she was supposed to be in a poorhouse. They had four children, two lived in Westervik, the other two emigrated to America.

My father's sisters and their children, the oldest, Catharina, and her husband, Anders Nelson, bought a farm on the island, Oland, in the

GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON
at age 21
Photo made in Chicago in 1869

JOHANNA MATHILDA CARLSON
at age 22
Eldest sister of Gustaf Reinhold, Carl August and Clara Sofia. Mathilda did not emigrate, married C. A. Sandgren 1874. Died at 35, survived by two sons.

CLARA SOFIA CARLSON
at age 16
The sisters' pictures were made in Sweden

JOHN AUGUST ANDERSON, son of A. P. Andersson and Sofia, and cousin of Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, married Clara Trybom; a daughter, Hilda, was their only child. John August went to America (Chicago) in 1882 and returned in 1894 to purchase a farm near "Hjortstad."

MATHILDA ANDERSON, sister of John August, Clara Sofia and Josefina, the latter was her twin sister. Mathilda came to Chicago also and was living there (unmarried) on the south side as late as 1930. She was a frequent visitor to her cousin, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, in Elgin.

ANDERS PETER ANDERSSON, last owner of "Hjortstad," as he appeared in 1904, in his younger days he worked at sawing lumber by hand. He was married to Sofia, a sister of Carl Johan Andersson, father of Gustaf R. Carlson. Sofia and her husband had 4 children, she died at "Hjorstad" in 1896. Anders died in Baldersrum at the home of their daughter, Clara Sofia (Roos), November 28, 1909.

HILDA ANDERSON, granddaughter of Anders Peter Andersson, is the only child of Johan August Andersson. Married a Gustaf Carlson in 1900.

Baltic Sea. Here they moved from "Kuttorp" in 1852, which was under the estate "Kasirmirsborg". They were ambitious and economical and reached a state of independence. As we lived far apart I know little about their lives on the island, Oland. They visited us a few times during my childhood. They had eight children. The oldest, Carolina, married a sailor who later emigrated and left his family to take care of themselves. Carolina owned a small farm and there made a living for herself and children. She obtained a divorce and married Olaf Olson; he also emigrated, but proved to be a better husband as he soon sent after Carolina and her children, they located in Chicago. Her son, in self-defense, had happened to kill a man for which he was sentenced to serve eight years, but he was released after a few years. Her daughter, Clara, is married to Sanfrid Johnson; they have several children and are in the milk business in South Chicago.

My father's youngest sister, Sofia, and her husband, Anders Peter Anderson, bought "Hjortstad" after grandfather's death; my father received as his inheritance 1,000 crowns, and Aunt Catharina, 900 crowns. They greatly improved the little farm, both were good workers, saved and were in good circumstances; they have four children living. In our childhood it was the greatest happiness we knew to get together with these cousins and play. Besides one son, Johan August, there were three daughters, Clara Sofia, and twins, Josefina and Mathilda. The oldest, Johan August Anderson, married Clara Trybom, she also was a relative of our family. They had one daughter, Hilda, born 1874. In the spring, 1882, J. A. Anderson emigrated together with his brother-in-law, Carl Roos. His wife, Clara, and daughter, Hilda, during his absence lived close to Gamleby and they were often in our home while we lived in Hammarslund. Hilda liked music and we had many pleasant hours together.

J. A. Anderson worked for Strom Mfg. Co., Chicago, for many years as patternmaker. When I was in America, 1888-99, I was together much with cousin J. A. Anderson. He was always willing to help and did many favors for me. His two brothers-in-law were also in Chicago, Carl Roos and Victor Johnson. Clara Sofia married to Carl Roos, lived with her parents in "Hjortstad" during her husband's absence. He returned to Sweden in 1889, whereafter they rented out "Hjortstad". They have two children, Emil and Hjalmar. Josefina married Victor Johnson, 1877, they lived on a farm in Hallingeberg Township. They rented out this place when he also went to America for a few years, saved a little money and returned. Mathilda, twin sister to Josefina, born 1854, is working in Chicago and is unmarried.

MY WIFE'S FAMILY

Her parents were Carl Johan Svensson and his wife, Gustafva Gumesdotter; C. J. Svensson was born December 28, 1821, died October 7, 1893. His wife, Gustafva, was born September 25, 1823, and died January 26, 1891.

C. J. Svensson's father, Sven Nilsson, was born February 21, 1770, and died December 27, 1845. C. J. Svensson and his wife had six children, Elisa Christina, born January 28, 1849, she emigrated to America in 1870, I made her acquaintance in Chicago and she became my wife.

Sven August, born 1852, has always stayed home, taking care of his parents and the farm; he finally bought the farm and married the hired girl. He was then forty years old.

Augusta married a man by the name of J. Torrel, but died after a few years; she left one daughter, Anna Elizabeth, born August 31, 1882. After her mother's death, Anna was taken by her grandparents and brought up on the old homestead "Alandsryd".

Johan Gustaf left home early, he worked on the railroad that was built close to our home "Hammarslund", during which time he stayed with us. He emigrated to California, 1879, and shortly after sent for his sweetheart. They married and live in California where they own a fruit farm in the vicinity of Templeton. They have five children.

Another son, Johannes, is mentally unbalanced, a disease at an early age was the cause; he is being cared for at home.

Anna Maria married a soldier by the name of Frisk in 1882, he died in 1891. They had four children, Johan August, Augusta Martina, Hilma Adina and Gustaf Albert.

I have now written everything I know and have facts for up to this very minute. Now that this record is up to date I will continue therewith till my life's sands have run out. I hope my son and his children and so on, will continue this record, if possible to the end of all time.

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson

Elgin, Illinois, June 8, 1893.

Wernamo o/ Alandsryd Skatte gård
den 1 Novamber 1892 men nu i Augusti 93
Allin kjära Måg, Samt min dåtter
Son Fränk Carlson Guds Frid vare

väster så ner mit emot Byggningen nu

Last Letter From CARL JOHAN SVENSSON
to Son-in-law, G. R. Carlson

Letter from Wernamo and the farm "Alandsryd" which was begun in November of 1892 and then laid aside to be finished in August 1893.

Mister Svensson apologizes for tardiness in writing stating that he has built a new barn and is enclosing a drawing showing the layout and its relative location, it cost much more than he could foresee. Mr. Svensson laments that his daughter, Christine, did not come to visit him before leaving for America (Elgin, Ill.) in April to join her husband and son. C. J. Svensson died two months later on October 7th. His wife, Gustava, died January 26, 1891.

In the picture on the wall is C. J. Svensson and his wife, seated in front is their daughter, Christine, and her husband, G. R. Carlson.

vid hälsan och ett godt Befinande
m, m,,

1892 - JOHN GUSTAF CARLSSON, son of Carl Johan Svensson and his wife, Gustava, shown with his family in America, he became a prosperous grape producer in California. He was a brother of Christine.

1904 - SVEN AUGUST CARLSSON, brother of John, remained in Sweden on their farm "Alandsryd." He is seated second from the left, his sons subsequently lost the farm by mismanagement of finances.

Juni Månad 1899.

25. (Sön) Klar varm dag
Varit åt Batavia på Svenska
nationalförbundets "picnic"
Vi männen åkte "bicycle"
och damerna tog Carsen —
Där var en oärhörd Massa
Svenskar. Tillstellningen var en
fulländad "Success" — G.R.C.

26 (10) Vädret som i går. Andra vå=
hängen uppe. Arbetat endel
af e.m. på Spring Sts jobben
Palm fått "Silfverplate factoriet"
Tidningen säger det var
20 tusen på picnicen i går.
Frank styrt med sina fotogra=
fier som h[illegible]

27 (10)

JUNE 1899

25 (Sun.) Attended a Swedish picnic at Batavia, we men rode our bicycles there (30 miles round trip). The ladies took the interurban car. G. R. C.

26 —— 10 hrs. My boss, Eric Palm, was awarded the contract for the new Silver Plate Factory. The paper tells of 20,000 at the picnic and a grand success. Tonight Frank is developing the pictures he took yesterday.

27 —— 10 hrs. Anna Torrell visited here this afternoon. I am continuing to write on my "Spook Stories." G. R. Carlson

på Villa St varit har samt Anna
i e.m. Hållen på med att
Skrifva på mina Spökhistorier
G. R. Carlson

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, and wife, Christine, seated under picture of her parents. Standing on left is Anna Torrell, recent arrival from Sweden. On the right is their son Carl Frank.

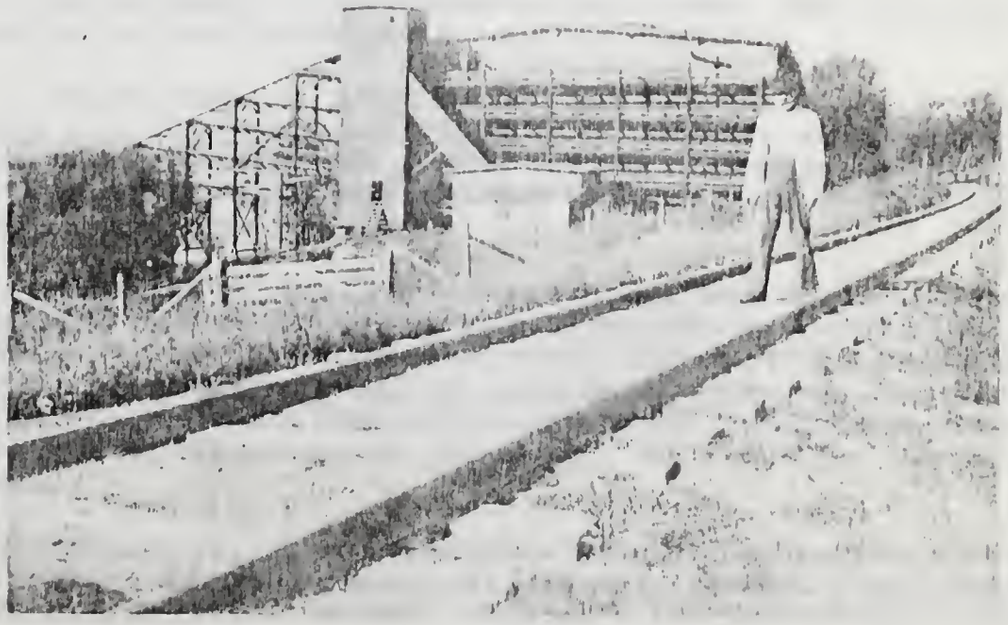
Misses Alfrida Engman and Anna Torrell at home of Gustaf Reinhold and Elisa Christine Carlson. Anna is a daughter of Christine's sister Augusta.

THIS IS

Anna Torrell and aunt, Christine

Alfrida Engman and Frank Carlson

G. R. Carlson walking near Eagle Brewery in Elgin. Building shows facilities for harvesting and storage of ice from Fox River.



As I believe that I will not be able to accumulate enough money to keep my wife comfortable in case I should die early, as a help to her I have recently insured my life for $1,000 in the Scandinavian Mutual Aid Association.

July 29: A panic has struck the country and has paralized everything; banks are closed, factories have shut down or are run on short hours or with half crews. Elgin National Watch Co. has laid off 1,500 employees and works only three days a week, but Frank is still working there. It looks bad for the near future.

August 16: I had an accident; I went up in an elevator with building material, when the elevator had nearly reached the top it fell to the ground. I escaped injury except for some soreness in the limbs.

I received a letter from my nephew, Sigurd Sandgren. He asks for help to come over to this country; I advised him to stay in Sweden as times are bad here at present. There is hardly any work to be had, and wages have been cut 30% or more. Farmers can get all the help they want for only the board.

September 11: On the third of this month we went to Chicago to see the wonders of the World's Fair, it was grand. We were accompanied by my cousin, J. A. Anderson. It would take a month to see it all.

September 26: We moved to 147 Ashland Avenue to obtain cheaper rent, we are to pay $4.00 a month for three rooms. The summer has been warm with an unusual draught.

On November 10, 1893, we read in a Swedish newspaper: Dead in a shed used for threshing was found C. J. Swensson from Alandsryd, Wernamo. Unless this is a serious mistake, it must be my father-in-law. We are every day expecting word from Christine's home to hear if it is the truth about her father's death.

November 23: We have received a letter from brother-in-law, Sven, confirming what we had already seen in the newspaper of November 10. Father-in-law had been to an auction sale October 6, and there drank a few glasses of beer. On his way home he fell twice, the last time being unable to rise; he was then carried into a shed, the doctor said that he had a stroke. He was buried October 22. He is no more, blessed be his memory.

February 12, 1894: I received a letter from my cousin, J. A. Anderson, who on the same evening was leaving for Sweden; I went immediately to Chicago to bid him farewell. We spent a few pleasant hours together,

perhaps the last in this life. He is not only a cousin, but a dear friend and playmate from my childhood days.

The times continue bad, no work, but it does not cost much to live, both food and clothing are very cheap. Frank is still working at the Watch Factory, three days a week for 60¢ per day.

March 26, 1894: We moved to 370 Ryerson Avenue upstairs and pay $5.00 a month for four rooms.

March 31: I went to Chicago and joined the bricklayers union. I succeeded in getting a job, but it was not steady on account of labor trouble. May 7th I was laid off and could not find another job so I returned to Elgin.

Frank has left the Watch Co. and with a friend, H. Lidberg, went to Chicago to try to get work, but without success. They stayed till they were penniless, and walked back to Elgin, 40 miles in one day, each carrying a bundle of clothing.

Frank now started to work for Moody Brothers (machine shop) to learn the machinist trade (without pay).

We have received Christine's inheritance due her after her parents' death, it amounted to $206.70.

December 19: I again got a job at Dundee (35¢ per hour).

Christine has had her teeth pulled and is going to have false teeth. We again had a letter from my nephew, Sigurd Sandgren, he asks for help to come over to this country, I intend to send him a ticket.

My cousin, J. A. Anderson, has bought a farm in Salby, Hallingeberg Township, Sweden, and is now living there.

1895: I sent my nephew, Sigurd Sandgren, a ticket. He arrived here April 22, and is working in a shop in town. I am sorry that he has come; he is of the same material as his father, "A chip off the old block."

Frank has left Moody's Machine Shop and has been in another shop for three months, receiving 7 1/2¢ per hour, but quit and went to Chicago yesterday to work. We have been very much against that he should leave home, but now he is gone and we hope that he will get along. I went with him to Chicago and saw him start to work. We are considering moving to Chicago this fall.

Frank is still working in Chicago, receives 15¢ per hour. He works much overtime so he makes a fairly good wage.

On the morning of November 1st, we felt an earthquake. It was felt all through North America.

January 26, 1896: I had a couple of small jobs since November, but after winter set in, I have nothing to do. I made a tool chest for Frank as a Christmas present. He came home for Christmas, well dressed, happy and full of life.

He bought Christine an album for a Christmas present, and he received in return a few things from her. Christine has been taking care of a confinement case for two weeks for which she received ten dollars. After Christmas I worked on the river helping to harvest the ice crop.

Frank came home sick on January 30th, it developed into typhoid fever. Christine was near collapse from night-wake and worry. Frank was in bed four weeks, there was not much more than skin and bone left of him; but he is now gaining rapidly.

I have a letter from my cousin, Mathilda Anderson, Chicago, that her mother died in "Hjortstad," January 26, 1896. She was my father's sister, Sofia. Auntie was a good woman, kind and noble, good wife and mother, loved by her children and everyone who knew her. Blessed be her memories.

After Frank had recovered from the typhoid fever, he started to work for the Illinois Watch Case Co., for 75¢ per day. He received a bad cut on his left hand, June 25, and was laid up for two weeks.

February 25, 1897: I have today received a letter from my cousin Mathilda in Chicago stating my Aunt Catharina is dead. She passed away November 4, 1896, in her home at Parsnas, Oland, at an age of 82 years, 11 months. As we always lived far apart, there is very little I know about her; but I know that she had been a good wife and mother, and a woman strong both in body and mind.

At our time it seems as parents bring up their daughters only to play, and to be like an ornament in the home. Many homes I have seen where the daughter has been the lady and the mother her servant. Later when life starts in earnest, the daughter is often times not fit for her duties, she marries, but is unable to care for a household and bring up children. She cannot make her husband's wages cover the family expenses without proper training; the result is our many divorces.

1899: April 1st we moved to 561 Dundee Avenue so as to make it more convenient for Frank's work. I have had a fairly good work-year, my work has been mostly in small towns around Elgin. Frank left the Watch Case Factory in the spring. He worked a few weeks here in another shop, but the firm was bankrupt and did not pay regularly, so he

left there and got a job in Chicago. He worked there all summer, but in the fall was out of work again so he returned to Elgin. He again went to work for the Illinois Watch Case Co. and received $2.25 per day. He has not been in good health lately.

Christine's niece (her sister Augusta's daughter), Anna Elizabeth, has written that she intends to come over to us this spring.

Christine's sister, Anna Maria, has re-married to a Johan Algot Svensson, a man much older than herself.

Last winter Christine was out attending confinement cases as nurse and made a little extra money. At present she has five boarders, so she has all she can do at home. For a Christmas present she gave Frank a $35 watch, paid out of her own earnings.

The Spanish War caused some excitement, but the Spaniards proved to be an easy enemy and were soon overcome.

Frank is working at the Watch Case factory as toolmaker; his health seems to be fairly good. He has bought a camera and is much interested in taking pictures, and I admit that it is a pleasant pastime. He has bought a new bicycle and gave me his old one.

On April 19th, Christine's niece, Anna Elizabeth, arrived from Sweden. She is a happy and lovely little girl, she is 16 years of age. After her mother's death, she was taken by her mother's parents in "Alandsryd" and brought up there. After her grandparents' death, she still had her home there under the care of her Uncle Sven.

January 7, 1900: During the year 1899, prosperity came back and the panic of 1893 is nothing but a memory; work has been plentiful and wages have increased. I had work in Elgin till September 12th, when I went to Sycamore and worked there till Christmas. The past year has been the best I have had for several years. My health is splendid and I enjoy to work, but cannot always get enough.

May 6: As usual I had no work during the winter, but am now working on a building at the State Hospital for the insane of this city. Frank's health seems to have improved considerable during the winter; he has kept company with a girl during the last year and we believe it will result in a union. This union came quicker than we had expected.

Frank left the Watch Case Co. April 23rd to prepare for his journey to Sweden in company with before mentioned young lady. This was all we knew till May 1st, when they had gone to Geneva and were married. May God Almighty give them happiness and joy. I pray also that this union may give us comfort and joy.

Alfrida Engman, our daughter-in-law, was born February 9, 1875, in Vestra Ryd of Bräkne-Hoby Township, Blekinge Province, Sweden. Her parents are Ingeman Isakson and his wife, Bertha Bengtsdotter.

Alfrida came to this country in the spring of 1893, and has been working mostly in Chicago. The last two years she has held a position as cook at the State Hospital of Elgin. She left her position April 30th, and was on May 1, 1900, united in marriage to our son, Carl Frank Carlson.

Alfrida appears to be an intelligent lady and is well liked by every one who knows her; she has the reputation of being ambitious, faithful and a good worker; it is with pride and joy we greet her welcome into our family.

Frank and Alfrida left for Sweden on May 3rd, and left New York on the 5th, we wish them a pleasant journey. It now seems very empty without them, everything went in such haste that we did not have time to grasp the situation. Frank and Alfrida arrived safe and sound at her parents' home. They write that they are feeling fine and that Frank is helping with the farm work. Frank's father-in-law wants to sell the farm to them. They arrived there May 16th.

Frank has journeyed to Smaland, the province of our home and visited "Alandsryd", Wernamo, Christine's birthplace. Also Gamleby, our home town, and "Hammarslund", Frank's birthplace, which is located about one and one-half mile east from the town Gamleby. Frank brought a camera and materials with him and has taken pictures of the dear old places. Frank has met his cousin, Carl Frank Sandgren; he is a fine young man and painter by trade, just the opposite from his brother, Sigurd. C. F. Sandgren is crippled in the right arm and has little use of the hand.

December 25: Frank and Alfrida are still with Alfrida's parents. It is now decided to buy the farm; we have sent Frank 3,500 crowns as we are to be in partnership with them. I have not been much in favor of this deal, but they write that is is a bargain, so I have decided to go in with them.

Alfrida seems to be a very kind woman and she writes very nice letters to us. Frank and Alfrida seem to get along together very good, at least they write very highly of each other.

Hilda Anderson, daughter to my cousin, J. A. Anderson, has married and she is now Mrs. Gustaf Carlson; Frank has visited them.

This fall I have been working at Belvidere, Illinois; it is the largest job I have worked on to date.

Frank and Alfrida have now bought her parents' farm for 9,000 crowns, stock and tools for 1200 crowns; they are going to take possession immedi-

ately. It looks as though our family is going back to the soil, our ancestors were farmers. As before mentioned, we gave our consent to go into this deal as partners with our son. We have so far, together with Frank, paid 5,200 crowns on the farm. Christine has been out this fall and winter working as a nurse and has made quite a little money.

May 28, 1901: We received a letter from Frank with the joyful news that a big son had been born to them on April 10, 1901, 10:50 p.m. Alfrida has had a difficult childbirth, but both her and baby were doing fine.

My work in Belvidere lasted till March 30th. This summer I am working here in Elgin on buildings for a publishing house. We now have a bricklayers union which I joined April 27th of this year. Through the efforts of this union we are now receiving 40 cents for laying brick and 30 cents for stone per hour, and the work day was cut from ten to nine hours. We now have good times, plenty of work and higher wages.

May 12th Frank writes: The kid is doing fine, he grows fast and is big and strong. He certainly thrives in this world, he sleeps night and day, I have not yet heard him holler. When he is awake and hungry he only grunts and as soon as he gets filled up he goes to sleep again. He seems well satisfied, he has long dark hair.

June 9: Alfrida writes that her son has been christened Ingvar Reinhold. This young fellow, Ingvar Reinhold, is now a new object for Christine. Her heart is overflowing with love, she has prepared a box containing shoes for him, with a dollar in each shoe, stockings and many other little things. We sent the box last night, postage was 73 cents.

September 19: I have this day taken part in the mourning ceremonies in honor of our beloved President William McKinley. He was shot at Buffalo by an anarchist the 6th of this month, he died on the 14th and was buried today, the 19th of September, 1901, at his home town, Canton, Ohio. All work and places of business the country over were closed this afternoon to pay this last tribute. The ceremonies here were grand, a big procession to the city's cemetery, music, singing and speaking there, and in the evening services in all churches, the whole city was decorated in mourning.

Frank writes September 29th: "Ingvar is getting big, it is much pleasure to have him. He waves his hands and laughs and makes lots of noise, he can now sit up alone.

December 25: It is Christmas and I sit here all alone, Christine is out helping a poor family. An army of old and dear memories of days long gone by go through my mind about our dear ones over in Sweden.

There lingers yet in the memory of my childhood,
a luster that is undimmed,
which tells of joys unfeined;
of candles on green boughs that warm the soul.
How unreal the luminous glare of artificial hearths,
and "suns" that blaze and glow.
None are so beautiful as candles burning on a wreath,
having lit them all, that is what I know.

January 25, 1902: The past year has been the best year I have ever had, I have averaged $2.68 per day, figuring 300 work days in the year. After getting through at the Elgin State Hospital, I went to Elburn, Illinois, and worked there one month; later I got a job at Batavia, Illinois; I still have work which is unusual for a bricklayer this time of the year.

The 22nd of this month we had a letter from Frank, he writes that they are cutting cordwood. He has white rock on the place called quartz which he is trying to sell. December 13, 1901, we sent Frank 1500 crowns to pay off on the farm; we now owe Frank's father-in-law only 2300 crowns.

March 23: The winter has been mild and I have been working in periods. The wage scale has been raised five cents per hour, wages are now $4.05 a day for bricklayers and $3.15 for stone masons, for a nine hour day.

June 22: On the 20th we received a letter from Frank informing us of the arrival of another son on June 4th, mother and baby doing fine.

July 26: Frank writes, "We have decided to fulfill your wishes in regard to naming our baby. He is to be baptized July 11th, and we will call him Axel Fritjof, as you wished. It took a burden off of Alfrida's mind, as she has been much puzzled what to call the new baby; he is big and fat. Ingvar can walk now, he does not like his brother because he cannot be with his mother so much now. When you come here, you will be surprised to see such big grandsons. I thought mother should be disappointed to hear that this second baby is also a boy, but I am glad it is a boy, I like boys best."

Alfrida's sister Ida's husband, Olof Jonsson, has fallen into a deep well, he was drowned, the fall also broke his neck.

On November 1st, Christine sent Frank 50 crowns to buy a cook stove. December 10th, I sent Frank 1,000 crowns to pay off on the farm. The summer was wet and cold, but the fall was nice. I worked at Zion City, Wisconsin, from August 11th till October 13th; I there made a new record in wages; during the last two weeks of August I earned $63.50 and for the whole month $119.80. 1902 was also my record year in earnings, I averaged $3.27 per day, figuring 300 work days in the year.

After I finished at Zion City, I worked at Aurora, Illinois, and am now working here in Elgin at the west addition to the Elgin National Watch factory, it is a big job. Christine is out nursing, so we are both working and manage to save money.

My life insurance I have turned over to Hjalmar Lidberg as I figure that it will cost too much to keep up in Swedish money after we get over to Sweden. If he keeps up my insurance till my death, he is to receive $700 and my family receives $300.

We are selling our furniture and preparing to depart for Sweden.

August 27, 1903: I have been working on the watch factory building since I last wrote; it has been a good job and has helped us along considerable. Christine has quit nursing as we intend to leave for Sweden this fall.

Christine's sister Anna's daughter, Augusta Martina Frisk, came over last spring and is working here in Elgin as a housemaid.

We had a letter from Frank, he says the crops are good except for the potatoes that froze in the early summer. Frank is blasting out the quartz rock in the mountain on his land and is selling it for eight crowns a ton; the quartz is used in the iron industry. We have sold most of our furniture and intend to depart for Sweden.

We visited my cousins, Mathilda Anderson and Carolina Olson in Chicago, and left New York on December 5th. While in New York I went to Battery Park and took my hat off to the statue of John Ericson, the great Swede, whose ship, the Monitor, routed the Southern fleet and likely saved the union.

Christine was sick on the ocean which made the voyage unpleasant. The weather was nice except for a couple of days when it stormed. We landed at Malmo, Sweden and on December 18th we arrived at our new home. We found Frank and Alfrida in good health and they certainly have two big fine boys. We found the farm and buildings in a poorer state than we had expected, so we have a big job here in rebuilding the place before we can thrive. There is plenty of timber on the farm and we have started to cut trees for a new barn.

One day Alfrida drove to the city Ronneby, the horse got scared from a bicycle and ran away. She was thrown out and injured on one side and her face, but after two days in bed, she is around again. The horse was caught and a man who repaired the buggy helped her home.

We continued cutting logs and hauling to a sawmill with all our might. Also hauling stone for the foundation of our new barn. It was a big job as the ground was not level. We had the foundation finished April

20th. To thrive here we had to improve and rebuild everything, and we realized that it would take much capital and labor. After talking it over, we decided to sell, if possible, and all go back to good old America.

We realized that we were not farmers and would not take enough interest in the farm work to make it a success. We are men with a skilled trade and accustomed to know when the day's work is done. A farmer's work is never done; to be a successful farmer, a man must work early and late. We have not been brought up to such a life and consequently we tired of it. Had this farming experiment happened in America it may have turned out different, but to produce crops in Sweden from stony and rocky land takes too much energy, and we felt that we could never be satisfied there.

We hired a contractor to finish building the barn for 400 crowns and we were to furnish all material.

I decided to go back to America alone and in the meantime Frank should try to sell. I left Westra Ryd on May 5th; Christine, Frank and Alfrida took me by horse and buggy to Hoby railroad station. The birches were getting their summer attire and on the way we heard the cuckoos sing. At the Hoby station we parted, where shall we meet again.

I left Malmo the next day, May 6, and Liverpool the 11th and am now out on the Atlantic Ocean on board the steamer, Majestic, as I write. This is the best ocean steamer that I have crossed the ocean on.

I arrived in America May 21, 1904, and started to work the first days in June (Elgin, Illinois), but work has been irregular, so my savings are small. In letters from Westra Ryd I have been informed that Christine has been to Smaland and visited our old home "Hammarslund," and the home of her birth and childhood "Alandsryd." She returned to Westra Ryd August 18th, but is now sick and in a serious condition; I am much worried and wish that I had not left her there. Frank is trying to sell, but so far without success.

October 13: I have been working in Genoa, Illinois, but now I am in Elgin building smokestacks. I am much worried as to Christine's condition; besides her sickness she has had blood poisoning in the middle finger of the right hand. Frank took her to Karlshamn Hospital where the finger was amputated. She was at the hospital four weeks, otherwise her health is improving.

The barn is now completed. I have this summer saved 1,000 crowns ($270); if I could put away enough to pay my fares, I have then done fairly well for the summer.

December, 1904: As it was not likely that I could get any more work for the season, I started to prepare for the journey back to Sweden. I had

almost reached my mark, to save 1,000 crowns and traveling expenses. I left Elgin on December 18, 1904, stopped in Chicago over Sunday and visited my cousins, Mathilda Anderson and Carolina Olson, and started for New York on the 19th.

The journey was pleasant and the weather fine until we got out on the North Sea. There I went through the most terrible storm I have ever experienced, and finally arrived in Malmo January 1, 1905. Without any mishaps, I went by rail to Karlshamn and the next morning to Harsjon Station, where Frank met me.

They had just gotten over the storm that I had been through on the North Sea; all roads were filled up with snow to the tops of the fences. Frank was to meet me with a horse, but he had left the horse half way and walked through the woods and fields to the station.

At home I found all in good health, but Christine was minus one finger.

During my absence Frank's family had been increased by the arrival of another son, he was born December 23, 1904. I was present at the ceremony which took place at Hoby, where he was baptized and christened Ernest August on January 27, 1905.

I had contracted a severe cold, likely on the North Sea during the storm, and had to stay in the house for a few days. As soon as I got well enough, my first object was to inspect our new barn which I found satisfactory. We had gotten over our farming idea, we all longed to get back to America. We had only one thought, to sell and be free, which we succeeded to do January 21, 1905. We sold to the contractor, Nels Olson, who built the barn.

We received 10,550 crowns for the farm, all livestock and tools, 20 bbl. potatoes, 15 bbl. oats, 3 bbl. rye. When subtracting the debt we had on the farm, we had a balance of 6,850 crowns. We also held an auction sale to sell everything we could not take along with us. February 13th we had our sale, which went fine, and amounted to about 600 crowns. What grain and potatoes we had left, we sold before the sale for 225 crowns. All we owned we now converted to cash, it amounted to about 11,000 crowns.

We were now ready for our journey back to America, but we thought it best that Alfrida with the two youngest boys remain in Sweden over the winter. We thought Ernest August, especially, was too young to take such a journey in the middle of the winter. Christine took a last trip to "Alandsryd" to bid her relatives good-bye.

We left Alfrida, Axel and Ernest with Alfrida's parents in Westra Ryd and took Ingvar with us, Ingvar was now in his fourth year. On the morn-

ing of February 20, 1905, we left Westra Ryd, I hope forever. This farm deal was a big mistake and caused much worry, loss of time and money, but we got away in better financial condition than I had dared to hope for.

Frank, Ingvar, Christine and I left Malmo on February 21st, 3:30 p.m. We left our fatherland with the feeling that we would never tread its soil again. We slept at the immigration hotel at Copenhagen, Denmark, overnight. Next day we crossed Denmark by rail and arrived in Esbjerg at 5:30 p.m. We then went on board the North Sea steamer and to sea the same evening, arrived at Harwich, England, at five o'clock in the evening of the 23rd. We were taken to the train and started off for Liverpool, arrived there 4:00 a.m., looked over the city and prepared to board the ocean liner.

On the 25th at noon, we went on board Cunard Lines Steamship Caronia, a new ship that was taking its maiden voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. Frank was sick with a cold, likely contracted while crossing England, as it got very cold on the train. At noon on the 26th we stopped at Queenstown, Ireland, and the same afternoon headed for the Atlantic Ocean. There was quite a storm at sea, the waves rolled over the large ship, there was much seasickness on board, Frank was recovering from his cold. With crew and passengers we had 3,029 people on board. Steerage passengers were mostly emigrants from southern Europe which made it a little unpleasant, otherwise it was the best voyage I have had, everything clean, good food and we had a little cozy cabin all to ourselves. The storm subsided on the third day. After we got out into the Gulf Stream the air was warm enough to sit around on deck in the sun.

On March 5th, 3:00 p.m., we saw land, the coast of our dear America, and the same evening at 9:00 p.m. we were in New York harbor. We had been so comfortable on the Caronia that I almost wished that the voyage had lasted longer. As usual, the day after landing in New York was tiresome, getting through the customhouse, Ellis Island, and other arrangements.

We left New York on the evening of March 6, 11:00 p.m, and we arrived in Elgin on the 8th without any adventures. We went to our old friend, August Danielson, where we were comfortably housed. Frank lodged with his brother-in-law, Charles E. Smithberg.

Frank started to work for the Star Watch Case Co. the following Monday as a "center diemaker", at a wage of $2.25 per day for a ten hour day. He got this job on condition that he later would move with the firm to Ludington, Michigan.

We rented and furnished three rooms at 553 Locust Street where we all lived until Alfrida came over with the other two boys. I started to work March 20th, but the spring was very wet, so I lost much time. Our

next ambition was to arrange for Alfrida and the two boys; Frank rented a small cottage at 656 Wing Street which we furnished the best we could to receive them.

Alfrida, Axel and baby Ernest arrived here on May 27. Frank and Ingvar now left us, so Christine and I are alone again.

I have been informed that my cousin, A. J. Anderson, is taking life with ease in Sweden, he just hunts and fishes.

As we now are here in America for the rest of our lives, we have to get a home of our own; I have started to make plans.

I have worked this spring and summer with the usual intervals between jobs, at present I am without work. I am preparing to build us a home, I have bought a land lot located: lot 16, block #1, Hinze and Potter's Addition, the address is 470 Ryerson Avenue, price $600.

Frank is continuing with the Star Watch Case Co., and is earning 25 cents per hour, he has been promised an increase. The employees had an excursion to Ludington, Michigan, July 2nd, to see the new home of the company. The company intends to move there as soon as the buildings are completed.

Carl Roos is dead, he died in Sweden sometime in April; he was a man of good character, honest, sociable, a good worker and reliable friend. Blessed be his memories.

October 21: My earnings have been fairly good this summer. October 15th I started the work on our home; I laid the first stone for the foundation on October 20th, the walls are to be of red pressed brick.

Christine is in feeble health, her sickness is of a severe nature, probably dropsy. Frank is still with the same firm. Frank and Alfrida appear to be happy, their children are robust and growing rapidly. I think much of Alfrida, she is always so kind and friendly toward me. Frank has insured his life for another $2,000, he had $1,000 previously.

Christine is going to Chicago twice a week for Turkish bath treatments.

January 7, 1906: From the previous year one can see that it was full of incidents; we turned over another leaf and went back to our trades, to the elements for which we are trained and adapted.

I am now so far advanced with our new home, that I have the windows in; it is a big job for one man to build a house of this design and proportion. I have so far been favored with good weather so I have been able to work on the house almost every day.

174

25

[7½]

26.

[9]

27.

[9]

April Månad 1901.

APRIL 1901

25 —— Summer day, will begin working 9 hours. Paid my assessment.
7 1/2 hrs.

26 —— Nice day; we were four at laying brick today.
9 hrs.

27 —— Summer day; am now a fully paid up member of the union.
9 hrs.

28 (Sun.) Summer weather; was home all day, the trees are leafing out.

29 —— Bright sunshine and terribly hot. Laid stone. Received letter from cousin
9 hrs. Clara Sofia Roos (in Sweden) mentioning that Johan August Anderson was planning to pay us a visit. (He had emigrated 1882 and returned 1894)

30 —— Cloudy and rainy, quit work at 11 o'clock; helped Christine "clean house."
4 hrs. Received $34.20 for wages.

Picture below shows G. R. Carlson (nearest camera) working on the Watch Factory.

Skap i Murare Union i afton

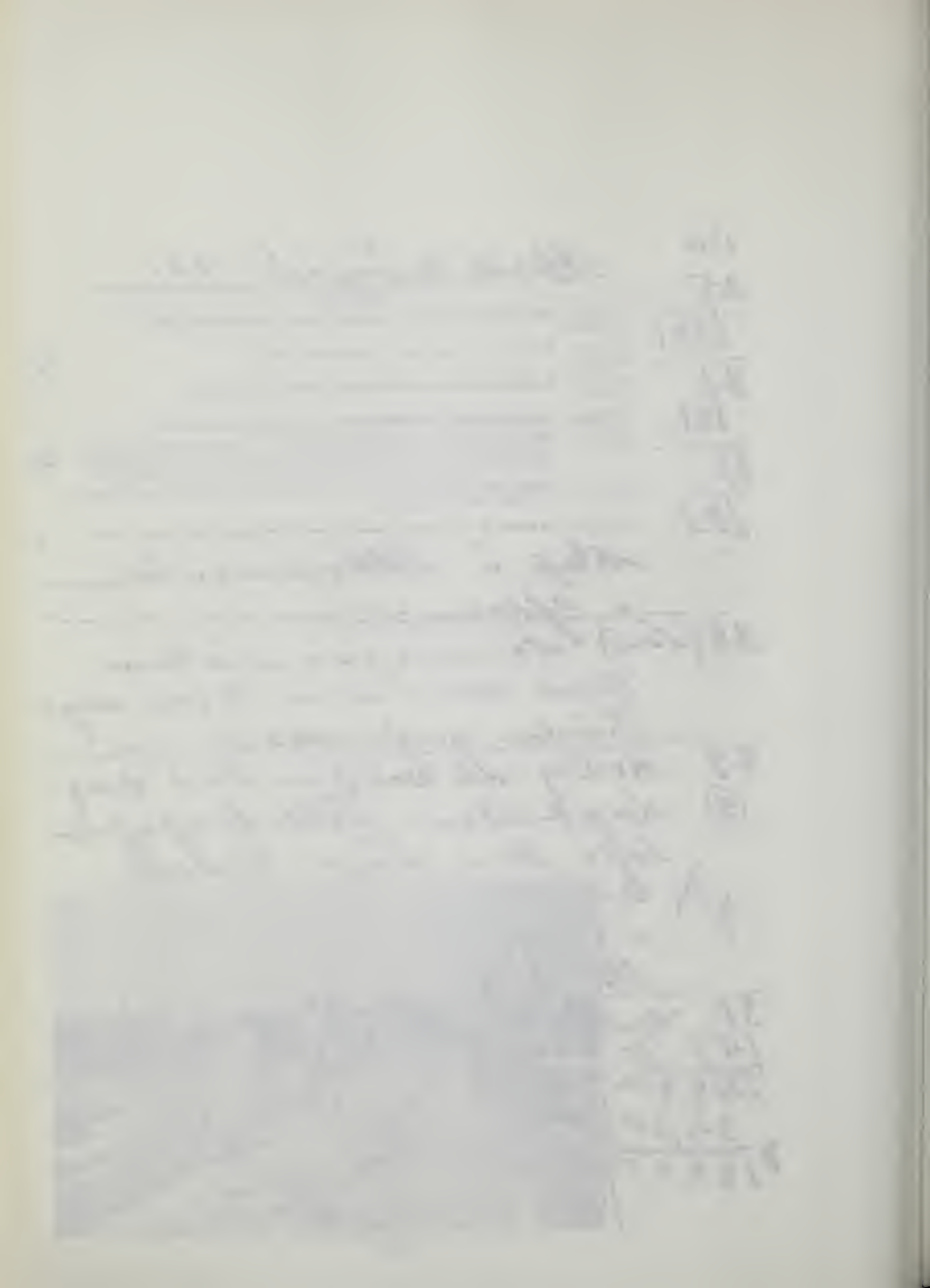
28 (Sön) Samma väder. Varit hemma hela dagen. Träden grönskar

29 (9) Solig och hesten het dag. Lagt Sten. Fått bref ifrån Sofi hon säger bland

Bref

30. [4]

148,85
34,20
18305



Februari Manad 1906

Regn hela dagen. Sysslat me
diverse. Gjort en bänk M.
Lath männerna slutat. Stöglop

FEBRUARY 1906

24 —— Rained all day; made a bench; lath men are finished.
25 (Sun.) (excerpt) Cleaned out the new house, sought to engage a plasterer.
27 —— (excerpt) Carlson, the plasterer, was here today and promised to help me.
28 —— (excerpt) Am getting everything ready for plastering, Alfrida was here.

Picture shows G. R. Carlson at the side of his new home at 470 Ryerson Avenue.

Varit och engagerat en plastrar
Var ... Frank i ... Han h
var ... skan
tro ... pe.
Me ... ig.

Me ... ind.
Ha ... fron
gafl ... on
bes ... at
gör

7 Klar och vacker, Något kall dag.
06 Hållit på Med Cornishen på fr
Plastrare Carlson varit hos Mig i d
Han har lofvat hjälpa Mig. Varit åt un

8 Mest Mulet, Mildare luft. Sl
front gaflen och gjort diverse
Håller på att Styra i ordning till pl
Alfrida varit här

APRIL 1899

10 En riktig vårdag som först.

(10) Håller på att sätta in dörrar h.
Danielson. Fått bref ifrån Ann
i Alandsryd, hon reste hem ifrån

APRIL 1899

10 —— (excerpt) Received letter from Anna in "Alandryd," she left March 29th.
10 hrs. (Hours denote time on job.)

18 —— (excerpt) Frank came home from Chicago yesterday afternoon. Received
10 hrs. letter mentioning Anna will be here tomorrow.

19 —— (excerpt) Worked until 11:30; met the train at 3 o'clock. Anna brought
4 1/2 hrs. much news from her home.

MARCH 30, 1907; ANNA TORRELL was married to ROBERT NELSON today, "GOOD LUCK."
MARCH 31 - Easter Sunday, had visit from the newlyweds. Frisk girls were here.

Pictures below: ANNA TORRELL and ROBERT NELSON in 1906; their two daughters, Mabel and Hazel, in front of their father's store, 1918.

19 Delves klärt. Urbetade [illegible]

4½) Var sedan och mätte Anna, h
kom kl. 3. Hon hade många nyh
att beretta ifrån hem met.

Anna 30 MARCH 1907
Torrell är gift i dag. Lycka till.
Klart och kallt. Varit hemma hela dag
Haft påhälsning af de nygifta samt flickorna Fr
31 Påske

April 22: The winter has been mild, so I have been able to work on our new home without interference from the weather; it is not completed, but we moved in, upstairs, April 17th. I have hired two carpenters to help me finish the inside, I am finishing the outside myself. It has been a big job and I am getting tired of it, I expect it will be completed in two weeks, it also cost more than was estimated. I have the first floor rented for $14 a month. Frank is sick abed and Ingvar and Axel are with us.

July 17: We now have our home completed except for small details, our tenants moved in on June 1st. I started to work for Juby Bros. at Crystal Lake, Illinois, on May 10th.

Frank and his family moved to Ludington, Michigan, on June 8th. Frank has not been in the best of health lately, he has had an operation in the nose, he at times has difficulty with breathing.

I have received a letter from Hilda Anderson in Sweden, now Mrs. Gustaf Carlson, daughter to my cousin, A. J. Anderson. She writes very cordially and says that she has her dearest memories when we lived in "Hammarslund" and she, as a young girl, visited us, there we played the organ and sang. She further writes that her mother, Clara Anderson, passed away May 10th of this year. When I reminisce, I remember Clara as a fine developed girl of nineteen; a strong friendship developed between us that lasted for life. Like her mother she had the reputation for being smart, honest, steadfast, ambitious and had a large circle of friends. Rest in peace dear friend of my youth.

Frank and family are in Ludington, Michigan, and in good health. Frank was home with us over the Christmas holidays, Ingvar was also along. Frank is now earning 30 cents an hour.

Christine's niece, Hilma Adina Frisk, sister to Augusta and daughter to Christine's sister, Anna, came over from Sweden last November. She is a fine developed girl of seventeen years.

Anna Elizabeth Torrel was united in marriage to Robert Nelson on the 30th of March, 1907. Mr. Nelson was born in America, his parents came from Granna, Sweden, about 27 years ago. Anna Elizabeth had for seven years worked for the same family as cook and housemaid. The nice presents she received from them testify that she was well liked. We wish her and her husband happiness and prosperity, and their matrimonial union to be one of harmony and blessings.

As before mentioned, Carl Roos is dead, his wife, Clara, and her father, A. P. Anderson, have rented out "Hjortstad" and moved to Baldersrum. I understand that "Hjortstad" is for sale; continually for 100 years, it has been occupied by some member of our family. Two sons of Carl Roos are living in Chicago.

September 9: The times are good with plenty of work; my hour rate is 60 cents, the highest I have ever had. During August I made a new record, $127.20 (8 hour day). Christine's health has improved under the care of Doctor Reese. Christine has visited Frank for four weeks, she returned August 23rd. Frank has bought a house for $1400, he put in a bathroom, cost $100. He paid down $550, so he is in debt for $950.

We went to Ludington over Christmas, 1907, to visit Frank, we stayed there three weeks. During our stay there I put in a new window and did some other little improvements to the house. Their boys are big and robust and full of mischief. While there I received a letter from my boss to return to Elgin as he had work for me, this made us return sooner than we intended. On crossing Lake Michigan we encountered a terrible snow storm; the usual time to cross is 7-8 hours, it took us 24; the lake was so rough, the boat was tossed around like a nut shell. Because of the heavy snow it took six hours by train from Chicago to Elgin.

April 8, 1908: Frank has sold his house in Ludington for $1600. There is a great fight going on all over the country between prohibitionists and the liquor interests. The two parties are called wets and drys; the drys lost in the election here yesterday, but have gained much ground all through the country.

The mason (stone) trade is one of the oldest on our earth, the mason of long ago was the toils aristocrat; we point back with pride to Egypt's old and beautiful buildings, even after four to six thousand years; many buildings in our native land and elsewhere in Europe are so old that there are no records of when they were built, they stand there like monuments to a vanished time.

Buildings in our time will stand for 30 to 50 years, what is the reason, --the mason is more and more being converted into a machine, to throw together stone or brick and mortar at the highest possible speed, to make a profit for his employer.

In years gone by it was an honor to do a good job, but now it is quantity not quality. It is a merit to throw in much brick in a day, but the job must be done so the architect or inspector can not see the defects.

The greediness of contractors and unionism are the causes. The password is: "Fast and cheap" without consideration for quality.

If the great Masters that built Temples and Pyramids could see mason art of our day, especially in this country, they would look on in pity.

July 12: Frank and family with Halmar Lidberg and family, all from Ludington, Michigan, visited us over the fourth of July; Frank went in to Chicago to consult Doctor Reese (Christine's doctor).

November 15: I continue to work for Juby Bros. (building contractors). Work has been plentiful all through the summer; my work has been mostly in the small surrounding towns. I am working at present at Naperville, Illinois. The financial panic before mentioned has now subsided and times are back to about normal. The building trades were not affected much by the panic, and now that the Republican Party won the election, I expect good times.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson was made happy by the arrival of a daughter in the month of September.

A card received from Frank reads: "Ludington, Michigan, November 5, 1908. Dear Parents: I am very busy this week with moving; I bought a six room house (new cottage) last Saturday night for $950, Alfrida likes our new home very much. We have plenty of room, so you better come over for a visit soon. Our address is now 109 Franklin St. Your loving son, C. Frank Carlson."

February 28, 1909: About New Year time we read in a Swedish newspaper that Christine's brother, Johannes, had been found dead in a well. Whether it was an accident or suicide can never be determined. He was a sufferer of epileptic fits and might have fallen into the well during a fit. As a child he was afflicted with brain fever which was responsible for his condition. May he rest in peace.

Frank went to Denver, Colorado, February 9th, on account of his asthma. I visited Frank before he left and stayed with Alfrida until February 26th. I took Ernest with me back to our home in Elgin, so he is at present with us. The house that Frank bought last fall is very good for the money he paid.

March 17: Frank returned from Denver, he looked much improved and says he feels fine. He stayed here with us until the 20th, he then returned to Ludington, taking Ernest along.

June 7: Augusta M. Frisk went to Brooklyn, New York, April 30th, and was there married to Carl Sigfrid Norlander, May 15; Mr. Norlander was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and is a machinist by trade. We made his acquaintance here in Elgin last year. We wish them good luck.

March 9, 1910: Mrs. Norlander (Augusta Frisk) says she is very happy. Her sister, Hilma Adina, went to Colorado the first part of August.

My cousin, Mathilda Anderson (of Chicago), visited us lately, with the news that her father, A. P. Anderson, has passed away at the home of his daughter, Clara, in Baldersrum; he was buried November 28, 1909. He has for several years been bedridden. May he rest in peace.

This event is somewhat extraordinary, the passing of A. P. Anderson marks the end of his generation.

Frank's health last summer was quite satisfactory, but during the winter he suffered much from asthma. He thinks he ought to get out of the shop and thereby get more fresh air; therefore, he bought a 35-acre fruit and vegetable farm. It is located one mile east and one-quarter mile north of Ludington. The price was $2,700, including two cows, one horse, chickens and farm tools. They moved to their new home November 25, 1909.

It looks as though this farm deal was not a bad one, but it now remains to be seen if they will succeed. I have several times before mentioned in this history that it is against my principles that a man with a trade should try to make a living on a farm. If it is for regaining health, it must be considered from a different angle.

April 16, 1911: My work last season lasted almost until Christmas. January 6th I went to Ludington with the intention to build two bedrooms in the attic of Frank's home. Instead we decided to move the house; it was located quite low, so in the wet seasons water would seep into the basement. With the help of a house mover, I moved the house about one hundred feet south to higher ground. I built a basement, put in cement floors and built an addition, a kitchen and bathroom. I returned home April 13th and again went to work for Juby Bros.

August 12: Since my return from Ludington last spring, I have been working at St. Charles, Illinois, on a large Catholic church. On July 1st we went to Ludington to visit with Frank and family, we found them all in good health. The house looks very nice; Frank has had a porch built on the front, house painted on outside, painted and papered on the inside. It is the best looking place in the neighborhood.

We have received the sad news that Alfrida's parents are both dead; they were in feeble health the last few years. Alfrida's mother, Bertha Bengtsdotter, passed away May 23, 1911, and her father, Ingeman Isackson, June 12, 1911, they were both about 77 years of age. They had brought up a large family; out of 12 children, nine daughters were living until a few years ago, all big and husky, hard working women. The parents are survived by seven daughters. May they rest in peace.

March 4, 1912: My work lasted until Christmas, I have had a fairly good year. I went to Ludington January 12th and dug out under the kitchen of Frank's home, thereby making a laundry and fruit room; they are now pretty well equipped, laundry, bathroom, hot and cold water. They have hired Halmar Lidberg's father to work the farm; Frank continues at the shop, he appears to be in good health. Christine was over to see them last summer and fall and helped pick berries and fruit. They had a very severe winter in Ludington, the snow was up over the fences.

January 1, 1914: Frank had a pretty good year on the farm. Alfrida had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism last spring. They were all here for a week's visit over the 4th of July.

April 19: I went to Ludington January 15; they met me in town, all were well. I built two rooms upstairs, put a new roof on the house and other little improvements. I returned to Elgin April 18th. They are expecting an increase in the family soon. Frank has bought 350 cherry trees which he is planting.

On May 27th Christine went to Ludington to help Alfrida with the new arrival they are expecting. During this pregnancy, Alfrida has not been well, as other troubles had set in.

On April 13th a boy was born whom they called Oscar. He seemed strong and healthy at birth, but took sick on the third day and died; he was buried the next day. The baby was born in the Sterns Hospital.

January 2, 1915: I have been working in Chicago and La Grange, and now have a job in Elgin. I have had this summer the highest wages in my life, 75 cents per hour. I am glad we are in America, away from the troublesome and hard times in our native land that the terrible world war has brought on, and which is now tearing Europe to pieces. There is one thing I regret, that I never got a chance to see my home town of Gamleby after it had started to boom and develop.

Through letters and pictures, I have seen that Gamleby has progressed more in the last few years than it had before in centuries. The old church ruins have been removed and in its place are now two beautiful buildings, one is a high school and the other a bank. The town now has two banks, and many pretty buildings have been erected both in and around town. The old sawmill over the stream is no more, in its place is a modern machine shop. The old flour mill has been rebuilt. Instead of the old wooden bridge across the stream, there is now one of granite. There is quite a large industry which makes granite paving blocks for which the big mountains give an inexhaustible supply. In years gone by the lumber industry flourished, but it is now diminishing as the forests are getting thin. The town has bought a beautiful piece of land adjoining the town for a park in which they have a municipal bathhouse. There is also near town a brick yard of considerable capacity.

August 5: Last winter I worked at intervals when weather permitted. I had one job in Dundee, Illinois, another at Hampshire. May 3rd I went over to Ludington to build a barn for Frank. Frank and the boys met me at the station; they were all well. On the 10th we tore down the old barn and on July 22nd I had a new barn in its place.

The times are not so good now, and work is scarce; prices are high. On returning home I find many masons idle, and I have as yet no work in

view. The weather is very changeable, rain, cold, fog, very disagreeable. In Michigan frost and drought partly destroyed the strawberries and other fruit. Frank has had hard luck with the cows, two good cows died, and so had to replace them.

Frank's boys are big and robust, they are learning to play the violin.

January 7, 1917: Frank left the shop last summer and is now home working the farm. Ingvar was confirmed last spring; I sent him a watch and money for a suit of clothes. Frank's boys are big and strong like bears. Christine was over to Ludington in September. Times are now back to normal, work is plentiful and good wages are paid. Everything of necessity is advancing in price, so one needs higher wages to be able to save a little.

April 26, 1917: Alfrida had been in fairly good health the last year, her rheumatism had disappeared, but lately she has been failing in health, perhaps due to her pregnant condition. Christine went over to Ludington on March 4th to help them as Alfrida's condition was getting more serious. Shortly afterward Alfrida was taken to the hospital and on April 11th she gave birth to a girl. The birth was normal and they thought all dangers were over, but complications set in and on April 14th Alfrida's sister, Mrs. Tillie Smithberg, received a telegram (I was not home at the time) which read:

"Ludington, Michigan; April 14, 1917, 10:04 A.M.
Mrs. Tillie Smithberg, 508 Ashland Ave., Elgin, Illinois.

Alfrida dead, ask father's advice about shipping body to Elgin. We are undecided here, let us know at once.

Frank Carlson"

We decided to bury Alfrida in Elgin, and advised Frank. I bought a one-half burial lot at Bluff City Cemetery. On the 17th at noon they arrived here with the body, Christine, Frank and the boys. In the afternoon of the same day, we followed the mortal remains of Alfrida to its last resting place.

Alfrida was a good woman, she lived for her family; a good, careful wife and mother, all her ambition went for the welfare of husband and children. She was a woman with a great ambition, she could never be idle. During the days of her health she possessed great physical strength and endurance; it was a hard blow for us and Frank. It will be difficult to bring up the baby girl without the mother. Alfrida is gone, only memories remain, we mourn her sincerely. Blessed be her memories.

Frank, the boys and Christine returned to Ludington on the 19th. Christine went with to help with the household and to care for the baby.

I am afraid it will be too much for Christine, she is getting along in years. They arrived in Ludington the next morning, the 20th. The baby had been left at the hospital and they now went after her, her name is Ruth Ingeborg.

July 16: Realizing the difficulty in running the farm without a wife and besides having a baby, Frank decided to sell the farm. He inserted the following ad in a Swedish newspaper with good result: "On account of the death of my wife, I wish to sell my 35 acre farm; located one mile east and one-quarter mile north of Ludington, Michigan. The house contains seven rooms and bath, warm and cold water basement with laundry and fruit room, cement floors, cement walks from road to house and barn; windmill, with water piped to buildings; new roomy barn with cement floor; four cows, two heifers, one horse, two hogs, seventy-five chickens, wagons and implements. Eight acres in fruit orchard, two and one-half acres berries; the remainder in oats, corn, hay and roots; price $5,000. Frank Carlson, R. F. D. #4, Box 135, Ludington, Michigan."

He got a lot of prospective replies and finally sold to a Swedish widow from Duluth, Minnesota. This woman had sixteen children. Frank sold cheap, $4,200, but received all cash. On June 21st Christine with Ruth Ingeborg, Frank, Axel and Ernest, arrived here in Elgin. Ingvar stayed in Michigan and hired out to a farmer. A couple days later Axel went to an aunt, a sister to his mother, Ella Anderson, on a farm at Granada, Minnesota. Ruth Ingeborg is a good baby and appears to be in good health, perhaps she will be a comfort and joy to us in our old age.

January 1, 1918: Ingvar gave up Ludington and came to Elgin in October. After a few days visit, he went to his brother in Granada, Minnesota. Ernest is going to school. Baby Ruth is quite cranky, especially at night. She has of late not done so well, at present she has whooping cough; all the night-wake and care for Ruth is too much for Christine, I am afraid she will collapse.

January 30, 1919: Again a year has disappeared in time's unmeasurable sea; no changes of importance occurred last year. In April we moved downstairs to be a little more comfortable; the upper floor we have rented out. I had a fairly good year, I made $986.75; we have all been in good health except that we all had a touch of the Spanish influenza about New Year. There is much suffering with this disease the world over. At present I am home, helping Christine with the household and baby Ruth. Christine celebrated her seventieth birthday on the 28th of this month. We are, praise God, in good health at our advanced age.

Frank's boys, Ingvar and Axel, visited one week at Christmas, from here they went to Ludington to visit their old home and friends, and from there back to Minnesota. They are big, strong, and robust boys. Ernest is through the grade school and now goes to high school. Baby Ruth is robust and in good health, she runs around and has started to do

mischiefs. She is now better natured; her appetite, as far as solid foods are concerned, is not very big, but she continues drinking a quart of milk every day.

May 1: Frank re-married. Our new daughter-in-law was a widow, her name is Sigrid. She appears to be a friendly and noble woman, she has a daughter fourteen years old. Sigrid works and her aged mother tends to the household. Frank and Ernest have moved to her home, 180 S. State Street, Elgin, Illinois.

Translation completed April 23, 1920.

Carl Frank Carlson

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Job 14: 1-2

Gustaf Reinhold Carlson died on November 12, 1919, following a brief illness; his passing is mentioned in succeeding pages.

Last picture of G. R. Carlson; in center is his cousin, Carolina Olson, a frequent visitor from South Chicago. Carolina was the daughter of Catharina and Anders Nelson who moved to the island of Oland in 1852. Carolina was living yet in 1930 at the age of 87. Mrs. G. R. Carlson (Christine) holds her granddaughter, Ruth, age two.

FOREWORD TO MY LIFE - CARL FRANK CARLSON

Elgin, Illinois - January 5, 1920

As my dear father has passed away and his pen forever stopped, and as it was his wish that this record be continued, if possible, to the day of resurrection, I have now taken up the task and will do the best that my ability allows.

This record, conceived by my father, is the most valuable inheritance he possibly could leave to his descendants. I value it more than if father had left me a fortune, and money cannot buy it, I regard it as a family treasure.

It was father's intention to retire from work last fall and for the remainder of his days enjoy the fruits of his labor. Our home he designed and built with his own hands, is without debt, and he succeeded in accumulating enough money to keep him and mother for the remainder of their days.

In retirement his plan was to rewrite this family record in English, but as he did not live to fulfill his intentions, it became my duty. I wish it could have been written in his own handwriting, and in his own easy way of expressing his thoughts and feelings.

Father realized that if his writings should have any value to his descendants, they must be translated in the English language. So as soon as possible after father's funeral, I began the translation. I have

given myself no rest, but have worked at it every spare minute that I have had. As I am not in the best of health, I could not afford to lose any time for fear that I would not live to finish this grand work. I thought if I did not translate it, it would be lost to my descendants; it is by far too valuable a thing for that. I pray with my father, "Do not throw it in the scrap pile." My father says that it has not cost him anything in money, but he has spent much time with it. This is for you, -- so you will know where your fathers came from, how they lived and died, their means, ways of living and customs.

I value our family history record so much that I would continue translating it even if it would be my last effort in life. It perhaps seems foolish to some that I have worked at this history all hours of the night until I have been almost in a state of collapse. Then after I had gone to bed, I was not able to sleep because of nervousness. You may say, -- how foolish -- , yes, but we do not know the number of our days, and I wanted you to have your family's history.

It is not an easy task to translate from one language to another, especially for me, as I have had no education from schools in the English language. I know that I have not written this history as it should have been, but I have done my best!

Although my father had never attended school, he possessed considerable ability as an author. His easy way and grace to express thoughts and feelings have been lost on account of my inability to duplicate his personality.

My father was a student of the Bible. Jesus Sirach or Ecclesiasticus, was his favorite author; you will find that he referred to this book in many places. Perhaps you will look for that book in your Bible and not find it. There are several books called the "Apocrypha" that are not in the Bibles of late issue, but must be bought separate. The old Bibles all contained the Apocrypha books; the reason why these books have been excluded is: Most Bible students thought the author was not inspired by God, consequently these books are not supposed to be the word of God. However, you will find by reading Jesus Sirach's book, that he was a man of great ability and learning.

My father tended strictly to his own affairs, he bothered none, and he knew little about his nearest neighbors. He lived for his home and family, and there had his interest and cares. To my knowledge, he never had an enemy, or had he been in trouble of any kind. He practiced, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Father's pastime was reading and writing, especially did he love to write; he would sit for hours and write, then throw it away in the waste basket. Among his writings, besides this record, he leaves three books with 300 large pages containing "Spook Stories," "Ways and Customs of

the Swedish People," -- before or at the time of his youth. One book contains a "Love Story," another is about a young rascal and his tricks. He also leaves a daily diary for many years back, and other lesser writings. It is unfortunate that these works were not written in the English language.

Father had a wonderful memory, one that never failed, for instance, he wrote the "spook stories" in the later part of his life, he had heard them in his childhood. He knew almost the whole Lutheran Catechism by memory, also the morning and evening Psalms and Prayers plus many passages in the Bible and much poetry. Above all he was blessed with good health, but was moderate in all things. He enjoyed a glass of beer when the day's work was done, but that was all. He enjoyed moderate smoking, even on the first day of his last sickness, he asked for a smoke. Once I half filled his pipe and lit it for him, this was his last smoke, -- the doctor said that it was not good for him.

Although father appeared to be as healthy and vigorous as ever, he had slowed down in his movements considerably the last few years, his steps were not as elastic as in earlier years. I had never worked together with father until we were over in Sweden where he helped me build a foundation for a barn. If I remember correctly, that foundation was 140 feet by 28 feet, and in one place 6 feet high; we built it from granite blocks. Father surprised us all the way he worked, he would not take time to ask for tools or material, but ran for them himself, we were too slow to wait on him. He was then 55 years old. And how he worked for me later in Ludington, Michigan, -- moved the house, built basement and additions to the house on both floors. On another trip he built a large new barn with only the assistance of a helper. Besides all the work he has done for me, he has given me over $1600 in cash over the last 15 years.

After father's funeral, I went to the construction job to get his tools, but they had mostly been stolen. I said to C. Juby (of Juby Brothers contractors), I suppose father had slowed up in his work, he was getting along in years? Juby answered, "Why no, we have not a young fellow here who could beat him, I sometimes said to him, -- Gus, don't work so hard, -- this is not contract work, but he had to keep at his usual pace or quit work." F. Juby said, when he heard that father was dead, "He was a grand old man," -- those words meant much and they touched my heart. Father had been employed by Juby Brothers for the last fifteen years; three of the Juby brothers were pallbearers, the others were: my brother-in-law, Charles E. Smithberg, A. Danielson and C. Kleiser, neighbors.

On Thursday evening, November 6, 1919, I was called home, father had taken sick that afternoon. He had worked till noon on an addition that was being built to the Woodruff and Edwards Foundry. He quit at noon on account of the continuous rain, it had been slow and penetrating.

After dinner he went down to the basement and halfsoled his work shoes, this done he came upstairs and sat at his desk to do some writing. He complained to mother that he felt cold and soon developed a chill.

Sigrid, my second wife, has had considerable experience in nursing, she cared for him until the end. Father complained of pains in his right lung and in his stomach. On Sunday he became very sick, yet I thought he was in no real danger as his temperature was around 101, and respiration almost normal. I shaved him that morning but it was a difficult task as his razor seemed extra dull. On Wednesday morning father did not come out of his sleep, he was unconscious, and we all realized that the end was near. At 11:45 a.m. father stopped breathing, this was November 12, 1919, at father's home, 470 Ryerson Avenue, Elgin, Illinois.

Father was born at "Hjortstad" of Gamleby Township, province of Smaland, Sweden, August 26, 1848. He died at the age of 71 years, 2 months, and 17 days.

It was the end of a busy life, having started to work at the mason trade with his father at the age of 13, it had been a long chain of toil and cares up to the day he took sick. He had at intervals a time of rest, when there was no work to be had, but even then he was busy improving something around his home or mine. Thanks, dear father, --for what you have done for me.

We set the time for the funeral at 2:00 p.m., Saturday, November 15th, so my boys would have time to get my message and come from Minnesota. We had Reverend Qualen to officiate, he preached a beautiful sermon from II. Kings, 20-1, and Isaiah 38:1, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." A lady sang "Rock of Ages" and "Abide With Me."

Mother, my wife and I, my three boys, Ingvar, Axel and Ernest, father's cousins, Miss Mathilda Anderson of Chicago and Mrs. Carolina Olson of South Chicago, and a few friends followed father's remains to their last resting place, on the afternoon of November 15, 1919.

May you rest in peace, dear father, and

Blessed be your remembrance--

The following day being Sunday, my boys and I went to church. Many of my friends were surprised to see I had such robust boys, I suppose because I am small of stature. Ingvar and Axel stayed with us till the evening of November 19th, when they returned to their Minnesota homes.

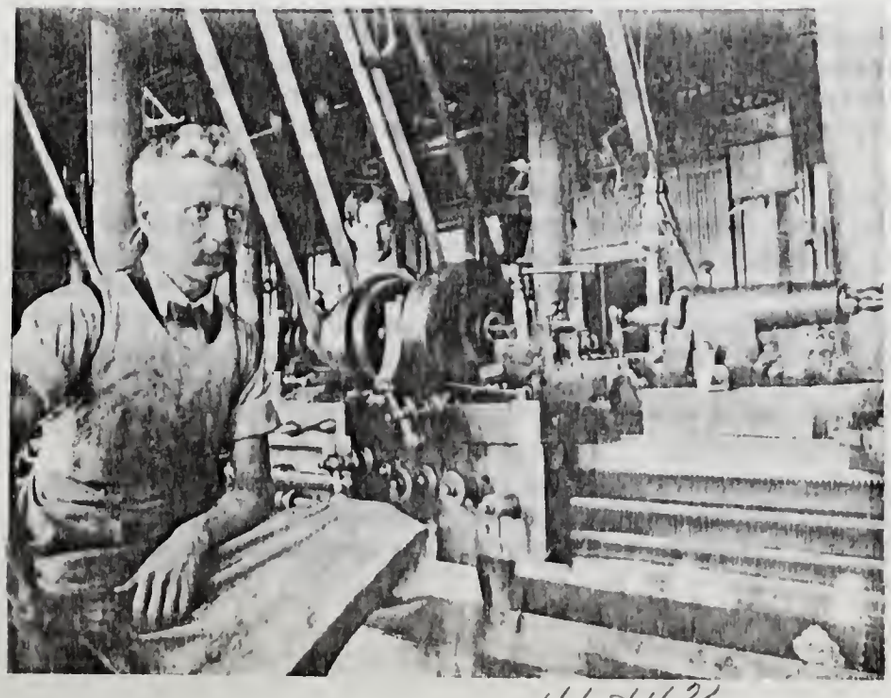
Father left a will by which he turned his material things over to mother. Father was a member of the "bricklayers union," which paid $300 at the death of a member. He also had $900 life insurance, but

Halmar Lidberg was to have $700 of this for paying premiums. Father also had 1400 crowns life insurance in Sweden. These things took most of my time for the next few days, producing proofs of death and arranging other affairs. I went back to work November 19 A beautiful spray of flowers had been sent by my fellow workers.

What a great thought of father to write this record, without it we would have only the memory of him. Now we have his whole life, his thoughts and his character; not only his own life, but three generations before him. It seems to me that this record ought to increase in value with each generation, and become an heirloom of great consequence if continued as was father's profound hope.

On December 5th, I moved into my father's house. I am to live on the second floor with my family, and also to have the use of the front room and one bedroom on the first floor. Mother with baby Ruth are to have the rest of the first floor. I have now taken my father's place, I am sitting here at his desk writing this, how dear the memories of my father are to me now. Why was I not with him more? I could have been with him daily for the last two years, but I thought he would live for many years yet, he was so healthy and robust in spite of his advanced age. Now I am with mother, and I intend to spend every minute that I can with her, and try to make up for past failures. It is my wish that I may live and be able to care for her the remainder of her days. Should she have to follow me, her only child, to the grave, I believe she would soon die of a broken heart.

I shall now attempt to describe my own life, but there is not much to say concerning myself, as my father has recorded everything of any importance until May 3, 1919.



February 1900
Carl Frank Carlson as
journeyman machinist
earning $2.25 per day.

111 4112

MY LIFE

I, Carl Frank Carlson, was born in "Hammarslund," one mile east of the town Gamleby, province of Smaland, Sweden, March 27, 1877.

I began public school at the age of six, the school had only six grades. I went to school three days a week, as the teacher taught only three grades each day. I was through at the age of 12 but took the sixth grade over, so I was thirteen years old when I finished. My father was in America at the time and mother thought it best for me to go to school an extra year as I was too small to begin working. I held my own in school, about as good as the average; language, writing and geography were my strong points.

From the age of 13 to 15 I had an easy time, I spent my time fishing. I supplied our household with fish both summer and winter and what we could not eat, I sold; but I did not spend my money, I saved it. If mother borrowed a coin, she had to pay it back with a larger one. Brought up on the seashore, I felt as safe in or on the water as I did on land. Sailing and swimming were my delight, I thought nothing of swimming a couple miles.

"Hammarslund" was an ideal place for a child to grow up. Father had planted an orchard around the house and it laid there like a gem among the hills and mountains, with a fine view over the bay, full of islands covered with birch and oak. The scenery along the shore was grand. It was a panorama of mountains with forests between, or valleys under cultivation. The soil in this community is as good as anywhere in Sweden.

The town Gamleby is located not far from the end of the bay which runs in from the Baltic sea. Gamleby is quite a seaport. At this time lumber was the main export, but of later years a new industry has flourished, namely, shipment of granite paving blocks.

During my 15th year of age I was confirmed, which in Sweden is not an easy task as it takes much studying. I had it in my head that as soon as I was confirmed I would go to sea and be a sailor. Nearly all the boys who grew up in and around the town took to the sea, but mother was against this for me, as it frequently happened that many were shipwrecked and drowned. It was decided that I should go to America and join father as soon as I was confirmed.

I was confirmed April 18, 1892, and on the following day, I departed for America in company with a young man of our neighborhood who also wished to emigrate. Mother went with me to the station, and she gave me much advice so I would not go astray, or get in bad company.

I did not have the anguish that father described the first time he immigrated, but this was different, I was going to my father and I knew I would be taken care of. I remember well how difficult it was for father to leave mother and me when he left for America in the spring of 1888. I was along to the station. I leaned against the wall and cried, father tried to comfort me, but he was choked with tears and could not talk.

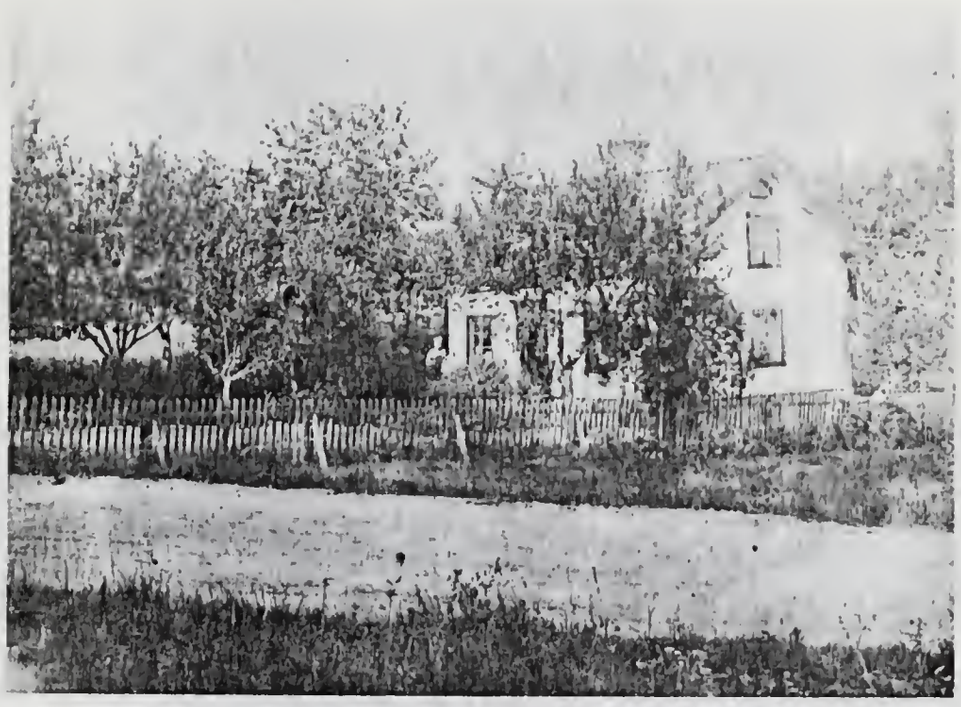
I was just 15 years old and it was new to me to be away from home, but I had company and soon became acquainted with other fellow immigrants. I enjoyed the journey immensely, especially the voyage, water always attracted me. The ocean liner was an old ship, "City of Berlin," that used sails for auxiliary power. Sails hereafter were soon entirely done away with. It took us ten days to cross the ocean, but I did not care, it was a treat to me.

We arrived in Chicago May 10th, an expressman with one horse took us and our baggage from the Polk Street R. R. Station to my partner's sister's home at 53rd and Wentworth Avenue. We sat on top of our baggage and I remember that boys along the street called us "greenhorns." It was the first English word that I learned, it was also the first word for my father.

A card was sent to my father and he came on the 12th, and after a two day visit in Chicago, we went to Elgin. My father already had a job waiting for me in a harness shop, where I started to work for two dollars per week, a week being 59 hours. Father thought it would be better for me to learn a trade where I could be inside and not be like him, and have to be outside in all kinds of weather. And so I had started to earn my first dollar. I did not like harness-making, so I quit this job in the fall and began to work for the Elgin National Watch Co. as errand-boy for 50¢ per day. I stayed there until spring, 1894. The great panic started in 1893, and I was soon working only three days a week, my wages had been raised to 60 cents a day, so this made $1.80 per week. I quit and went to Chicago, but could not find work, came back to Elgin and got a job in a machine shop, but without pay (apprenticeship). It gave me a start and has helped me to the extent that I am perhaps a little better off than the average Swede who has immigrated to this country.

I held my job as apprentice one year, the last part of the year I received 50 cents per day. It was a hard job, I worked from 12 to 15 hours a day, and often Sundays, but I liked it. In the spring of 1895 I went to another machine shop where I received 75 cents per day. I was now paying $2 a week for board and room to my mother and I bought my own clothing. About this time I started my first bank account and deposited one dollar a week regularly. Remember, these years were in the panic years that started in 1893 and everything was inexpensive.

The bicycle was quite popular in this era, everybody owned one, and shops that made bicycles were booming, for a fact it was the only



BIRTHPLACE of CARL FRANK CARLSON in 1877

"Hammarslund" as it appeared in 1900, the English translation would be Hammerers-grove or the place where the "forge-man" lived. A Swedish friend of the writer who came from GAMLEBY in 1928 informs us that his brother resides in Hammarslund which is now a small settlement. Our friend also attested to the splendid scenery and the appeal of the waters of Gamleby bay.

"Hammarslund" is located one mile north and east of the city of GAMLEBY near the end of the long bay which extends from the Baltic Sea at Westervik. Before the home was completed in 1873 by Carl Johan Andersson, his third wife, Maja, died; they had married in 1867. The youngest daughter, Clara, now cared for her father until his passing in 1875, her brother, Carl August, returned from Chicago to assist during the last six months of their father's worldly existence.

GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON in 1876 wrote his brother, Carl August, to buy the property for him in preparation for his return to Sweden with his wife, Christine, whom he had wed in Chicago in 1872. They owned "Hammarslund" for 17 years.

A son, CARL FRANK CARLSON, was born in 1877, his father worked at masonry construction during these years but was dissatisfied with the savings from his labor. In spring of 1888 GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON returned alone to Chicago; being able to accumulate a sum of money during the next two summers, he returned to Sweden in November of 1889 where he again worked at his trade. Finding that conditions had not changed for the better, he decided to again seek his fortune in America.

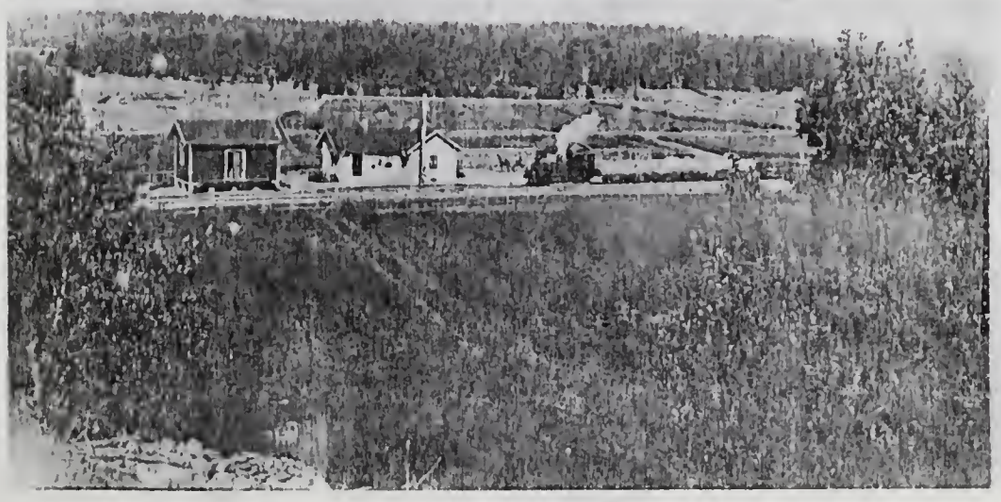
Again GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON returned alone to Chicago in May, 1891, a month later an acquaintance offered him work in Elgin, 35 miles west of the big city. In May of 1892, his son, CARL FRANK, age 15, left Sweden to join his father in Elgin, his mother, Christine, remained at "Hammarslund" in anticipation of their return. In 1893, Christine sold their home to join her husband and son in Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

CHURCH at GAMLEBY in 1900 where Carl Frank Carlson was confirmed in 1892, on the left is the school he attended. In the churchyard is the burial places of Jaen Djerf and his wife, Sara. Of the three men sitting on the fence, Carl Frank Sandgren (cousin of Frank Carlson) sits on the left.

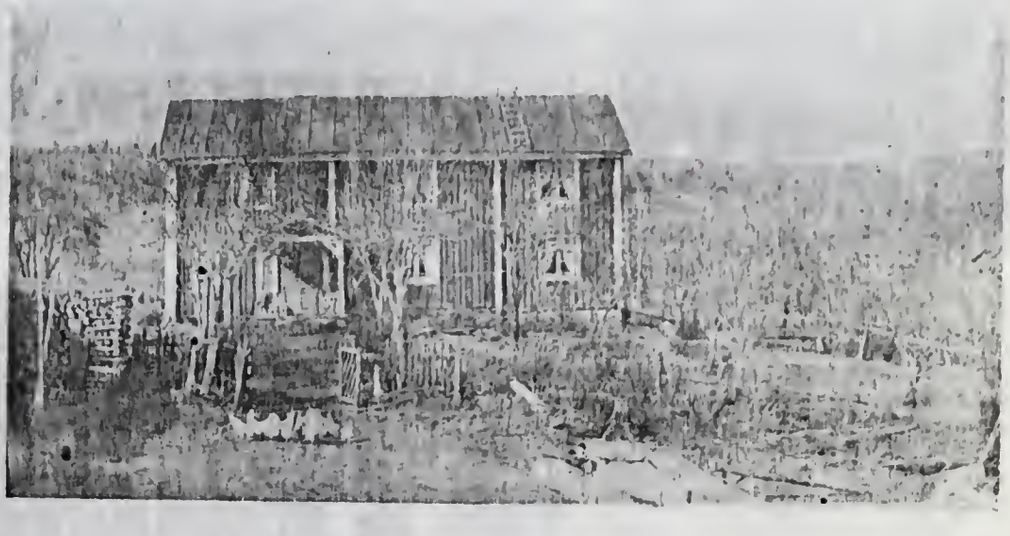
Portrait on left is Carl Frank Carlson at age 16. Photo was made at Elgin, Illinois. He had left Sweden the day after his confirmation. At this age he began his apprenticeship as a machinist, working without pay.

Above: May 1900 - THE HONEYMOON, taken by the groom, Carl Frank Carlson. Standing near center of deck is Alfrida, his bride of two weeks. Ship operates daily on North Sea crossing between England and Scandinavia. Honeymoon visit lasted five years.

Below: Harsjon railway station near Westra Ryd



The INGMAN ISAKSSON farmstead at Westra Ryd; note the well with rope and windlass.



Below:
Picking potatoes on the ISAKSSON farm.

Above:
INGMAN ISAKSSON and wife, Berta (Bengts-daughter), with two daughters, Olivia and Albetina. From this union 8 daughters survived, namely: Alfrida, Anna, Ella, Mathilda, Augusta, Albetina, all emigrated to Chicago and Elgin. Olivia and Ida married and remained near their birthplace. Picture made about 1895.

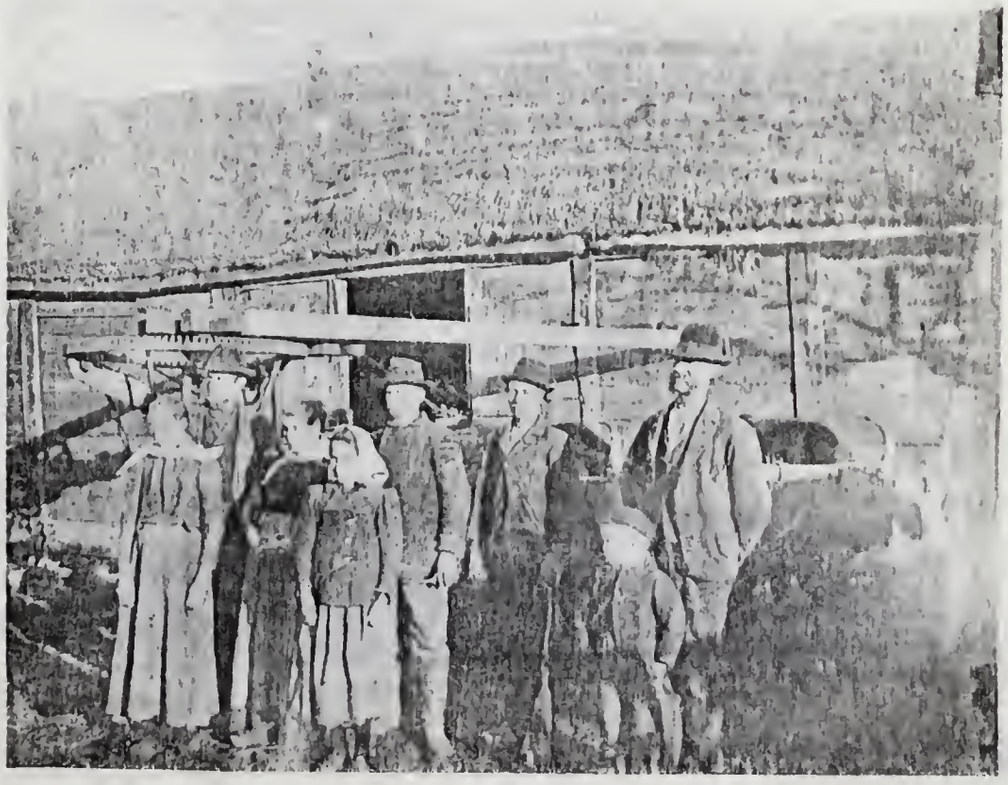
Left:
INGMAN ISAKSSON at entrance of their home. We reverently visualize him in his prime as being the Swedish version of America's "Stonewall Jackson." Picture made in 1900 at age 65. Ingman passed on in 1911, three weeks after his wife.

1900, Grist Mill and Sawmill operated by water power supplied by mountain stream called "Lila Silpinge." It was owned by BROR PETERSSON mentioned in the family group below, he became known as "Bror Miller." The saw mill is still in use; a son, Bertil, and wife operate a general store from their home here at Westra Ryd.

1900, INGMAN ISAKSSON and family including sons-in-law and children. Back row: Mr. and Mrs. Isaksson and youngest daughter, Albetina. Center: Lady with large hat is daughter, Alfrida, her husband, Frank, is standing beside her. Front: Group seated on ground on left is daughter, Olivia, and her husband, Bror Petersson the miller, on his lap is their son, Joel; Olivia is holding a daughter, Goldie. The other group seated in the foreground is daughter, Ida, and husband, Olof Jonsson, on his lap is Otto, next to their mother are daughters, Alma and Blenda. The other four Isaksson daughters were in America.

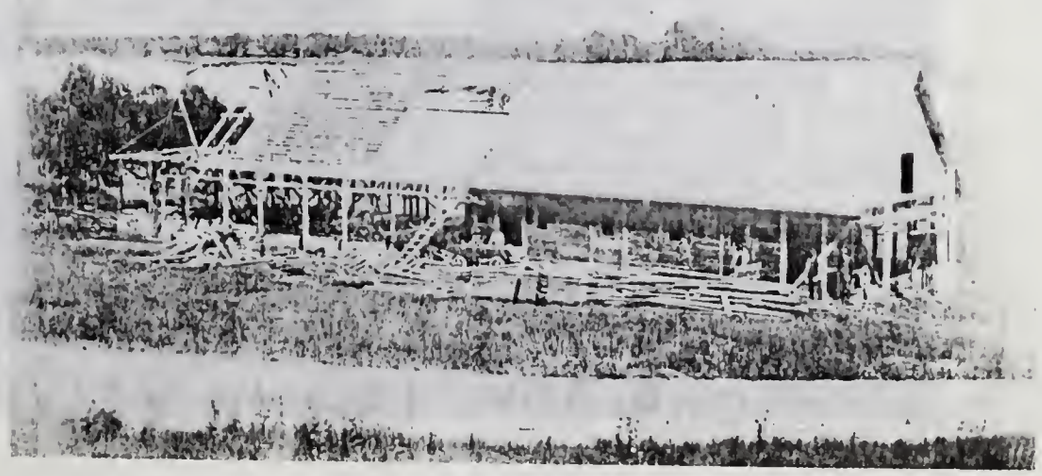
Above: Placing bundles of grain in "shocks" to dry, man on left is Ingman Isaksson, lady with hat is his daughter, Alfrida.

Below: "THE THRESHERS" on Isaksson farm in 1900 using perhaps one of the first mechanical devices; a yoke of oxen communicates power to a shaft extending into the barn where revolving flails separated the kernels from the straw. Partly hidden behind the girl in front is Mrs. Frank (Alfrida) Carlson who is expecting her first child. Note all but one is wearing wooden shoes, the old barn with thatched roof was torn down in 1904.



Above: "THE BUILDERS" on home at GAMLEBY, attention is called to heavy construction by number of men required. Men on high scaffold carry heavy hammers, man at right at second floor level holds mattock for shaving boards and timbers to fit.

Below: 1904 - Westra Ryd. Barn being built for Frank Carlson, note his oxen hitched to wagon under ladder. Lumber for construction and stone for foundation came from farm.



Westra Ryd and the ISAKSSON farm as seen from the high rocky terrain to the rear. Farm home is building on left in center of picture, barn is across road in front of house and is obscured from view. Note the stone fence surrounding the field.

Below: New owner, CARL FRANK CARLSON, surveying the fertile fields from vantage point on his farm.

Above: Frank Carlson on left sailing with friend in harbor at Kalmar.
Below: Hilma, daughter of John August and Clara Anderson, newly married to Gustaf Carlson (1900).

industry that was not down and out. In the fall of 1895, I went to Chicago and secured a job in a shop that made machinery for bicycle manufacturing. I now received 15 cents per hour and one and one-half for overtime. This was a busy place, I worked 13 hours a day and 8 hours on Sunday; I thought I was going to get rich in a hurry, but it did not last long. In January I took sick and had to go home to Elgin. I was hardly able to stagger home after I got off the train. I went to bed and stayed there four weeks. I had typhoid fever and believe it came near to proving fatal. I think this disease is much to blame for the ills I have suffered ever since.

I do not believe it is necessary to repeat what my father has already written about me. I was perhaps a little wild from my 20th year up until I got married, but I was careful with my money. At the age of 23 when I married, I had $400 saved; it was considered quite a sum of money at that time. Wages were low, the best mechanics were not earning more than 30 cents per hour.

On my 21st birthday I invited my friends to my home and had a celebration; mother had met Alfrida Engman and asked her to come. We played games and danced. Alfrida seemed to pay particular attention to me, but I had another girl and thought nothing of it. I had seen Alfrida a few times some years before, I had met her first right after she came across from Sweden in 1893. The last few years she had been working in Chicago, but had been advised to leave Chicago on account of rheumatism. She had been working close to Lake Michigan and the doctor blamed the dampness from the lake for her condition. She then came to Elgin to her sister, Mrs. Smithberg. After recovering from the rheumatism, she worked as cook at the Elgin State Hospital for a wage of $30 a month, this was a high wage for a girl. We met occasionally and went bicycle riding together, as the bicycle was just as popular then as the automobile is now.

Our friendship developed into love and she was soon my steady girl. We decided to get married and go to Sweden for a wedding trip. We were married at Geneva, Illinois, May 1, 1900, and on the 3rd we departed for Sweden. We arrived at Alfrida's parents' home in Westra Ryd, May 16th. We intended to go back to America in the fall, but Alfrida was pregnant and unwilling to undertake a journey back. She was afraid of the hardships in traveling, and besides her parents urged us to stay and buy their farm. I had helped my father-in-law with the farm work during the summer and I thought I would like farming and father-in-law promised to help and advise me. I hesitated, but finally decided to buy the farm. I wrote to my father and he promised to help me with money.

In January, 1901, we bought the farm, I was young and inexperienced and trusted my father-in-law. However, I soon found that I had paid too much. On account of this, my affection for him cooled. Mother-in-law was just the opposite, she was kind and good-hearted and did all she possibly could for us and I respected and liked her in return.

Financially this was a bad deal. Alfrida and I had $600 together, this we lost, besides nearly five years time. The money I had received from my father I returned to him, but in the process he also lost both time and wages. He sold his household goods in the United States and spent considerable money traveling back and forth.

But looking at it from another side, Alfrida and I were young and in good health. During those five years we were always hard up for money, but just the same it was the happiest years of our union. There in Westra Ryd, our three boys were born.

What anguish before our first child was born. When Alfrida first felt labor pains, I hustled off to get the midwife; I had a horse and a spring-wagon waiting, it was late in the night, pitch dark and misty. In my haste I did not even take a lantern along and I could not see two feet ahead, but just the same I drove like mad. It was a six mile drive, and fortunately I found the midwife home, but she made no haste, she had some household duties she had to attend to first. I nearly lost my patience but I later learned I had not needed to be in such a hurry. Poor Alfrida, she was sick three days before the baby came. How I worried! I wanted to call a doctor, but the midwife then threatened to leave us. Finally when the baby was born, it was a boy. Why I did, I do not know, but I broke down into tears.

Our first baby was born April 10, 1901, and christened Ingvar Reinhold; the name Ingvar was chosen because it was in the Swedish almanac for the date of April 10th, and it also resembled my father-in-law's first name, Ingeman. Reinhold was chosen because of my father's first name being the same. We lived happily, little Ingvar had a great appetite and a mother who was capable of supporting him. He grew like a weed, but Ingvar soon had to learn to get along without his mother's breast; he was weaned in his tenth month as we had another baby coming.

On June 4, 1902, our second son was born. My parents were notified and father suggested that we name our new baby Axel Fritjof. My father read Tengner's poetry of old Scandinavian history, and I think that is where he took the names Axel and Fritjof.

My parents came to us just before Christmas, 1903, with the intentions to also make Westra Ryd their future home. Father had previously written about coming, but in his last letters he was of the opinion that he ought to stay in the U. S. another year as wages were higher than ever before, and work was plentiful.

By this time I realized that our farming venture was a failure; perhaps the farming was allright, but I was tired of Sweden and wanted to go back to America. I thought father would stay another year in America and I would sell if possible, but father changed his mind and the first thing I knew, they wrote that they had sold most of their furniture and were com-

ing. It was then too late to stop them and I thought that perhaps it would work out allright.

They came, but neither of us liked it, father only stayed over the winter. In the spring he went back to the U. S., but came back to Sweden again about New Years, 1905. I tried to sell during father's absence, but without success, but in January we succeeded. We had built a new barn and made other improvements. We held an auction sale, and on February 20, 1905, we left Westra Ryd, I hope forever, as my father has said.

On December 23, 1904, our third son was born; he was a healthy big baby just like his brothers. Alfrida had just gotten on her feet when father came back from America.

Father suggested that we should name the newcomer August, from father's brother. I said allright, and we will add Ernest from my brother; that is how it happened that our third son was christened Ernest August.

As above mentioned, we left Westra Ryd February 20th, my father, mother, myself and our oldest son, Ingvar Reinhold; Ingvar was now almost four. Alfrida with the other two boys were left with Alfrida's parents as we thought the babies were too young to take out in the middle of the winter. Anyway I had no money, if they had gone along, father would have had to pay for their tickets.

After our arrival in Elgin, I started to work for the Star Watch Case Co. at a wage of 22 1/2 cents per hour. I now had to save money so I could send for Alfrida and the two children, and also for furniture. I did not have to pay board for myself and Ingvar as we lived with my parents, so I soon had saved enough money to pay for their tickets.

Alfrida with the two children arrived here in good health on May 27, and so we again were united. I had rented a small cottage at 656 Wing Street, and bought enough furniture so we could get along. We economized and saved, we had nothing, but we thought that if we only could keep our health, we would in a few years have a home of our own. Alfrida helped by doing washing for other people now and then.

The following year, 1906, we moved with the Star Watch Case Co. to Ludington, Michigan. My wages had now increased to 30 cents per hour. The next year, 1907, I bought a home for $1400; I had $550, but I had not saved all of that; about $150 was from the auction sale we held in Sweden. This money I had much trouble to collect, likely the auctioneer thought I could not reach him in Sweden. After writing several times without getting an answer, I turned it over to the Swedish counsel to collect; it did not take long before the money came.

I did not keep this home very long, my health seemed to be failing and I thought it better to move back to Elgin where we had our relatives.

I sold for $1600; I had added a bathroom that cost $100. I did not go back to Elgin. The Case Co. induced me to stay and raised my wages to 35 cents per hour. In the fall of 1908, I bought another house for $950, now I had money saved so I paid cash. It was a nice cottage with six rooms. It was new and had electric lights, but no bath or city water, but had a pump in the kitchen. It was considered quite modern.

We were now getting along nicely, my wages were higher and we had a boarder (Andy Swanson), that helped a little, he had been with us for three years. Alfrida took in washings which also helped. Our boys were growing and in splendid health, but it was not so with me. The first winter in Ludington I commenced to feel that my health was failing. At Christmas time I went to Elgin to visit my folks; it was bitter cold and before I was across Lake Michigan, I was sick. I was hardly able to be on my feet but I managed to get to Elgin, when there I could hardly get to the street car from the depot.

I had a severe cold, but recovered in a few days, it left me with a cough that I never got over, even now after 25 years I have the same cough. I coughed all that winter, but thought that when summer comes with warm weather I would get rid of it, but it did not leave. I began to believe I had contracted tuberculosis. In the fall my breathing became wheezy, and respiration was difficult at times; my cough had developed into asthma. A doctor advised me to take a vacation and go to Colorado to see if a change of climate would help.

I left Ludington February 9, 1909, for Denver, Colorado, with the intention to stay and bring my family there if the climate should prove to be beneficial. I had taken our youngest son, Ernest, with me on the trip and left him at Elgin with my parents. I stayed in Elgin two days before I continued on to Denver.

I arrived in Denver late at night. I met a man on the train who lived there; he offered me a room, so I went with him. I stayed there one week when I found a Swedish boarding house and moved there. I paid $5.25 a week for board and room, the room I shared with another man.

The asthma eased slightly, but I did not get rid of it. I did not thrive in Denver, I was lonesome and homesick. I have always been a poor mixer socially, and so did not make any acquaintances. I walked all over the city, saw everything worth seeing that did not cost anything, I had to be careful with my money. I spent much time at the public library and Y.M.C.A. When weather permitted, I would sit for hours on the steps of the Capital building writing long letters home to my dear ones. Times were not good in Denver and there was no work to be had in my trade, it seemed that business in the west had not recovered from the hard times of 1907.

On the 16th of March, I left Denver and arrived in Elgin the next day. Undoubtedly the vacation had done me some good, I had been out in the air and sunshine almost every day; my face was tanned and I had a healthy appearance. I stayed in Elgin until the 20th, then little Ernest and I returned to Ludington. My parents had become attached to Ernest and wanted me to leave him with them but I could not spare him, I had been away from my family and I wanted to have them all around me.

I went back to my old job with the Star Watch Case Co. The asthma soon became worse than ever. I now nourished the idea that if I had a small farm I probably could make our living and at the same time maybe my health would be benefitted by working outside in the fresh air. There was much dry grinding to my work in the shop and I blamed my asthmatic condition to the breathing of the fine grinding dust.

In the fall of 1909, I bought a 35 acre farm, one mile east and 1/4 mile north of Ludington. The price was $2700. In the sale was included what tools there were, also one horse, two cows and about 60 chickens, and about 500 fruit trees. These were of a poor variety which I later found out when I shipped the fruit. Fifteen acres of the farm were cleared and under cultivation, the other 20 were mostly covered with a second growth of white pine, beech and birch, and plenty of old pine stumps, a reminder of the old lumbering days in the locality.

I had no money, but was fortunate to sell my house in town quickly with a $100 profit, I received $1100 for it. I wrote to father and asked him to loan me all he could spare, he sent $700. This money he loaned me with the understanding that he did not want it back unless he should need it. He never needed it, so I have neither paid principle or interest.

We moved to our new home on Thanksgiving day as on that day I could help without laying off from work. It was a dirty place, a Bohemian family having lived there without ever making an attempt at cleaning. Alfrida was at that time in good health and full of ambition, she soon had the place spick-and-span. My parents came and stayed with us over the winter. I continued in the shop. My father with the horse brought me to and from the shop. A work day was 10 hours.

It started to snow on Thanksgiving day, the day we moved, and we did not see the ground again until the middle of March. We had much snow that winter, at times it was difficult to get the horse out to the road from the barn. It snowed almost every day, it was said that it had snowed some every day for 90 days. In the month of March the following year I quit my job. My parents had been with us through the winter, they went home to Elgin. I was hopeful, I thought that I surely would be able to make a living off the farm. We had about 350 apple trees, some plums, a few pear, cherry and peach trees, all old enough to yield a fair crop; there was also a patch of strawberries, perhaps 1/2 acre. I intended to go into truck gardening; I would have vegetables, berries, fruit, milk and eggs to sell.

The first thing I did was to get a hotbed started for growing early plants. I studied all the farm literature that I could find, pruned and sprayed the fruit trees. Work that we could not do was done by a neighbor across the road whom we hired. Our boys were going to school 1/4 mile from home. During the month of April the weather turned warm and in the first week of May the fruit trees were in full bloom; it turned cold and everything froze, that year we did not get an apple from our trees.

I planted tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, etc., which we peddled from house to house, I soon grew tired of this and then sold direct to the stores; prices were so low, we realized little for our work. We had strawberries which we sold as low as 75¢ per crate of 16 quarts; after paying for the crate and 1¢ a quart for picking, the profit was nothing. The market for cherries and plums was also small. We sold eggs and milk, we had but two cows. The boys had to work after school and during vacation to keep out the weeds, we all worked hard. Alfrida worked during the day in the field and did her housework at night. Automobiles had not as yet become popular, so there were many horses in town and fertilizer was free for the hauling away. The boys hauled manure from several barns every Saturday.

The bank held a $900 mortgage against the farm and I was obligated to pay interest and a small amount on the principal monthly. As far as I can remember we were always able to meet our payments during the summer, but when winter came we had nothing to sell but a few quarts of milk a day. My health improved much, and by fall I was almost rid of the asthma.

I decided to go back to the shop. I had been working on the die job in the machine room, but now got a job on general machinist work which I liked much better. My pay was 30¢ per hour but I soon received an increase to 35¢, I worked 10 hours a day and received $21.00 a week. I thought this was big pay as it was more than I had ever earned before and I was very happy.

Next we decided to move the house to higher ground as in the spring we were bothered with water in the basement. I wrote my father about this trouble and we excavated for a new basement on a knoll about 150 feet south from the old site. We hired a house mover to help move the house. Father also built on a kitchen and bathroom. He worked all winter with the help of a hired man.

My parents stayed with us all that winter, father went back to Elgin the following spring when his work as a mason would open. There was plenty of work around the farm for me to do in my spare time; water had to be piped from the windmill to the new location. We installed a large tank over the kitchen that by gravity would supply water to the kitchen, bathroom and laundry in the basement. I put in a hot water tank and connected it with the cookstove. Although my father did the work gratis, the building of the basement, kitchen and moving the house had been quite an expense,

I could not earn money fast enough. I had no money for bathroom fixtures, so I asked a friend to sign a note for $100, he refused and I have never since asked a private party for any favors of that kind. Although my father had loaned me $700, he again loaned me the needed $100, and so I got the fixtures.

We now had a modern home and the following year I had cement walks laid, also had the house interior papered and painted, and the exterior also painted and repaired. Ours was the most attractive home in the neighborhood. Spring came and I had to hire a man, I paid him $30 per month, this was quite a drain on my earnings. Again we planted garden truck, the weather was more favorable this spring and we had a fair crop of everything, but prices were so low that in shipping the fruit to Milwaukee we received only enough to pay for containers and freight.

We all worked, I worked when out of the shop and kept the boys busy until late in the evenings, which they seem to hold against me till this day. They say I was too hard on them, too much work and not enough play. But were they injured by hard work? I would say they were not. They were growing strong and robust and no one had healthier children. I have never had a doctor for them on account of illness up to this time, which I think is a record that few families can claim for their offspring.

I believe the first years on the farm were among the happiest of my life; I was in fairly good health and my wife also was very content. Although we had troubles at times, I believe those were my best years. On Sunday afternoons and sometimes during the week at night the boys and I would ride our bikes to the old swimming hole on the old Manistee road by the bridge that crossed the Lincoln River. How I enjoyed to see the boys taking their first strokes, I would be nearby watching and alert, ready to dive in and assist them if they should get exhausted or be in danger. Those are dear memories and tears come to my eyes when my thoughts wander back to those bygone days.

We all had bicycles and it was a lot of work to keep four in repair. When roads and weather permitted, I rode my bike to the shop and home for lunch, the distance was a little over two miles one way.

In the winter at times it was difficult to get back and forth to the shop on account of the deep snow. Sometimes it would take me over an hour to walk the two miles, at times the snow was so deep on the road that it was better to walk in the fields. It would storm at times so that it was almost impossible to see where I was going, but I was always on time at the shop, and I can truthfully say to my credit that I never have been late to work.

Our house was always open to our friends and they knew that they were welcome. Alfrida usually had a large supply of food on hand and could make a meal for a crowd without notice. She was especially adept

Above: 1905, Frank Carlson with sons, Axel and Ingvar, in Elgin after having spent 5 years on "honeymoon" in Sweden.

Below: "Happy Days Are Here Again." Axel, Ernest and Ingvar with their mother at home on Wing Street in Elgin.

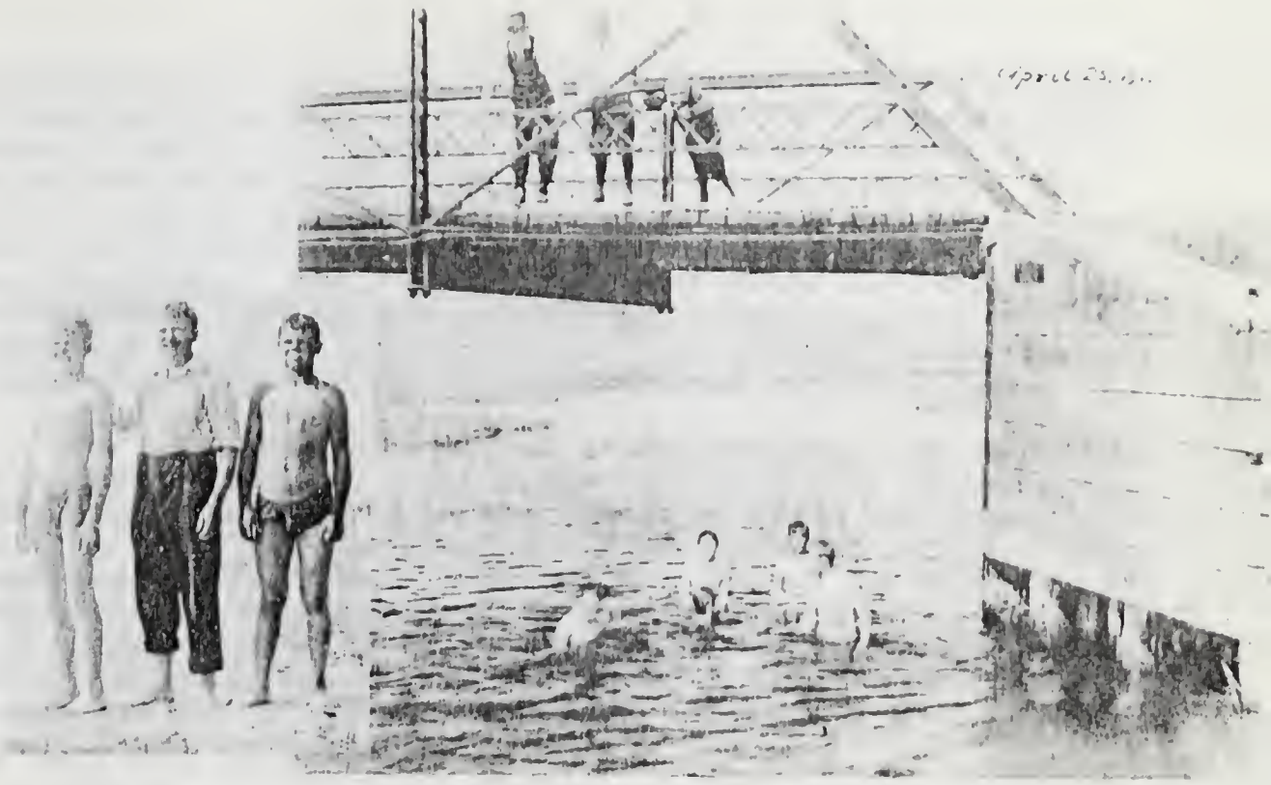
FRANK and ALFRIDA CARLSON
and sons, ERNEST, INGVAR and AXEL.
(daughter, Ruth, born 1917, in inset)
Portrait made in Ludington, 1907.

Farm home at Ludington, Michigan. Gustaf Carlson on left in group has come from Elgin to build a new barn for his son, Frank. Others in group are Bernt Johnson, a neighbor; Hjalmar Lidberg, boyhood friend of Frank Carlson, and fellow machinist at Star Watch Case Co. Three boys are Frank's sons.

Below:

The Carlson boys and their horse "Prince." Pictures from 1915.

Ingvar and Axel helping Mr. Johnson to clear land on Carlson farm. Large pine stumps remaining from previous logging operations were dynamited, these were then cut into chunks to fit heating stove; because of the pitch saturation, the fire was difficult to control.



THE OLE SWIMMING HOLE
at Lincoln River, one mile from farm.

at preserving fruit and in the fall of the year there would be 1,000 quarts of preserves in the fruitroom. In the fall of the year we would put in a supply of provisions; I remember buying as much as six barrels of flour at one time and we bought a 90 pound sack of oatmeal at a time. The boys had oatmeal and milk for breakfast almost every morning, it is a good food for growing youngsters, it kept them in good health, full of vigor and energy. When I think of my own childhood and compare it with my children's, I can see a vast difference. I was always delicate, and mother had to urge me to eat; as long as I can remember my morning meal consisted of a cup of coffee and a couple slices of toasted bread.

The first few years on the farm were much alike, I kept on working in the shop and spent my money as fast as I earned it on improvements and paying off our debt. In summer I employed a man, and in the winters my father would come and spend most of the cold season with us. Mother would spend part of the summer with us too, she was full of ambition and would help keep the weeds out of the truck garden and berry patches, and lend a hand picking fruit. We raised considerable fruit, berries and vegetables, but prices were low and we realized little for our labor. Our best income was from the milk, though this did not amount to much, it was a steady income the year around.

The winter of 1914 my father was again with us. He built two rooms for us in the attic by building gables on the roof, we also put a new roof on the house; I now had the house complete. Now I wanted a new barn, the old one was in poor condition and too small, so I had the pine trees in the wooded section of our farm cut down and sawed into lumber. This made 6,304 board feet. The following winter my father built the new barn, I now had fine new buildings. I cleared 7 acres of land that had been pasture, this was an expensive job as the land was full of old pine stumps that had to be dynamited and dug out by hand.

Each year I bought more berry bushes and fruit trees to plant, all the money I earned I put into the farm. The workday remained the same at the shop (10 hours), my wages were increased, I was now earning $25 per week. At this time I noticed that Ingvar liked music, he had a mouth organ on which he played some of the old time songs. I decided to give him a trial at music and so bought an inexpensive violin and had a friend in town give him lessons; he seemed to do well. I soon bought a better violin and had all three boys taking lessons, this gave me much pleasure.

The boys were now going to school in town, in summer they rode bicycles, in winter they had to walk. On Saturdays it was their duty to haul manure from town.

On June 13, 1914, Alfrida gave birth to a baby boy at the hospital in Ludington. We named the baby, Oscar, he appeared to be a healthy and normal baby, but on the 16th I was called to the hospital, Oscar was sick, he breathed with difficulty, and at times he stopped for a whole

minute. Each time I thought he had died, but breathing would begin again. I was called to the hospital at 5:00 a.m., Oscar passed on at 12:30 p.m. This was a sad experience, we had wanted another child; in a few years our boys would be grown up and we would be left alone.

We buried little Oscar in the Ludington Cemetery on the 17th. Alfrida had a hard time during the pregnancy, especially the latter half, she was abnormally large and her limbs were swollen. The doctor said that rheumatism had weakened her heart. Alfrida remained at the hospital until the 27th; my mother was with us and helped with the household. Times were not so good now, I was working five days a week, eight hours a day, it looked like we were going to have another period of hard times. This continued until the latter part of 1915, then we had our factory time increased to 10 hours a day, and after New Years to full time, which was 59 hours a week. In Europe World War was now in action and it had to be credited for the times getting better in this country.

My health had been failing for some time, the asthma had come back and my nose was bad. I took treatments from a specialist, but he seemed to do more harm than good; I lost the sense of smell and I was in a miserable condition. I could stand it no longer and as it seemed I could get no help from local practitioners, I decided to go to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to the State University hospital in the hope that I could get permanent relief and have my sense of smell restored. How I hated to leave home, but it had to be done. I left home on the evening of January 31, 1916, and arrived at Ann Arbor the next morning. It was so crowded at the hospital that I did not get in until February 7th, the same day I got the right side of my nose operated on. Local anesthetic was used and it was quite an ordeal to go through, it made me quite sick for a few days.

On the 10th occurred a little incident that is a dear memory to me; in my mail I received a letter from son, Axel, with a one dollar bill enclosed, he wrote that he had sent me his only bone.

On the 18th I had the left side operated on, this was even worse than the right side, and again I had to go to bed. On the 23rd I was told that I could go home, so I left for home the same day. I now thought that I was fixed up for life as the hospital of the State University of Michigan had the reputation of having as good doctors as can be found anywhere in the country. Although my nose was not healed and my eyes were sore, I started to work on the 28th. My nose seemed to heal very slow, my eyes were still weak and I had a cough, then a pain developed in my right ear and got so severe that I had to stay home from work. I walked the floor night and day holding my head; I decided not to doctor with the local doctors, but went back to Ann Arbor on the 17th of March.

At the hospital I was put to bed, my ear was packed with medicated cotten, I got medicine to take every 15 minutes. An ice pack was placed on my ear. This was continued for three days, when it was announced

that I was out of danger. I remained in the hospital until April 5th. I had during my stay there also received treatment for my nose. The doctor wanted me to stay longer, but Alfrida had written she was not well and I was needed at home.

At the University Hospital treatment was free, the fee for the hospital was two dollars a day. I belonged to two sick benefit societies, so I received enough money to pay my expenses. It took several weeks before I got over the operation, my throat was sore and I had a hard cough, but my head finally cleared up and I was feeling much better. I now thought that I had received permanent relief, little did I know that after a couple of years it would be the same thing over again. My sense of smell came back at times, but only to disappear again.

Our troubles were not over, Alfrida had again inflammatory rheumatism, her feet were so swollen and tender at times that she had to stay in bed. I worked hard these days, I worked on the land with the boys when home from the shop, I did our washing at night, the boys were now so big that they did the chores in the barn in the morning. On May 20, 1916, time at the shop was set to 55 hours a week with no cut in wages, we received 60 hours pay, which made $25 per week.

On May 22, 1916, Ingvar wore his first long trousers, he was a man now, he was confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Church June 11th. He was a fine looking young man now and took a great pride in his appearance, always wanting to be dressed nice and neat. Alfrida's rheumatism continued and spread to other parts of her body. We found that her tonsils were bad and we decided to have them removed. I took her to the hospital one morning, her condition was such that she could not without assistance get in or out of the buggy. She was operated on and I took her home the same day. She did not seem to mind the operation much, although her throat was very sore. One foot was so sore and swollen that she could not stand on it, but had the knee on a chair and by moving the chair with her, she managed to get around.

The removal of her tonsils helped, after a couple of days the swelling started to go away and before long her feet were back to normal and the rheumatism gone. Apparently it was her tonsils that had caused the trouble.

This summer we were not going to have a hired man, the boys were big and able. When we had more work than we could handle, I could hire a neighbor temporarily.

Alfrida'a parents in Westra Ryd, Sweden, are dead, she inherited $190, with this I paid off the last of the mortgage. So in the summer of 1916, I had $400 to my credit in the bank. I had been working hard at the shop and I wanted a vacation, I also needed to be at home, so I quit my job with the Star Watch Case Co. on August 19th. Although we raised

considerable garden truck, fruit and berries, etc., returns were poor from the still low prices. I now had five cows, they brought a steady income, and I had a good crop of hay from the new land that I had cleared.

Alfrida was now pregnant again. Towards the last she could not lie down in bed but had to sit up to be able to breath; again I wrote mother to come and help us.

We had a lot of snow that winter and toward spring the roads became almost impassable. The snow laid so deep on the roads that after a thaw it softened and would not hold up the horse. I was afraid that in an emergency I could not bring Alfrida to the hospital or get a doctor out to the farm. On Sunday morning, March 11th, it had froze hard enough so that the snow held the horse up; we thought it best to take Alfrida to the hospital and that she remain there until time of delivery, she would receive better care there than we were able to give her at home. Our Lutheran minister, Reverend Carl Benander, visited her one day at the hospital and offered to take her to his home which she gladly accepted. She was with the Benander family for two weeks. There she became more cheerful and I am grateful to Reverend Benander for what he did for us.

At the hospital, on the 11th of April, 1917, 8:58 a.m., Alfrida gave birth to a baby girl. I received a telephone message and hurried to the hospital, when I got there the baby had already arrived. Alfrida saw me coming into the room and said joyfully, "I fooled you this time." I had many times teased her that it made no difference how many children we would have, they would all be boys. Fact was, we had not expected a girl, and when the doctor made out his report and asked for the baby's name, we were undecided. After a little discussion, Alfrida said she wanted our daughter to be called Ruth, and I gave her the name Ingeborg. My father had said that if he had another daughter, he would give her that name. I thought now he could at least have a granddaughter by that name.

Everything seemed to be normal, the doctor left and I stayed until noon when I went home with the intention of coming back in the evening. When I arrived home there was a telephone message waiting that I was wanted at the hospital at once. I hurried back. Alfrida had had a hemorrhage and was so weak that she could barely whisper. They had placed a chair under the foot of the bed and I thought that this was a most uncomfortable position as Alfrida laid at least two feet lower with her head than with her feet.

The next day, though very weak, she seemed to rest comfortably, but in the evening I noticed that her hands and face were swollen and that she had difficulty in breathing.

On the morning of the 13th I noticed that the swelling had increased. The foot of the bed had not been lowered. I came back in the evening, it appeared to me that she was sleeping, I did not want to awaken her, so

After the funeral rites in Elgin for Augusta (Engman) Swanson, November 1915. From left: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smithberg of Elgin, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Anderson of Granada, Minn.; Mr. August Swanson, the bereaved husband, and Mrs. Frank Carlson of Ludington, Mich. The sisters are the Ingman Isaksson daughters from Westra Ryd.

Below:

July 4, 1913. Family reunion held in Elgin. Seated (from left) are three Engman sisters, Augusta, Alfrida and Mathilda, their husbands stand directly behind them. Mrs. G. R. Carlson and husband are on the right. The little girl is Helen Smithberg, sitting beside her mother, Mathilda. The boys are sons of Alfrida and Frank Carlson. From left: Axel, age 11, Ernest 9, and Ingvar 12.

Mathilda (Engman), married to Charles Smithberg, had two children, a son Albin, and daughter Helen. For reasons of health, Mr. Smithberg was forced to sever his employment at the watch company where after 1913 he purchased a going jewelry business in St. Charles which he operated for many years.

Augusta (Engman), married to August Swanson of Elgin. They had four children, two sons moved to Chicago, both girls married at Granada, Minnesota...Mabel to a Bert Entwistle, a farmer...Bertha to a business man, Edward Anderson. Augusta died at Granada November 27, 1915, while visiting the Ed Andersons

August Swanson, a Chicago policeman, with his bride, Anna Engman (Ingman Isaksson daughter). Note change of name when girls came to this country. Anna died in February, 1901, leaving a tiny daughter, Florence, who married a Mr. Morris about 1925, they live at Downers Grove, Ill.

Ella (Engman), sister of Anna, and others with her husband, Victor Anderson, at this time they worked on a farm near Hampshire, Ill., but later moved to Granada, Minnesota. 12 children were born to this union, 7 daughters are living today. Of 5 sons only one reached maturity.

sat down beside the bed. It seemed queer to me that Alfrida threw her head from side to side and complained that it was so warm in the room. She said several times in Swedish, "det ar so varmt harinne." A nurse came in and felt her pulse and asked her how she was feeling and Alfrida answered, "Allright, I guess." They were her last words and not more than ten or fifteen minutes before she breathed her last. The nurse left, but I became suspicious that something was wrong, I felt of her body, she was cold up to her waist, I opened her eyes, they were set, I called her name but she did not answer, but she was still breathing. She opened one eye and seemed to look at me, then she turned her head to the right, a few more breaths and it was all over. I looked at my watch, it was 7:30, I hurried to get the nurse, she came with the head nurse, they brought stimulants, which, of course, were to late.

After Alfrida's death, I went to our pastor, Carl Benander, and then to town and engaged an undertaker. I tried to send a telegram to my parents in Elgin but the office was closed. When I came home all were in bed; I called the boys downstairs and told the sad news. I don't want to go into detail further and describe our sorrow.

We had always thought of Elgin as our real home and I decided on burial there. Alfrida had been an active member of the Swedish Lutheran Church in Ludington and our pastor advised that she should have the usual burial ceremony at the church so it would give friends the opportunity to pay their last tribute. On April 16th, 3:00 p.m., we gathered at the church, it was nearly filled with people. The casket was covered with flowers, there were also flowers all around the altar. Pastor Benander gave a comforting sermon after which he invited us to his home for refreshments. At five o'clock we boarded the train for Elgin. The undertaker, Dorell, a personal friend, arranged everything and his charges were very reasonable, only $76.50, casket included.

We arrived in Elgin the next day at noon. Alfrida's sister, Mrs. Mathilda Smithberg, had arranged to have the funeral from her home. She had hired a minister and two singers, the service was short and I was very tired, it had been a constant strain for several months.

Two other sisters of Alfrida were present, Mrs. Victor (Elvira) Anderson of Granada, Minnesota, and Albertina of Batavia, Illinois. When the ceremonies were over at the Smithberg home, it did not take long with automobiles to drive to the Bluff City Cemetery (in Ludington the hearse was drawn by horses).

Alfrida was born in Westra Ryd, Blekinge, Sweden, February 9, 1875, she died April 13, 1917, her age was 42 years, 2 months and 4 days. I may here remark that her death occurred on Friday, the 13th. Time can perhaps dull the anguish of our bereavement, but the memory of my dear wife and mother of my children can never be erased.

GOD BLESS THIS MEMORY.

Alfrida was a good wife and mother, she was well balanced in her temperament, she seldom became very gay and she hardly ever showed any anger. But if I or the boys became ill, then she would not give herself any rest, but waited on us unreservedly and tried her utmost to make us comfortable. She was very ambitious and always busy, perhaps hard work shortened her life. I worked in town and had but little time at home. Alfrida worked on the farm during the day and did her housework at night; to my knowledge there was never a loaf of bread in our house that she had not baked.

We stayed in Elgin until Thursday, April 19th. We left Elgin at 9:15 a.m. and went by rail to Milwaukee, and from there took a boat across to Ludington where we arrived at 6:30 a.m. on Friday. The journey to Elgin we had made by rail. My mother went with us to keep house for us and to care for Ruth Ingeborg; Ruth was at the hospital and our first act was to bring her home. Mother was an expert in taking care of babies as she had for many years been a nurse on confinement cases.

It was springtime and we had got behind with our farm work so I had to get busy. I wanted to get everything in as good a condition as possible because I had decided to sell the farm. Mother was not strong at her age, and besides she had her own household, so I could not expect to have her with me for long. To hire a housekeeper who would also take care of the baby, I could not do; I wanted to sell. I went to a couple of real estate men; they had the place for sale for some time without results. Finally I advertised in a Chicago Swedish newspaper, I received a lot of inquiries and it kept me busy answering letters. A number of people came to look at the farm, but they had no money, some wanted to rent, others had but $500, one had $1,000, I was asking $5,000. Finally a widow from Duluth, Minnesota, came; she bid $4,000, and all cash, I accepted. I also sold her everything in the house except the linen. There were six rooms in the house all furnished. I sold very cheap, the buildings alone were worth all that I received. Had I waited six months or a year, it is likely that I could have sold for twice or perhaps three times the amount I received. The United States had now gone into the World War and in a short time prices increased enormously. But I was glad that the farm was sold and that I had the money, I was now free. I was tired of farming, perhaps by hard work I would have been able to make a living off the land, but it surely would have been a scant one. The land was poor and besides, I guess I was not cut out to be a farmer. I did not farm because I liked it, but because I thought that it would benefit my health.

Now what should I do with Ingvar and Axel, I could only take Ruth and Ernest with me to live in Elgin with my parents, how I hated to break up the family. Ingvar was 16 years old, big and strong for his age; he said that he was capable of taking care of himself, and without my knowledge he hired out to a farmer. I wrote to my brother-in-law, Victor Anderson of Granada, Minnesota, if he could give my son Axel a home if Axel would help with the chores around the farm, and at the same time let Axel

attend high school there. I received an answer to send him out. On June 20, 1917, I, my mother, Axel, Ernest and Ruth, left our old home; Ingvar drove us down to the boat, it was hard to leave him, but he wanted to stay, so I could do no different. We left Ludington at five o'clock in the evening and arrived in Elgin at 9:30 the next morning.

We had lived in Ludington eleven years, the best years of my life, I went there before I was 30 years old, and now I was over 40. It was a mistake to move there, my health broke down, and I never fully recovered. I sometimes think that it is a wonder that I am still alive considering all the suffering that I have gone through the last 25 years. I don't know how much the farm in Ludington cost me, I put all the money I earned into it, besides the money that father loaned me, also his labor in re-building both the house and barn. I think it is safe to say that I got only half of what it cost me.

On the 25th of June, I put Axel on a train for Granada, Minnesota, to my brother-in-law, Victor Anderson. Axel was only 15 years old, it was hard to part with him, and that night I prayed to God Almighty to guard and lead my boys, and that we some day would be re-united. Axel had that same spring been confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Church.

Ingvar wrote that he was not getting along so well, he had to work too hard, and that he was lonesome. He left his first job and hired out to our former neighbor, Ole Olson; he was now among friends and was more contented. On August 23rd, I went to Ludington to see Ingvar and to decide what should be done. He had been taught a lesson by experience, he was now a different boy, and how glad he was to see me. He was now willing to go to Elgin and we decided that as soon as I could find a job for him that he should come. I stayed in Ludington a few days visiting old friends, I made more friends there than in any other place.

On August 31st, I left Elgin to visit Axel and see how he was getting along. As I walked along the gravel road to the farm I saw Axel out in the field plowing with five horses; he was very much surprised to see me, he was not lonesome, but happy and contented. He had several cousins there who were about his own age. I stayed with my brother-in-law until September 11th, and enjoyed my visit very much.

On October 2nd, I started to work in the machine shop of the Illinois Watch Case Co., and I got a promise to get Ingvar in as an apprentice.

I wrote to Ingvar to come and he arrived in Elgin October 23rd. He looked well and strong and measured 5 feet 7 1/8 inches tall. I took him to the shop but he did not like it, and said that he did not want to work inside. I thought it best to let him have his way, but here I made another mistake, I should have insisted that he take the job and learn the machinist trade. On account of the war, wages were going up and labor was scarce. Axel had written to Ingvar to come to Minnesota, and Ingvar

decided to go there. He left October 30th, it was a bad move. He worked on different farms for about three years and accomplished nothing. If he had stayed with me he would have learned the machinist trade and earned good wages.

Axel was attending high school in Granada and in spare time helped with the farm work, but he did not like this arrangement as well as at first. Ernest was going to school, he had developed whooping cough, Ruth also got the cough and had very severe spasms. Ruth had under her grandmother's care been getting along very nicely; she weighed 17 pounds, had one tooth and had learned to crawl, this was the 28th of November. Ruth and Ernest had the cough most of the winter, Ernest not so hard but that he continued school. Ernest was taking lessons on the violin and was getting to be a good violinist.

It was a hard winter with much snow. Some mornings the street cars could not operate and I had to walk to the shop (over two miles); I did not like this, neither did I like the shop, and on January 14, 1918, I quit my job. Times were good and it was easy to find work, on account of the war men were scarce. I next went to work in a shop nearer home located at what is called the Fox River Switch. I was to receive 55¢ per hour and work 9 1/2 hours. This was more than I had received while with the Watch Case Co. Later we had the time increased to 10 1/2 hours and also worked on Sundays. It was heavier work than I was used to, mostly war materials, but I got along well and I liked my work. I received an increase in wages every month and when I left I was getting 85¢ per hour, the foreman offered me higher wages and at the end of the year a bonus.

At this time the war was at its height, this country was shipping men to France as fast as transportation would allow. There had been one draft after another, hardly a young man could be seen on the streets any more. On September 5th, a notice came that all men 18 to 45 years must register on September 12th, this included me.

On October 1st, I left the Steel Art Tool Co., things were not going just right and I thought it best to get out, the shop burned down a few weeks after I left.

On the same day that I quit, I started to work for the Elgin National Watch Co. I accepted a lower wage, 60¢ per hour and a 15% bonus, the bonus was to be paid at the end of the year. I was put to work on what is called the "Fine Tool Job," it was a big change to get on that kind of work as I was now accustomed to large and heavy work. But everything went well and I soon got acquainted with my work.

On November 11th, an armistice was signed, the war was over; all shops closed for the day, everybody went wild with joy, there was much noise-making and parading. Everybody was glad the war was over, but we were afraid that the good times would also be over, but to the contrary,

the times became even better. The work day was reduced from 9 to 8 hours, Saturday afternoon off with no reduction in pay. The bonus that had been 15% was increased to 25%. Later we were given an increase in wages of 25% and the bonus taken off, but a little later we were given another bonus of 5% which continued for several years. I was earning $46 per week for 44 hours work, not including the bonus.

When I came to this country in 1892, I was then 15 years old, my first job was in a harness shop, and my wage was $2 for 60 hours labor, later when I served as apprentice in a machine shop I worked without any pay for most of a year.

Ingvar and Axel came home from Minnesota for a visit at Christmas, 1918, and stayed over New Years, 1919. They were a picture of health and it was a big treat to be together again. Axel left his uncle and had been working for other farmers, he had also been digging ditches for tiling, earning over $5 per day. Ingvar had been working on a farm owned by a cousin. Ernest was going to school, but had during vacation and spare time worked in a grocery store. Ruth was growing fast and in good health; my father and mother were very much attached to her, they just lived for her father spent most of his spare time playing with her.

On May 1, 1919, I married Mrs. Sigrid Swanson (maiden name was Moren), she was born in Chicago, September 8, 1882. She had a mother, Christine Moren, and a daughter, Dorothy. Ernest and I moved to my wife's home. During our courtship Sigrid had been working as a practical nurse, after our marriage she worked for the Elgin National Watch Co., and later worked in a grocery store and continued there until Ingvar and Axel came back to Elgin to live with us. Sigrid is a good wife and companion and has been a great comfort to me in my many trials.

On November 6th, my mother sent for me; father was sick, he had been to work that morning. The work was on the outside, it rained and he became wet. After he came home he had a chill and mother put him to bed. I called a doctor and he announced that father had all the symptoms of pneumonia in both lungs. The first few days father did not seem very sick and we were hopeful that he would soon be well again, but on the night of the 11th he seemed to take a sudden turn for the worse, he lost consciousness early in the morning. The doctor gave him a hypodermic injection which put him to sleep from which he never awoke. At 11:45 a.m. he stopped breathing, he had passed on.

I had lost my father whom had done so much for me, and who I had given so little in return.

He had been in such good health that I thought he would live for many more years. Not long before his last sickness he made the remark that he was feeling just as good as when he was 25 years old. He had been blessed with good health, he had not consulted a physician for illness but once in almost 50 years.

On the 14th Ingvar and Axel came home for the funeral, they stayed until the 19th. Father was laid to rest on the 15th, the funeral was from our home, the home that he had built with his own hands.

--- Blessed be his remembrance ---

On the 5th of December I moved home to mother. I was to live upstairs with my family, Ernest and Ruth were to live downstairs. Sigrid continued to work, she had not been well for several months and was getting thin, she had ptomaine poisoning late in the fall and in bed for two weeks.

I bought a house for $1800, I thought that it was a bargain. I received $18 a month for rent, but soon had trouble with the tenant and decided to sell. This was not easy but I finally sold with a $100 profit.

On March 28, 1920, we had a tornado. Our home was not directly in its path so we escaped without any damage. It happened on a Sunday while people were in church, only seven people were killed and about 300 injured.

Ernest had been working in a grocery store but now went to work for a construction firm as timekeeper at a wage of $18 per week. He later received a bonus that brought his wage up to $30 a week, this was a high wage for a boy 15 years of age. Ernest and my stepdaughter, Dorothy, had been confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Elgin, March 7, 1920.

When I sold the farm in Ludington, Michigan, I deposited the money in a bank there. I now withdrew my money and together with my savings I bought stocks and bonds. I started gradually, but went into buying and selling more as time went on; I did considerable trading in common stocks and had many ups and downs.

Ingvar and Axel came home for Christmas, 1920, and stayed with us until after the New Year when they went back to Minnesota.

After New Years, 1921, we received a letter from mother's brother, John Gustaf Carlson, from Kerman, California; we had not heard from him for many years and thought that he was dead.

It seemed Ingvar and Axel intended to be farmers. The war had brought up the price of farm land to such a high level that a poor man could not think of buying land that was in cultivation. I had read about special privileges given to settlers in Canada, and I decided to send Axel there to investigate. On April 1, 1921, he left Minnesota for Battleford, Saskatchewan, Canada.

On April 18th, I received a long letter from Axel describing his experience. He had been with a party on a 45 mile sleigh ride to see

the land offered. He was not very enthusiastic about what he saw; he hired out to a farmer and stayed all summer.

Both Ingvar and Axel came home for Christmas, 1921; Axel said that he had had enough of farming. Stocks had gone down as times were not so good the latter part of the year, and I had taken considerable loss. Ernest had been laid off from work and was taking a course at the Metropolitan Business College.

On Christmas day I wrote as follows in my diary: "Ingvar and Dorothy went to early church service, the rest of us stayed in bed until 8:00 o'clock. We spent the day at leisure, talking about bygone days, about the old home in Ludington and about Alfrida; many dear memories were discussed. In the evening we went to a movie."

The following day, December 26th, Ruth made her first public appearance. She had commenced Sunday School and was on the Christmas program with some other girls and spoke a piece from the platform. Ingvar went back to Minnesota, but Axel stayed, he was through with farming. We were now in the year 1922.

On April 10th, mother's brother from California, John G. Carlson, his wife and daughters, Minnie and Myrtle, visited us; they were on their way to Sweden. They continued their journey on the 12th, we went with them to Chicago where we spent the day sight-seeing.

During the year my asthma was severe and I suffered much; in the fall the hay fever came and was very severe, my eyes were so sore and bloodshot that I could hardly see. I took a vacation and went by boat to Petoskey, Michigan; I stopped off at Ludington and called on old friends and then went out to see our old home. I wrote in my diary August 28th as follows: "In the afternoon I went out to our old home, it was a sad sight, the house had apparently not been cleaned since we moved out more than five years ago. Rags and dirt everywhere, walls were so black one could not tell what color the walls had been, the bathroom I will not try to describe. Berry bushes and everything gone to ruin, no crop, only weeds. The manure from the barn had not been hauled out for three years. It made me disgusted to see our old home in such a condition and to think that Alfrida, I and the boys had worked so hard and spent so much energy and money for improvements to make it the prettiest farm house in the vicinity, and now it was a wreck."

The widow to whom I had sold it, had married her hired man who was more than 20 years her junior. They had gone into making moonshine whiskey and their home was a meeting place for the slummers of town. They had been arrested several times, the woman had served one year in prison and her husband was serving a term at the time I was there. I may here mention that prohibition was enacted at the close of the war and the country was supposed to be dry.

Axel was working in Chicago, Ernest was working in a local bank, Ingvar had written that he was tired of farming and that he wanted to try city life. On October 13th, he arrived in Elgin with a Ford roadster automobile. I secured a job for him with the contractor that my father had worked for, with the promise that he should be given the opportunity to learn the bricklayer trade. But the contractor could not give Ingvar steady work, so he quit and secured a job with the Western Electric Co. of Chicago for whom Axel was working. Ernest could not see any future in working at the bank so he also went to work for the same company. He later managed to get transferred to the Western Electric Mechanical Training School. We were now all united again, the boys living at home and traveling to and from Chicago daily.

1922 - I built a garage, bought a second hand Ford touring car and learned how to drive it. Ingvar's car was stolen shortly after he arrived in Elgin.

Ruth started school on January 22, 1923.

We installed our first radio April 1, 1923, we bought the parts and Ernest and I did the assembling. This was one of the first radios of the neighborhood and many of the neighbors came to listen to it.

During the winter Ingvar and Ernest had been sick several times with tonsillitis, they both went at the same time to a hospital and had their tonsils removed. Ingvar soon recovered, but Ernest seemed to have an infection, and it took several weeks before his throat healed. Axel left the Western Electric Co. and took up the plumbers trade, he started by taking a course in a trade school and later served as an apprentice. In due time he took the journeyman's examination and was admitted to the plumbers union. Ingvar followed this same procedure a few months later.

I soon learned to operate the car and we began to enjoy driving in the country. Although I had lived in Elgin many years, I had not seen much of the surrounding landscape. In the fall of 1924, I took a vacation; Sigrid and I went for a tour around Lake Michigan. At Ludington we stopped for a visit with old friends. We started on August 27th and returned September 11th; we had driven 1100 miles, it was our first journey by automobile and our first experience in camping out, we enjoyed it thoroughly.

On Memorial Day, May 30, 1924, Ernest surprised us by getting married; his bride was Evelyn Beyer, a very sweet girl of German descent. I had no objection to this union, except that I thought that both were too young, especially Ernest, both were 19 years of age. Ernest moved to his bride's home. Evelyn was employed at the Elgin National Watch Co. and continued working there. Ernest was serving an apprenticeship at the Western Electric Mechanical Training School (Tool and Die making), Chicago, Illinois, and was commuting to school daily on the "Third Rail Line."

Times were good, I worked one hour overtime daily, also Saturday afternoons, for which I was also paid time and one half. At the end of the year, the Watch Company paid a 5% bonus, my bonus amounted to $121, an extra cash dividend of 20% was paid on the stock. During the year I had been fortunate with my investments and had sold with considerable profit several times and again reinvested. I now had a margin account with a stockbroker in Chicago, I also had a loan in a local bank with stocks as collateral.

On June 1, 1925, we had a wedding at our home. My stepdaughter, Dorothy Swanson, was married to a young man by the name of Chelsey Fritz. There were many relatives and friends present.

My health was poor and I decided to leave the Watch Company, take a vacation and, if possible, improve my health. Times were good and wages were high. I liked my work, it was the cleanest and easiest work that I had ever had and I hated to give it up; the job was just like a pet to me. I left the shop on June 11th. On July 2nd, Sigrid, Ruth and I drove to Ludington, Michigan, to visit our old home and my many friends there, especially Halmar Lidberg, his father had died during the spring. Our old home was a pitiful sight, it had been neglected and was almost in ruin. We stayed in Ludington until July 17th, then took a roundabout way and arrived home on the 19th.

On August 13th, Sigrid and I started out for the West. We arrived in Denver, Colorado, on the 20th; we stayed there and drove around in the mountains. It was my first experience in mountain driving and I enjoyed it immensely. I decided to continue westward and visit my cousin Hilma Frisk, now Mrs. Carl Anderson of Tooele, Utah. On August 31st, we left Denver, we went through Leadville, which is said to be the highest city in the world, the elevation being 10,140 feet. Between Leadville and Glenwood Springs is the grandest scenery that I have seen in Colorado.

Coming into the town, Redcliff, we went down a mountain into the town and then up another, this was one of the steepest grades that we had climbed, and looking down almost made one dizzy. Here was one little mining town after another and the scenery was beautiful. For many miles we followed the river, we must have come down several thousand feet. We went by an orchard where the cherries were ripening, we thought that this was remarkable as it was so late in the season, but I expect that it was the high altitude that accounted for it. The mountain sides stood perpendicular hundreds of feet high. Although I have crossed the country since several times by different routes, I have not seen anything so wonderful. The motor stalled on us several times, but after much worry and tinkering, succeeded to get going again. Roads were poor at this time, there were hardly any paved roads from Illinois to California.

We arrived in Tooele, Utah, September 5th, found Hilma and her family in good health, she has two lovely little daughters, Margaret Jane

and Dorothy Jean. Hilma's husband, Carl Anderson, works as an electrician at a smelter, which he took us through, it was very interesting. The mine is located four miles away and the ore is carried to the smelter by means of a bucket line. Copper, lead, silver and gold are mined here.

We were now so far west that we decided to continue to California and visit my uncle and cousins. On September 12th we bid Hilma and her family good-bye. We had enjoyed our visit very much, the highlight having been the trip in the mountains, through the smelter and seeing how the different minerals were extracted from the ore.

We were soon out in the Great Salt Lake Desert, and spent the night far away from any human being; we wondered as we camped if there would be any wild animals prowling around during the night. The road was poor and at times there was hardly any at all. One day we drove 180 miles and had not seen a town. We went through Tonapah, Nevada, it is said that the world's largest silver mines were located here. We had gone over many difficult places, but we were told that the worst was yet to come, which proved true. We were traveling on the Midland Trail and the most difficult place was at Westgard Pass, which we entered shortly after we crossed the California line. It was a seven mile climb to the summit and we were told that the drop on the other side was 4,000 feet in five miles. We made the descent without any mishap, we were now down in Owens Valley. The following day we got into a sandstorm, at times it was difficult to stay on the road; the wind was strong and dust filled the air so it was difficult to see. The skin on our faces became chapped and our lips cracked.

At Bakersfield we had our first glimpse of tropical vegetation. There we saw our first palm trees and we had to stop and look. We were now in the San Joaquin Valley, what a change from the desert, orchards and vineyards were everywhere. We arrived at my uncle's place, John G. Carlson ranch, September 18th. We were heartily welcomed by cousin Alvin and his wife. We found that uncle had retired from farming and was living at Berkeley with three of his daughters, the youngest, Myrtle, was attending college there. The vicinity of uncle's ranch is called Vinland. The other two sons, Ferdie and Ruben, have ranches of their own. They grow mostly grapes which they dry for raisins, 60 tons of raisins is an average crop on uncle's ranch.

On September 23, we left Vinland after a most enjoyable visit and arrived at Berkeley the same day. I had written to uncle and he thought that I was coming by train, he was surprised to see me coming in an old Ford car and with my wife along. We had a pleasant visit with uncle, aunty and the cousins, Esther, Minnie and Myrtle. Here I had to go to work on the car and do some repairing, I had been driving without brakes for some time, also I had to prepare for our homeward journey. We made several short trips into the surrounding country near Berkeley and Oakland, one day was spent in San Francisco. We would have liked to stay longer,

but it was getting late in the season and we were afraid that cold weather would set in before we again reached Elgin. Mother had also written that she was not well and that we should hurry home. On October 2nd we bid our relatives farewell, it seemed a little sad to leave uncle and the cousins, they had been so kind to us, and uncle prayed to God for our safety and His guidance on our homeward journey.

We drove south following the Pacific coast, I decided to take a southern route because it was so late in the season. We arrived in Pasadena on October 14th, and stayed there two days visiting with old friends, but could not stay longer. We had not gone a hundred miles before we felt that winter was approaching. I would have liked to stay in California with its warmth and sunshine, we had not had a cloudy day while there. We made one side trip in Arizona to the Petrified Forest. Traveling was slow, I also had trouble with the car, the front spring broke, also the front wheel bearing wore out. In New Mexico we had snow and rain, and had to lay over and wait for the weather to clear up.

It must be remembered that the west had but few improved roads at this time, and when it was wet, it was impossible to travel. In Colorado we encountered more snow and rain, and in Kansas a snowstorm. Our car was an open touring model and we had a hard time trying to keep from freezing. Without any serious mishaps, we arrived home October 24th, and found that all was well. When we started out I did not intend to go so far, I had to write home for money several times, the car was a Ford of 1917 model with self-starter. I bought new tires on the way and there was no end to tire repairing.

On December 24, 1925, Axel came home, he had with him a young lady whom he introduced as his wife, they had been married the day before. Axel was working in Peoria, Illinois, and had met his wife there, her maiden name was Nadine Yonker.

On Christmas Day we had a family reunion, Axel and wife, Ernest and wife, Ingvar and his sweetheart, Dorothy and her husband. The day was a pleasant one and left memories that will always stay with me. My thoughts wandered back to the time when my boys were growing up; it seemed only a short time since they were little tots, and now they were men.

Times continued good, at the end of the year the Watch Company paid an extra cash dividend of 25% and a stock dividend of 25 - 1 1/4%. Mother received as her share of the extra dividend, $418.75, which more than paid for the paving of the street in front of our home.

On March 9, 1926, during the night we heard a noise in mother's bedroom. We found her unable to get up, we thought that she had been hurt in falling out of bed, but later learned that she had suffered a stroke of paralysis. Mother did not recover, for a time she seemed to be gaining strength and we got a wheel chair so she could sit by a window or out on

the porch, but she kept failing and had to remain in bed. Much credit is due my wife for her tender care of my mother during the nine months of mother's illness.

I was getting tired of loafing and on April 26th I again went to work for the Elgin Watch Company, although I was far from well. The morning I went to work, I arose at four o'clock so I would have enough time to get over my morning choking spell, and enable me to walk into the shop in fairly good shape. I was better off working than being at home as I did not have time to think about my troubles. I was not able to walk to and from the shop, so I drove my car. I denied that anything was wrong with me, so no one suspected my plight. I continued taking treatments but they were of no avail, instead I got worse, again I had to resort to the hypodermic needle and adrenalin for relief.

In the fall, I, Ruth, Ernest and his wife went to northern Michigan to get relief from the hay fever, on the way we stopped at Ludington and called on our friends there.

Later in the fall I bought the house adjoining us on the north side for $6000. Ernest moved in, he quit his apprenticeship with the Western Electric Company in Chicago, and on November 4th, he began working for the Elgin National Watch Company.

Ingvar was living at home and was working as a plumber. Axel had since his marriage been living with his wife's folks in Peoria, Illinois, but as he could find no steady work there, he moved home and rented the upstairs apartment. We were now all together again, Ernest having moved next door.

On November 20th, Ingvar married Helen Maday, a girl of Polish descent, they were married in Elgin. We went with them to Chicago for the reception, where the bride's parents gave a party in honor of the newlyweds. It was a feast in Polish style, much eating, drinking and dancing which lasted all night. Music was furnished by a violin and accordian players; the old Polish dances were accompanied with much stomping and yelling.

My boys are now all married, my boys that I used to be so proud over. Everything did not turn out as I would have liked it, but I wish them happiness and prosperity, and above all, good health. Helen, the new member in our family, seems to be robust and healthy, I hope that she will be a good wife for Ingvar. I know nothing about her or her parents, but they seem to be respectable people. Ingvar and Helen intend to make their home with Ernest and his wife.

Evelyn, Ernest's wife, had for some time complained that she was not feeling well, and on the 23rd of November she was taken to a hospital for an appendectomy operation, all went well and she was back home again December 2nd.

On December 1st, mother's condition suddenly took a turn for the worse, except for a few hours when she had been sitting in a wheel chair, she had been in bed since she was taken ill early in the year. This is not a pleasant subject to write about, but to make this family history complete, I will copy part of what I wrote in my diary on the last day of my mother's earthly existence.

At daylight I called the doctor, he came and gave her some medicine, mother seemed to rally some, and at times we could understand what she said; she called for Ruth several times, though she seemed to be mostly in a coma. My cousin (mother's sister's daughter), Anna Torrell Nelson, was with us most of the day. In the evening I went to bed, I had not had any sleep the night before, Sigrid woke me at two o'clock a.m., Sigrid then went to bed.

Axel came in before he went to work the next morning, but mother did not recognize him. I called cousin Anna over the telephone, I did not call the doctor any more, I thought that he might use the hypodermic needle and thought that she might as well die without being drugged.

As I stood there, my whole life passed before me from earliest childhood mixed with incidents both happy and unhappy. I was reminded of neglected duties and sorrows I had caused my father and mother. They seemed to unfold and roll up before me like a motion picture.

Her life ebbed out slowly, it was eleven o'clock a.m. when mother ceased breathing. Thus ended the life of a kind and loving mother, she thought of Ruth as her own child, and Ruth called her mama. Mother wished that she could have lived a few more years and witnessed Ruth's confirmation in the Lutheran faith.

Mother was born in "Alandsryd," Vernamo, Sweden, January 28, 1849, and died December 3, 1926. The span of her life was 77 years, 10 months, and 5 days.

May you rest in peace, dear mother, and
Blessed be your remembrance.

According to mother's wish, we had the funeral from our home. Our Swedish Lutheran minister officiated, in his sermon he dwelt on a mother's tender care and the duties of those who still have a mother. Two songs were sung, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Mother was laid to rest beside father, at the Bluff City Cemetery, on December 5, 1926.

Much credit is due Sigrid, my wife, for her patience and tender care of my mother during the nine months of her illness.

Mother left a will in which she gave Ruth $3000, she gave her home jointly to my children, with me as life tenant; I received what remained, I was also named administrator.

The year of 1927. Our heating plant was not satisfactory. Ingvar and Axel were now plumbers and steamfitters, they offered to install a hot-water system for heating if I paid for the material. This was done and it was a great improvement over the old hot-air furnace.

Shortly after New Year, Helen (Ingvar's wife) was taken sick, she had hemorrhages through the mouth, X-ray pictures of her lungs proved that she was afflicted with tuberculosis. It has been previously mentioned that Ingvar and Helen were living with Ernest. Helen was in bed for about two weeks. It was decided that it would be best that she go home to her parents in Chicago, which she did. She quickly recovered her health, and on April 1st, I rented the downstairs apartment to Ingvar and Helen. Sigrid, Ruth and I moved upstairs and kept house together with Axel and his wife. Sigrid's mother went to live with Dorothy (her granddaughter), and I paid for her keep there.

My mother had been a member of a mortuary fund in Sweden, this amounted to over a hundred crowns. I gave this amount to my crippled cousin, Frank Sandgren, in Sweden; he is the only first cousin that I have on my father's side. His brother, Sigurd Sandgren, died last fall at the State Hospital in Elgin at the age of fifty years. He was a robust young man when he came to this country, but strong drink soon undermined his health.

In the spring I bought a new Ford car for our intended journey west. I rigged it up so that I and Sigrid could sleep inside and Ruth on the running board. Tourist accommodations were non-existent in the west at this time.

On the night of June 9th, Ernest was suddenly taken ill and was rushed to a hospital early in the morning. A blood test indicated that the appendix was ruptured and that he was suffering from peritonitis poisoning. No time was lost, he was operated on and back in his room before 8:00 a.m. He was a pitiful sight, he looked as if he had been sick for a long time, instead of just one day. His condition was serious, but finally on the 15th he was declared to be out of danger.

I left the shop on the 11th and was ready to start on our journey west, Ruth was now out of school. I did not like to give up my job, I knew this was the last time I would walk out of the Watch factory. Three weeks previous I had talked to the foreman and recommended Ernest as fit to take over my work, he was then transferred to my job. I had given him some training but it was cut short because of his illness. When I bid the foreman farewell, he expressed his sorrow over Ernest's misfortune, and said that the job would be waiting for him until he was well enough to go to work.

On June 20th, I went to the hospital to see Ernest and bid him farewell, he was looking like himself and was fast gaining in strength. On the 21st we started on our journey to California, I, Sigrid and Ruth. Nothing unusual happened on this journey.

We stayed a few days in the Black Hills, President Coolidge was also spending his summer vacation there, we saw both the president and Mrs. Coolidge at the state lodge. We crossed the Big Horn Mountains and the scenery was beautiful, wild flowers everywhere, flowers were so thick in some places, that they covered the ground.

We arrived at Yellow Stone Park on July 7th, we stayed there until July 15th. In Spokane, Washington, we stayed three days visiting old friends. We followed the Columbia River which is a scenic drive. Arrived in Oakland, California, August 26th, where my uncle was living, but found that he had gone to the home ranch for a visit. We visited briefly with cousin Esther, Minnie, and Myrtle. We left Oakland August 30th and arrived in Vinland the same day. We found uncle and family all in good health. The community of Vinland is located between the towns of Kerman and Biola, and about 20 miles northwest from Fresno; it is a Swedish community. It was a treat to be with uncle again, he is a healthy and active man in spite of his 70 years.

On August 6th, we bid our relatives farewell and continued south. In Los Angeles we called on our former neighbors in Elgin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wheeler, we also stopped in Pasadena and called on old friends. We continued south to San Diego and over into Mexico to Tijuana. We did not stay there long, Tijuana is a wide open town, people there make their living off of Americans who go across the border to drink and gamble. I have never in all my life seen so many gambling machines as I saw there.

We went back to San Diego where we camped on a strip of land outside the harbor that is called Silverstrand. August 15th we went back to Pasadena, we were told that this city had an ideal climate and that many people afflicted with asthma went there and found relief. On the 18th we went there; we stayed in an auto camp until the 25th when I rented a cottage for $20 per month. Ruth began school September 12th.

The following is a remark that I made on September 30, 1927: "End of the month, and nothing accomplished, I can't help but think that this is an awful waste of time, just lay around and do nothing. I should have worked for 20 years yet, but when one's health gives out, it can't be done. I have tried to hang onto my job, and many times have gone to work when I hardly have been able to walk."

On February 18, 1928, I received a letter from Ernest in which he said that on February 14th, at four o'clock in the morning, he took Evelyn to the hospital and that a baby boy weighing seven pounds was born on Wednesday, February 15th, at six o'clock in the afternoon. First name

will be Richard, but they are not positive about the second name. Evelyn is doing well.

Here I wish Richard health and happiness, and may he become an honest and upright man. I hope that he will be a comfort and joy to his father and mother.

With the arrival of Richard another generation in our family is started, and I have become a grandfather. I was later informed by Evelyn that Richard has received the middle name of Allan, and that the baby is very nice, and that his ears are close to his head.

My stepdaughter, Dorothy, had written that her grandmother was sick and that Sigrid had better come to Elgin and help care for her. Sigrid left Ruth and I for Elgin on June 26.

Ruth was now out of school for summer vacation. I had sent home for a violin on which Ruth was taking lessons.

My health had not greatly improved, but I was hopeful. Ruth and I went swimming every day. Ruth learned how to swim in the old swimming hole in Tujunga wash.

It was not very pleasant for Ruth and I to be alone, I did not want to go back to Elgin to live, so I wrote Sigrid to come back and bring her mother.

I bought a house at 10113 Gish Avenue, Tujunga, for $1000.00 plus furniture for $100.00. The same day that the deal was closed, September 4th, Ruth and I moved in. Sigrid and her mother arrived on September 8th, both in the best of health.

Later in the fall, Dorothy, my stepdaughter, and her husband came out here. They wanted to try the California climate for Dorothy's health. They stayed here until the following June when they went back to Elgin, apparently Dorothy's health had not improved by her stay here.

I liked California with its warmer and dryer climate, I could be outdoors almost every day the year around. Our home was a very modest one, but we were comfortable.

The Country was enjoying a period of prosperity, securities had increased enormously in value, my holdings had trebled in value, and had a market value of over $50,000.00.

I wanted to go back to Elgin to see the boys and grandson, Richard, so on June 17, 1929, Ruth and I started out for Elgin. At Tooele, Utah, we stopped and called on cousin Hilma. We had no serious car trouble

on the way and arrived in Elgin on the 26th. We found all in good health, my grandson, Richard, was a fine little fellow. It seemed good to be home again and be with my boys. While in Elgin I had some improvements made for Ernest, a new sidewalk, garage and driveway, cost $315.00.

Ruth had for sometime been bothered with bad tonsils and had suffered a great deal with sore throat and swollen glands on her neck. I thought now was a good time to attend to this and on July 16th I took her to a hospital and had her tonsils removed. I brought her home the following day, she recovered quickly.

My intentions had been to sell most of my securities, but it was a difficult decision to make. Values were increasing and stock quotations were going up almost every day, never before had this country experienced anything like it.

We had a pleasant time while in Elgin, relatives and friends did their best to entertain us, we spent much of our time with cousin Anna and her family.

On July 29th we left our old home. It was not so easy to leave the boys, --would we get together again, I wondered? Before leaving Elgin we drove out to Bluff City Cemetery as a gesture of respect to our departed.

We drove south to Springfield, Illinois, I wanted Ruth to see the capital of Illinois and the Lincoln home and tomb. We continued on to Colorado Springs, from where it rained every day, roads were poor and traveling was difficult and slow. There were but few bridges in this part of the country and on account of heavy rains everyday, creeks usually dry, were now filled with water, and we found many difficult fordings. At one location we nearly met with disaster, we came to a creek where a car was stuck in the soft mud in the road ahead and two men were working frantically to free it. It was raining hard and the narrow road was soft and slippery. I had come down a hill and could not turn around, but had to cross the creek ahead. We got across, but several times the car stalled in the soft going. Once across, I stopped and prepared to stay until the weather cleared, but the waters of the creek began to rise and I had to move to higher ground. The mountains were about five miles away, very likely there had been a cloudburst causing the water in the creek to rise about ten feet. It became a raging torrent carrying with it everything in its way. The men who were trying to save the stalled car were working with it until the water reached their knees, then before long the car rolled over and disappeared down the stream.

The next morning the water had receded to the level prevalent when we crossed. That day we traveled through much mud and found many washouts in the road. We arrived home without any serious mishaps on August 10th.

At home I busied myself with improving our yard. I built a fish pond in the shape of the Great Lakes, with a waterfall representing Niagara. I installed a motor and pump to keep the water circulating and made a water wheel which was driven by the waterfall. A miniature Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, and mechanical men were driven by a shaft from the water wheel.

I sold my 1925 model Ford and bought a new 1929 Ford four door sedan.

1929 - Prices on securities had continued upward all summer. living expenses were high, but this did not hurt us, money was plentiful. Good times were not destined to continue, in the month of October reverses came; no one suspected at this time it would become serious.

1930-33 - Prices of securities had for three years been constantly falling, real estate became almost valueless. Business had come to a standstill. There is much distress throughout the country. I did not escape, dividends have been omitted until my income has nearly disappeared.

We had money in a bank, also in a Loan and Home Building Association, both failed and are now in receivership. For several years I had a loan in an Elgin bank, $6,000.00, this loan I paid before prices had dropped very low. If I had not done this, I very likely would have lost everything.

At this writing we have had three years of hard times, it looks now like we have come to the turning point and that from now on can look for a gradual recovery. I thought I would be able to help my children financially, if needed, but now after three years of depression it looks like I may have to ask them for help.

During the year 1930, my health greatly improved, I slept well at night, the spasms of asthma were light and I was gaining in weight. For a time I thought that I was going to be a well man. I worked hard with improving our home. Sigrid and I did much walking, we climbed all the mountain peaks around here, the highest, Mount Lucans, 5,080 feet above sea level.

During this year of 1930, July 18th, Sigrid left for Elgin, Dorothy expected to become a mother, and Sigrid was much worried over Dorothy's condition. On July 25th Sigrid wrote that Dorothy had given birth to a baby boy, and that the child died at birth. Sigrid returned August 30th.

At Vineland on November 8th we attended my Uncle J. G. Carlson's 50th anniversary of his marriage, only relatives were invited. It was a grand affair, we were seated at the table at one o'clock and remained there two and one-half hours. For the evening, a reception at the church had been arranged, a program was given and refreshments served. Ruth sang, for which she received much praise. The church was filled with

people and Uncle received many presents plus $50.00 in gold. It is not often that one will see such a fine family as Uncle's, three sons and four daughters, and many gratifying grandchildren.

Although Uncle is a small man, his sons are all over six feet tall. Uncle is popular in this community, since he retired from farm work, he has been living in Berkeley, California. But his former neighbors had not forgotten him, the reception at the church testified to that. We stayed with our relatives until November 12th.

Axel had written that he had been out of work for some time and that he thought by going into the plumbing and heating business for himself, he could at least make a living. He took the "Master Plumbers Examination" and started in business. He has done very well considering the hard times we are experiencing because of the business depression.

The latter part of this year Sigrid had a job as nurse. This helped as our income had almost vanished.

During the year we joined the Swedish Lutheran Church in Pasadena.

January 22, 1931, 4:30 p.m. a daughter weighing 7 pounds, 11 ounces, was born to Ernest and Evelyn; the new arrival has been named Lois Jeanine. I welcome you, Lois Jeanine, and my best wishes go out for your welfare.

January 23rd was a big day for Ruth, she graduated from grammar school and will next start in the high school, located in the City of San Fernando, 11 miles from Tujunga.

On May 24th, Ruth was confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Pasadena. Confirmation is an event of great importance among us Swedes. The child is examined in the presence of the congregation on its knowledge of Christianity, and is asked to give certain promises. The child is now considered a member of the church and is given its first communion.

In Sweden a child when confirmed was regarded as having taken a step from child to man or womanhood and was ready to leave home and go out and provide for itself.

1931 - August 19th, 3:22 a.m. a daughter was born to Ingvar and Helen and received the name of Doris Virginia. Little Doris, your granddad wishes you good luck and hopes you will be much comfort and joy to us all.

Ingvar has gone into partnership with Axel, so now there is a plumbing and heating firm in Elgin that goes by the name of Carlson Brothers. I wish Carlson Brothers good luck and hope that some day they will be the leading plumbing firm in the community.

In the fall, a friend and I took a trip in my car, following the coast to San Francisco, we stayed in that city one week. I did not like San Francisco, streets are in poor condition and not kept clean, whole blocks of houses are vacant. We crossed the Bay to Berkeley and called on Uncle, he is in splendid health in spite of his 75 years. From Berkeley we drove by way of San Joaquin Valley and called on the cousins at Vinland.

On my father's side, our closest relatives are all dead except two cousins, Mrs. Carolina Olson, about 90 years old, and Miss Thilda Anderson, 75 years of age; both are living in Chicago, Illinois. In Sweden I have one cousin on my father's side, Frank Sandgren, I have previously mentioned him. There are a number of second cousins, both in this country and Sweden, but they will never be known.

The old homestead, "Hjortstad," near the town of Gamleby, where both my father and grandfather were born, has been in the family as long as we have any record. After 100 years it is now in strange hands.

On my mother's side, I have two uncles, one aunt and many cousins. Uncle Sven took over the old home "Alandsryd," located near Vernamo, from his father. This home has also been in the family for many generations, but I have heard that recently it has been lost because of failure in business of one of Uncle Sven's sons. My Aunt also resides in Sweden, she has several children. My Uncle John, who is here in California, I have previously mentioned.

The year 1933 - The hard times, or depression, as it is now called, became very severe; our income was so small that we could not exist on it. I sold some securities at a great loss, also surrendered part of our life insurance to help tide us over the hard times. We were four in the household, Ruth was attending high school and it took considerable money to keep us.

I thought that I must try to earn something. Without recompense, I had repaired clocks, filed saws, sharpened knives and scissors for neighbors, from now on I would ask a small fee. I also started to repair watches, though I knew little about that kind of work. I earned a dollar now and then and it helped along. I bought secondhand watches in the pawn shops which I repaired and sold at a small profit.

Last fall we had the presidential election and now have a change in the administration at Washington, for better or worse remains to be seen. Franklin Delano Roosevelt replaces Herbert Hoover.

On March 6th, I wrote in my diary: "All banks in California are closed, it is said that too much cash has been withdrawn, newspapers tell us that is is likely that "scrip" will be issued. What are we coming to? It looks as though the hard times are going to stay with us."

On March 10th, I wrote: "Went in to Los Angeles to buy repairs for fountain pens, a friend invited us to his home for supper. We had just gone in and were seated when an earthquake started, the house rocked sideways and seemed to go up and down at the same time, pictures flopped on the walls and the chandeliers swung. We ran out, telephone poles swung back and forth and the wires whipped in the air. The house seemed to creak and crack in every joint; it was soon over, I looked at my watch, it was 5:54 p.m. No serious damage was done in our vicinity, a few chimneys fell down and plastered walls were cracked. We heard over the radio that much damage had been done."

The following day I wrote: "Much damage was done by the earthquake in Long Beach and vicinity, it is reported that 135 persons were killed and 1500 injured." We felt tremblers for a couple of weeks, they got so common that we paid but little attention to them as no further damage was done.

My boys had written they wanted us to come to Elgin for a visit. I had received some money from a life insurance company, and decided to go. We started on July 3rd, Sigrid, I, mother-in-law and Ruth. All went well and we arrived in Elgin at midnight, July 8th; we found all well and happy. Although it was late at night and I was very tired from the drive, Ingvar and Axel insisted on showing me their plumbing trucks, tools and stock of supplies before we went to bed. The boys had done well, considering the hard times; besides making a living they had a fair equipment of tools and materials. Their big truck is the best equipped in town for plumbing and is a complete shop on wheels.

It seemed good to be home again and to be with my children and grandchildren, I enjoyed our visit very much.

The World's Fair, "Century of Progress," was going on in Chicago, we spent several days there. I may also mention here that I saw the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; 40 years have elapsed since then; my father and mother were with me at that time.

We had set September 1st as our date for departure to California, but fate had decreed differently. On the afternoon of August 31st, mother-in-law fell and broke her hipbone on the left side. I could not stay in Elgin any longer, hay fever time was on and it bothered me a lot, it was also time for Ruth to get back to school. Sigrid remained behind.

On September 3, 1933, Ruth and I started for Tujunga, California; Sigrid and her mother were to stay with Dorothy, Sigrid's daughter. We arrived home without any serious mishaps on September 8th, we had driven 2,224 miles. I now had a difficult time, not feeling well and being lonesome. Ruth left by bus for high school at seven o'clock in the morning and did not return until late in the afternoon.

There had been a fire raging in the mountains for several days, and on November 23, a strong wind drove the embers our way. We had an exciting night, 2:30 in the morning it looked like we would have to pack and get out. Our neighbors were already packing and moving out. We started packing our most valuable things in the car, like the lathe and tools, and were ready to leave; but at five o'clock the wind turned and the fire did not come down to us. It was an amazing sight to see the mountains on fire at night, the ashes and soot was falling so thick it was difficult to breathe.

Ruth had for some time kept company with a young man by the name of Orland Gottardi, apparently he is a fine young man, and I had no objections to him calling. New Year's Eve we had another adventure, it had rained for several days and now we were faced with a flood. Ruthand I had a difficult time up to midnight, the water came into our kitchen several times, and we had to mop and bail as fast as we could to prevent the water from running all over the floors. I had built a levee of sand bags at the entrance to the house in anticipation of heavy rains. Out street became a raging river, my levee held but the water was so high that it went over both the levee and the rock wall along side the house. If the levee had not held, it is very likely that our home would have been wrecked.

On January 1, 1934, our town of Tujunga was a pitiful sight, big washouts, rocks, sand and debris everywhere, part of houses and furniture could be seen only two city blocks from us. There were no casualties in our town, but in neighboring towns many lives were lost and much property destroyed.

I wrote Sigrid to come to California and bring her mother with, but it was decided that Grandma was not able to travel, so grandma was put in a Swedish home for the aged. Sigrid arrived here May 13th; she was sick on arrival and I called a doctor in the middle of the night, however, she soon recovered.

We were informed that grandma was not well, complications had set in. On July 13th, we received a telegram stating that her condition was serious and so Sigrid left for Elgin the same day. On Wednesday, July 18th, 3:20 p.m., grandma, Christiana Moren, passed away and on to her heavenly reward in which she so firmly believed. She was conscious until the last, but could not speak, death came quietly. Her accident happened nearly a year before, undoubtedly this hastened the end. She was 88 years, 4 months, 16 days of age, may she rest in peace.

Sigrid returned August 13th. Grandma's sickness and Sigrid's traveling expense had been a heavy drain on our little nestegg. The two years 1933 and 1934 were hard years in every respect, encompassing ill health with much suffering. Expenses had been unusual and the hard times had not improved. Most of our money had been lost in a bottomless pit of shrinking values.

January 29, 1935, was a big day for Ruth, she graduated from the San Fernando High School. An interesting program was given which we enjoyed very much, Ruth's part was to give an address which she delivered in a good manner.

The condition of the nation seemed to improve during 1935, in Elgin, the Watch factory was going ahead. Ernest had gone back to work there in June, 1933, and the company was again paying dividends. After several weeks of rest at home, Ruth went to work as housemaid at 20 dollars per month.

Early in the year I heard of a medicine to inhale and that it was a sure relief for asthmatic attacks; I bought the medicine and it did all that was promised, it has been a great help to me.

April 11th was Ruth's birthday and according to the laws of the State of Illinois was now of legal age and entitled to receive the $3,000.00 that my mother willed to her and for which I was her guardian. I gave her securities for the amount.

April 12th I received a letter from my grandson, Richard Allan, age 7, which I think should be recorded, here it is:

"Dear grandpa, I wish that you could come out but I hear you are not feeling well, I wish you were feeling well so we could go on a picnic and have a good time and take pictures. I am feeling just fine and how are the rest of the folks? Gee, I wish you were here. I wish you did not have that old sickness as that sickness does not belong to you, just don't think about it. Just think about God and I know that the sickness will soon go away. I know that it will go away quick because God is good, God is love, God is life, pray to God. I will pray to God too for you, I will do my best, just think about good things. good-by

Dick Carlson"

Ernest has left Elgin and moved to Flint, Michigan, where he is employed by General Motors Corp.

As mentioned before, Ruth had for several years kept company with a young man, Orland Gottardi. He has been a steady caller and I was told that they intended to become engaged on Thanksgiving Day. Sigrid did her best to arrange for the occasion. November 28th was Thanksgiving Day, many friends were invited, Orland's mother and sister could not come because they had visitors. We were seated at the table about one o'clock, Sigrid had arranged everything very nicely, Orland carved the turkey. Each one had a cup filled with candy in which was concealed a little piece of paper, on it was written the announcement of Ruth and Orland's engagement. I found it first, now the news was out and Orland produced a diamond ring which was passed around for inspection. Orland placed the ring

on Ruth's finger and they kissed and we all congratulated them. The marriage is expected to take place next Easter. I will always remember the day with pleasure and I feel certain that Orland will make a good husband. My most sincere wishes go out for their welfare.

We have had several lean years, but in the closing of 1935, I can see considerable improvement both in health and finance, my holdings in securities have increased in value and I am getting dividends again.

I did not like Ernest's move to Flint, it has been my aim to try and keep my boys together so they should help one another, "all for one and one for all." "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" --Psalms 133: 1

Since coming to California we have on New Year's Day gone to Pasadena to view the Tournament of Roses Parade, we also went this New Year's Day of 1936. The parade was elaborate as usual, many of the floats were masterpieces of art. It was estimated more than one million people viewed the parade.

On February 16th, Sigrid left for Elgin. Dorothy has written asking her to come and assist her as she was to become a mother again. On March 1st, a baby boy was born to Dorothy at 10:20 a.m., he weighed 7 pounds 6 ounces. He was to be named Dale.

Ruth left her domestic job and was now preparing for her coming marriage. They intend to marry on Easter Sunday, and will live with me while Sigrid is absent; this I appreciate as otherwise I would be alone.

On May 12th, Easter Sunday, Ruth and Orland were married at the Swedish Lutheran Church in Pasadena. Orland, his mother and sister, met us at the church. A few minutes past two o'clock the wedding march sounded from the church organ, "Here Comes the Bride." Ruth and I walked arm in arm down the aisle to the altar, Orland came from the side door up to the right side of Ruth, I changed over to the right side of Orland and Orland's mother stood to the left of Ruth. The ceremony was soon over, bride and groom kissed, and Miss Ruth Ingeborg Carlson had become Mrs. Orland Gottardi.

The ceremony functioned perfectly, although there had been no rehearsal; besides the invited guests, there were a number of people who were acquaintances. Many said they had never seen a sweeter bride, and I must add that I have never seen a ceremony more beautiful. Orland had arranged for a photographer to take pictures of the ceremony; it being Easter time the Church was beautifully decorated. We arrived home at 3:30, at four o'clock a telegram arrived from Elgin, Illinois, which read: "Congratulations. Carlson brothers are thinking of you. Best wishes." Shortly after, the newlyweds left on their honeymoon. Our guests stayed with me until late, and we all had a pleasant evening.

My best wishes go out for Ruth and Orland. Orland seems to be steadfast, honest and considerate, I have no doubt they will get along together and be happy.

Proverbs 19: 14 -- "House and riches are the inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord."

And so another chapter in my life is finished, another generation will come and I will soon be gone, as my parents have gone before me, it is the way of this life. Will we all see each other in the next world? "As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand." --Ecclesiastes 5: 15

Ruth's mother passed away 19 years ago. I wonder if the spirits of the dead follow what is going on, on this earth, and if Ruth's mother's spirit was present at the wedding and witnessed the marriage vows.

May 24th, Sigrid came back from Elgin. June 12th, Sigrid and I left for Elgin in our automobile. Without any serious trouble, we arrived in Elgin June 19th at noon. The boys were home for lunch and all looked well and were glad to see us. I had a slight headache, and in the late afternoon I took a drink of Alka Seltzer, this I should not have done as it nearly ended my life. I first started to vomit and cough and next my breathing was shut off. As long as I was able, I tried to breathe in the medicine I have for asthma, and also took hypodermic injections of adrenalin, but they did not help. I soon lost consciousness and remained in that condition for two hours. When I regained consciousness I noticed a doctor had been called in, he had administered stimulants. I was not expected to live, and Axel had called Ernest on the telephone; he arrived from Flint with his family early the next morning. The doctor said he had not seen anybody so near death and able to recover. My "time" must not yet be up, I was able to sit up for the remainder of the evening. I felt weak for several days, but was able to be up and around; my lungs rattled and my chest felt sore and tender. We arrived in Elgin on Friday, and Ernest and family went back home to Flint, Michigan, the following Sunday.

I greatly enjoyed every minute during our visit at Elgin. I followed the boys to their jobs and watched them work, they work very hard and employ two men. The old house at 470 is in fine condition, the boys have done a lot of improving both in and outside.

At this time they were building a four car garage of red brick to match the house. While we were in Elgin the weather was the hottest I have ever experienced, and I suffered a lot from the heat.

July 29th, we drove to Flint to visit Ernest and family, a distance of 318 miles. We found them all well and happy. While in Flint we went to a lake to fish for a few days; I went out early in the mornings to fish

when the air was cool, damp and foggy. I caught a cold, and had to stay in bed eight days; for several days I was very ill, the doctor said I had bronchial pneumonia. I soon recovered and on August 15th, we and Ernest's family drove to Ludington, a distance of 185 miles, to visit friends and see our old home. We returned to Flint the next day.

Ernest and family seem to be in the best of health; their children, Richard and Lois, are a pair of promising youngsters.

August 18th, we returned to Elgin. Ingvar wanted to see California, so it was decided he and his family should go with us. We left Elgin August 26th; it was pleasant to have Ingvar along as he did most of the driving. We rested for a day at Salt Lake City, we looked the city over and had a swim in Salt Lake. In the evening we drove to Tooele and called on my cousin, Hilma; we did not stay there long.

The next day we crossed the Great Salt Desert. It is a wonderful sight, the ground is covered with salt as far as the eye can see. September 1st, we arrived in Berkeley, California, where we called on my Uncle John. Next day we went to San Francisco, I wanted Ingvar to see as much as possible of California. Uncle wanted us to stay a few days more, but we had to hurry along as Ingvar had only a month to be away from his business.

At Vineland we stopped for two days to call on our cousins. While there we drove to General Grant's Park to see the big trees. The General Grant tree is the second largest tree in the world. Cousin Alvin and family were with us.

We arrived home in Tujunga September 5th. Ruth and Orland had lived in our house while we were gone, we found them well and happy. Ingvar, Helen and Doris stayed with us until September 21st. I enjoyed very much having them here and wished they could have stayed longer.

Ruth and Orland lived with us until December 17th. They had then bought a small house in Los Angeles for 2,800.00 dollars, it is located at 2944 West 35th Avenue.

Sigrid and I are now alone, the last of my children have married and gone to a home of their own. It seems rather empty now after having had children in the home for thirty-five years. So ended the year 1936.

Axel and his wife, Nadine, came for a visit; they arrived January 12,1937. I expected to have a pleasant time while they were here, but after two days I was taken sick and had to stay in bed. At first we thought it was an ordinary cold, but an infection developed in my throat, it was called streptococci. I had been seriously ill; on February 2nd, the doctor said I was out of danger. On the 3rd, Axel and Nadine left,

they had been a great help and comfort to me while I was sick. I was not able to get up until the 11th, I was very weak, and it took several weeks before I got back to normal.

On February 19, 1937, 2:30 a.m. in Elgin, Illinois, a daughter was born to Helen and Ingvar. The new arrival has been named Alice Beverly.

March 1, 1937, 7:40 a.m., a son weighing 8 1/2 pounds was born to Ruth and Orland, and has been named Anton Edward. I hope that these new members of our family will grow up to enjoy good health, which is the most important thing in life; and that they will become upright and honest citizens, and be a joy and comfort to all concerned. It has been said that this country is a melting pot for all nations, and it is truly so. Two of my daughters-in-law are of German descent, one Polish and my son-in-law of Italian.

March 28, 1937, which was Easter Sunday, Anton Edward was baptized in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Pasadena, California. I had the honor of carrying my grandson to the Holy Baptism. See Proberbs 10:1, 15:20, 23:24-25.

Ernest writes from Flint that he is buying a home, price is 4,500.00 dollars.

In the spring of 1937, a Lutheran church, Augustana Synod congregation, was organized in Tujunga of which we are charter members. It is called Mount Olive Lutheran Church.

June 20th, in the evening we left Tujunga for Elgin by train and arrived in Elgin on the morning of the 23rd. Ingvar and Axel met us at the station. On the 3rd of July, Ingvar, Axel and I drove to Flint to visit Ernest and family and see the home that he bought. We found them all well and happy. We took Ernest with us and drove to Ludington to see our old home and call on old friends.

In the pasture of our old farm used to be an old pine stump that twenty-two years before we had climbed up on and had our pictures taken. We thought we would take our picture again on this same stump and see how we had changed, but we found it had rotted down to the ground, only some pieces marked the spot. Axel remarked, "the old pine stump is gone, but we are still here." We drove home during the night and arrived in Elgin the morning of the 6th. It was a hard night for Ingvar and Axel, they drove 500 miles, as we brought Ernest to Flint first.

July 29th, I again went to Flint, this time I had Sigrid along, I drove Axel's car. Ernest has a combination radio and phonograph which will also record, we made several phonograph records. It gives one quite a thrill to hear oneself speak and I was surprised at the sound of my voice,

and the Swedish brogue in my English. We stayed with Ernest until August 12th, then returned to Elgin. It had been a pleasant visit with Ernest and his family; Dick and Lois are promising youngsters.

September 2nd, we took another trip in Axel's old car, this time to northern Wisconsin, to visit my brother-in-law, August Swanson. On the way back we crossed the Straits of Mackinac into Michigan, and drove by way of Flint, and again called on Ernest. Weather was damp and cold, Ernest had a fire in the furnace. We returned to Elgin on September 14th. We were now considering returning home to California, but we decided to remodel my house at 464 Ryerson Avenue, into two apartments, and in that way get a little more income from it. It had hardly paid expenses for the last ten years, so we stayed and did what work we could during the remodeling.

November 18th, we packed and in the evening we boarded the train back to California. The weather was cold and there was two inches of snow on the ground. The remodeling was finished and the apartments rented. The remodeling cost $884.40.

We arrived in Pasadena the morning of the 21st. Ruth, Orland and baby Anton met us at the station and took us home to Tujunga. Here the weather was nice and warm, we had left snow and cold behind. There is no more to say about the year 1937.

I went back to watch repairing, not so much for financial gain, but as a pastime. The first week of March it rained for several days and on March 2nd, I wrote in my diary: "Rained hard all night and today we are experiencing the worst flood that I have seen here. We have succeeded so far in keeping the water out of our yard by building a levee of sand bags. We have been wet to the skin several times and have kept a hot fire going in the stove to dry our clothes. We are both very tired. It looks like the worst is over as the rain is light now at bedtime. We could not defend ourselves anymore from the water if it should rain heavy again, as our street is filled in with sand to the top of the curb and the pavement is all broken up. The electric power went off in the afternoon, but came on in the evening. We heard over the radio that much damage had been done, houses and bridges washed out and many lives lost, all communications with the East were broken, except by radio." Later I wrote: "Water has stopped flowing in our street, but is a pitiful sight. More damage was done than thought at first. Airplanes are dropping food to people who were stranded in the canyons and mountains. About 200 lives were lost, and almost every house in Tujunga Canyon was destroyed."

In the month of May we rented out our house in Tujunga for $10 per month for the summer to a party that promised to take good care of it. We packed and had the old car in good order, and on the 26th of May we again started for Elgin, where we arrived June 1st.

The hard times started in 1929 and conditions have not improved to any great extent, work is slack in Elgin. Ingvar and Axel have bought an old three story house that they are remodeling into six apartments. When I get to Elgin I always find there is plenty of work waiting for me, threading waterpipes, filing saws, sharpening dies, etc., so if I feel able to work, I can keep busy.

August 5th, Sigrid and I drove to Flint where we had a pleasant visit with Ernest and family. Dick and Lois have grown a lot since our last visit. We returned to Elgin August 15th.

August 24th, we made another journey to Michigan, this time to Mackinaw City to escape the hayfever. We had Dorothy, my stepdaughter, with us; she is also a victim of hayfever and asthma. She got sick on the way and grew worse after we reached Mackinaw. One night it looked like she would not survive; we called in a doctor and he stayed with us for quite awhile. We did not stay as long as intended, the weather was cold and uncomfortable, so on September 10th, we were back in Elgin.

We stayed in Elgin Until November 9th, it was now late in the year and we had to go back to California the southern route to avoid the mountains. It snowed when we left Elgin. I would have liked to have stayed in Elgin to be together with my boys and grandchildren, but perhaps it is best to just come and go. It may get tiresome to have the old man around all the time. It would be different if I was in fair health so that I could be of some use.

It seemed that I caught a cold the first day that we were on the way and I felt sick most of the way, at times I had to let Sigrid take the wheel. We arrived in Tujunga on the 16th, we had driven 2,520 miles, this southern way is 300 miles further than the way we usually drive via Salt Lake City.

We were disappointed when we saw our home, most of the shrubbery was dead, our tenant had neglected to water. While we were gone Orland had failed in the restaurant business and had not been able to find work. Orland then went to school to learn to be an airplane mechanic. After six months in school he secured a job as welder in an airplane shop at a wage of 51¢ per hour. And so ended the year 1938.

On Friday, April the 14th, a son was born to Helen and Ingvar, this new arrival is called Keith Ingvar. Keith was born at 7:15 a.m. and weighed 8 pounds 15 ounces, pretty good weight for a kid these days, as a rule they don't arrive that large anymore. Here is hoping that Keith will thrive, grow to be a strong man in body and mind. He will need a strong body and a clear head if he is going to step in where his father and his Uncle Axel are someday going to leave off.

Because of my poor health, I thought it best to sell our home in Tujunga. I had been very sick this spring and I thought that a change might do me some good. Through a real estate agent I sold and on May 13th I received my money; price including furniture was $1,450.00. I paid a commission of $67.50 which left a net of $1,382.50. When I bought I paid $1,100.00, I had probably paid out about $100.00 for improvements. We had done considerable improving, mostly through our own labor. We had lived here nearly 12 years. At times I regret that we sold the place; I had accumulated many tools and had a well equipped shop with a toolmakers lathe, with material and tools for watch repairing. I knew this was the end; I would never have anything like that again. Here,---I never got lonesome, I could always amuse myself with my tools, make something, or work on old watches. I had been happy there working under the oak tree.

We packed our personal things in three trunks and shipped them to Elgin, I also loaded my car as much as I dared to haul. And so on May 31st, we bid good-by to our home in Tujunga.

The old car stood the journey well and we arrived in Elgin on June 5th, we had driven 2,235 miles, bought 95 gallons of gasoline at a cost of $19.33, all other expense was $13.71, total $33.04, cheap transportation for two people and freight.

It seemed good to be with my own again. For the first time, I saw the youngest member of our family, Keith Ingvar, a robust little fellow. Doris and Alice are darlings and have grown considerable since last summer. Doris is a young lady, nearly eight years old. Helen is a capable wife and mother, she takes good care of her home and family.

I greatly enjoyed my visit in Elgin, I was with the boys while they worked on different jobs. Monday nights they played soft-ball in a church league and I went along to watch the game.

On July 6th, wife and I drove to Flint for a visit with Ernest and family. They have a fine home and nice children, Dick is 11 years and Lois 8. My grandchildren will soon be young men and women; when I look at them, I realize that I am getting to be an old man.

The 8th of July, in 1939, was a big day for Richard, he won the "Class 'B' SOAP BOX DERBY Race" held at Flint. He received a medal and several valuable prizes.

We stayed with Ernest until July 18th, then drove north to Haughton Lake, where we called on Mr. and Mrs. Pettingil, then across the state to Ludington where we called on friends. We returned to Elgin on the 21st.

My nose was again bad, and I had another operation on it before we left Elgin. I spent most of the time with my boys, watching them work, I

enjoyed it very much. I had not been entirely idle, I had filed saws, and did other small jobs.

August 6th, Ernest and family came to Elgin to visit us, so again we were together, my three sons and I. When together with my boys many old memories come back, the happy days when they were babies, my whole life rolls up before my eyes like a moving picture show.

We left the old home of my father and mother on August 11th, and drove north to highway U. S. #2, which we followed. We have been over almost every road between Elgin and the West coast except this one and thought that it would be interesting to see the north country, but I was disappointed. There was very little to see of interest until we got into the mountains and timber, which starts in western Montana. What interested me most was the Redwood Forest of California.

It makes a person gaze in amazement at those giant trees, it strikes one almost speechless, it is beyond description. It is said that the age of these trees is more than one hundred of our generations. "Only God can make a tree."

We stopped at Berkeley, California, and stayed with Uncle John for two days, we also stopped at Templeton and called on cousin Esther.

We arrived at Los Angeles at the home of Ruth and Orland August 26th. We had driven 3,799 miles, more than 1,500 miles further than the nearest way between Elgin and Los Angeles.

Ruth's son, Anton, is a thriving and lively youngster, he is learning to talk; a fine little fellow, but a firm guiding hand is needed to hold him on the straight and narrow path.

Carl Frank Carlson took critically ill and went into a coma on the evening of February 12, 1940, and was removed to the hospital by ambulance the following morning where he passed on without regaining consciousness.

FRANK CARLSON and SONS
1915

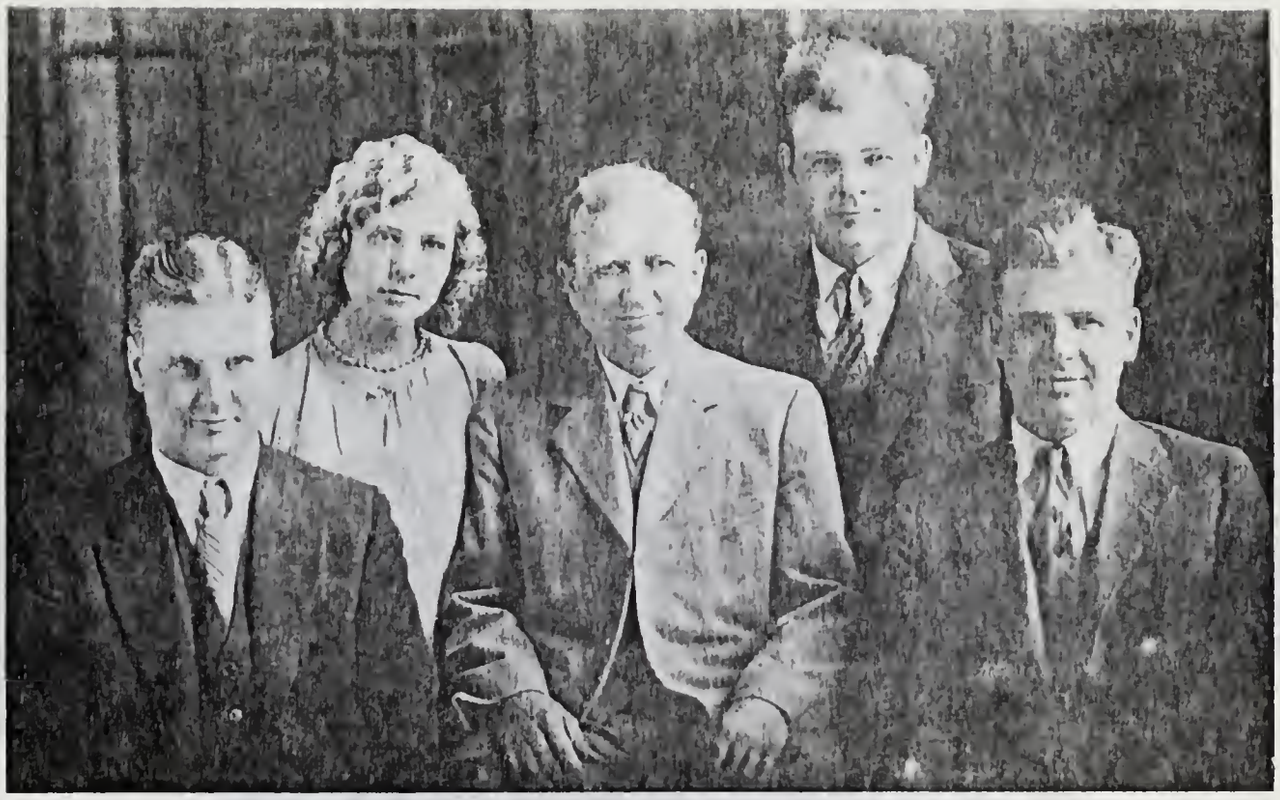
Certification of confirmation of ALFRIDA INGMAN of Brakne Hoby, a later picture of her and the church appear in the insets. Cemetery surrounds church on three sides. The Ingman Isakssons rest in upper left corner.

Efter erhållen underwisning i kristendom och deri förwärfwad godkänd insigt har Alfrida Ingemansd. fr. Br. Hoby, som är född den 9 Februari 1875, högtidligen förnyat sitt med Gud i dopet ingångna förbund och efter sålunda föregången konfirmation nedanskrifne dag första gången undfått tillträde till Herrans Heliga Nattward.

Hässnyd den 9 Juni 1889.

Victor Rooz.

No 486 Hasse W. Tullberg, Linköping

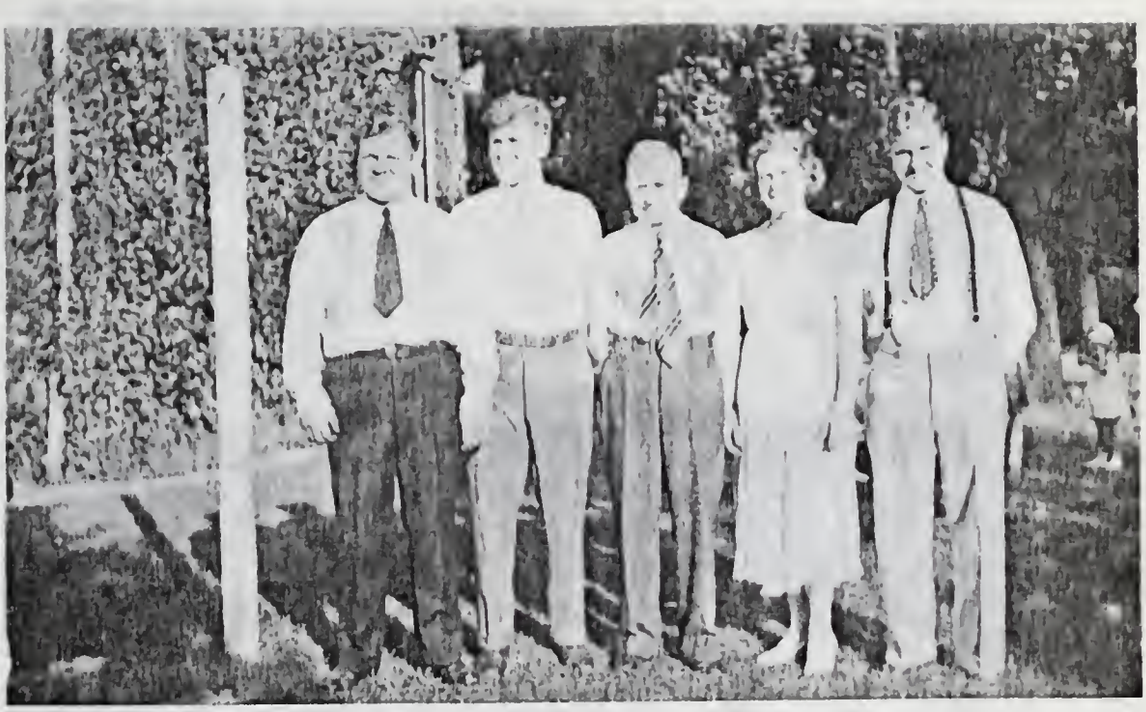


Above: family Portrait made in Elgin, 1929 - "Chips off the old 'Block'"
Below: The CARLSONS sitting among stumps on their farm (1915)
The boys are Axel in rear, Ingvar (with hoe) and Ernest; to their left is mother, Alfrida; grandmother, Christine; father, Frank; and grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson.

Below - 1931: Frank Carlson and daughter, Ruth. The new Ford was purchased immediately prior to the GREAT DEPRESSION and Stock Market Crash. The foothills of the Sierra Mts. loom in the background. Home shown in these pictures was bought in 1928, located in Tujunga, Los Angeles County.

1931: Ruth on day of Confirmation in Lutheran Church at Pasadena. "A rose among the blooming cactus"

Above:
Family gathering at Christmas of 1928. On left is Sigrid, wife of Frank Carlson, whom he married May 1, 1919. Next to Sigrid is her mother, Christine Moren. On the right of group is Sigrid's daughter, Dorothy, by a former marriage. Dorothy stands by the side of her husband, Chelsey Fritz. The girl in the center is Ruth, age 11, daughter of Frank Carlson and late wife, Alfrida, married May 1, 1900.
Right - 1928:
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carlson

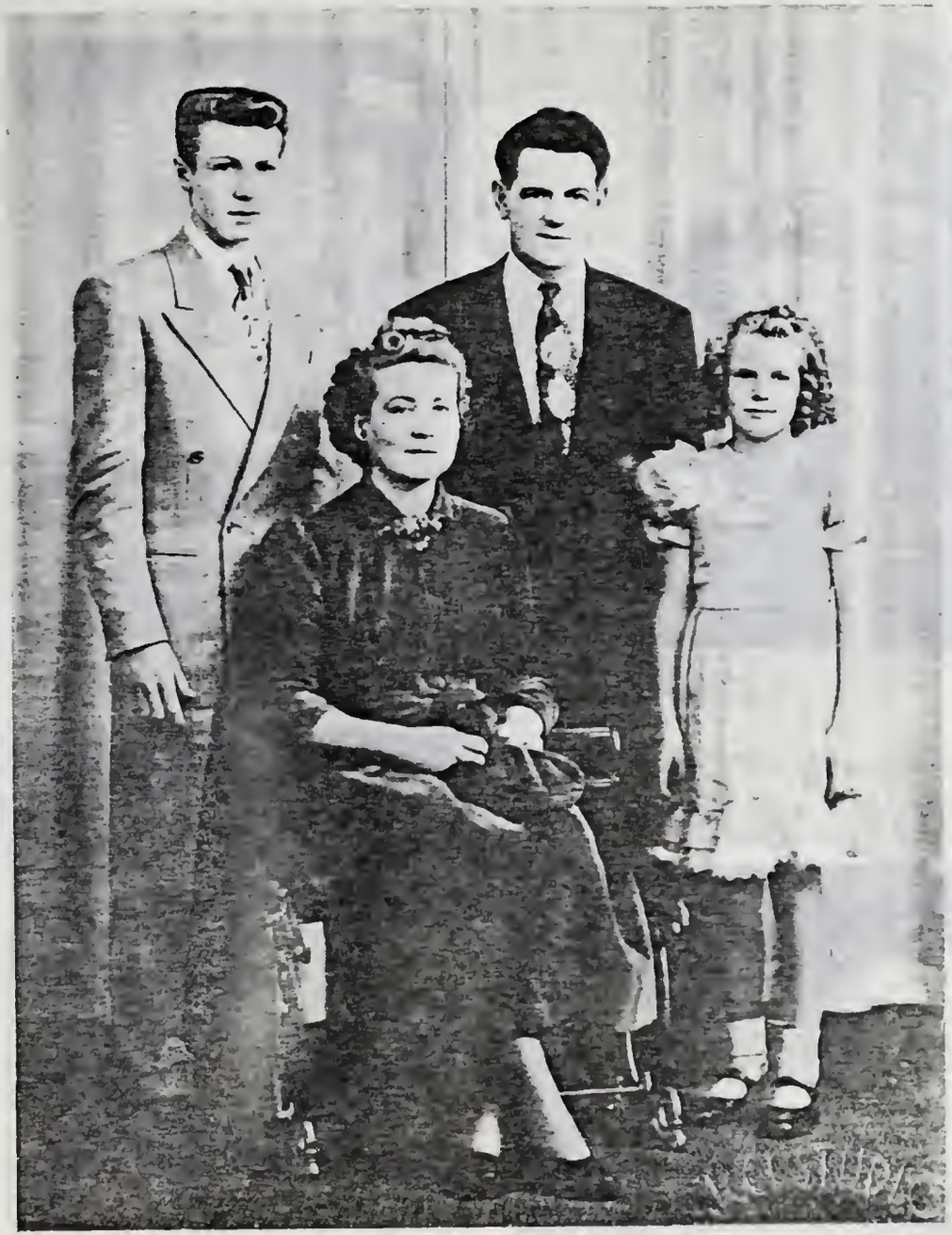


1933: Frank Carlson in center flanked by sons and daughter.
From left: Axel, Ingvar, father, Ruth and Ernest.

Left: "Courting Days" of Ruth and Orland. Right: "There is No Business Like Show Business." Ruth is among carnival attractions in a setting resembling the region of the Great Lakes replete with waterfalls. Pieces of equipment were motivated from a water-wheel and a linkage of drive-shafts. The display brought onlookers from near and far, it was an acknowledged feat of engineering and work of art.

1918: Father and daughter, Ruth.
"Girls grow up in the most delightful ways"

Left: May 12, 1936. Ruth Ingeborg Carlson given in marriage to Orland Gottardi in Lutheran Church at Pasadena, California.



1937 - Anton at age of 3 months

Anton now has a little baby sister, Orlene, born January 18, 1943.

Gottardies in 1948

Left: Family Portrait
The GOTTARDIES of 1951

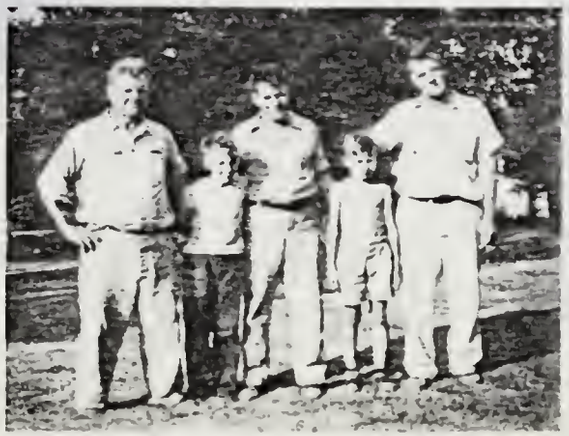
Little Anton and his grandfather, Frank Carlson

1943 - Anton and baby sister, Orlene

ORLENE from age one to "Sweet Sixteen"

Left: 1945 - Orlene and Anton with Aunt Nadine

Below center: The Gottardies visit the Carlsons in Elgin, 1946
Right: Nadine and Axel visit the Gottardies in Los Angeles, 1948



ANTON EDWARD GOTTARDI

Miss Susan "Sue" Wilson

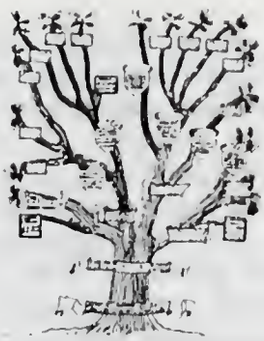
Formal announcement of the betrothal of Miss Susan "Sue" Wilson of 1360 Valley View Ave., Hastings Ranch (Pasadena), to Anton E. "Tony" Gottardi of 4106 Barryknoll Dr., Los Angeles, has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Fisher of the Valley View address. Mrs. Fisher is the bride-elect's sister with whom she has resided for the last 13 years.

Miss Wilson is a graduate of Woodrow Wilson Junior High School and Pasadena High School, and has been affiliated with Job's Daughters, Bethel 179, in Temple City. She is now employed at the Hoffman Electronics Corporation in Los Angeles.

THE BRIDEGROOM-ELECT'S parents are Mr. and Mrs. Orland F. Gottardi of the Barryknoll address.

Young Mr. Gottardi was graduated from Franklin High School and attended Los Angeles City College. He is now employed with Pacific Telephone.

The wedding is set for June, 1962.



RUTH INGEBORG CARLSON

Born April 11, 1917
at Ludington, Michigan

Daughter of Carl Frank and Alfrida (Engman) Carlson
Granddaughter of Gustaf Reinhold and Christine (Carlson) Carlson
Granddaughter of Ingman and Berta (Bengtsdotter) Isaksson

Sister of Ingvar Reinhold
Sister of Axel Fritjof
Sister of Ernest August
Sister of Oscar (deceased)

Wife of Orland Gottardi
Mother of Anton Edward
Mother of Lawrence Frank (deceased)
Mother of Orlene Ruth

This abbreviated sketch of our sister, Ruth and family, is submitted for her as the deadline approaches for the admission of material. The Gottardis have continued to reside in California since their marriage May 12, 1936, which has made correspondence the main vehicle of contact. By mutual fault, letters many times only come to inform of important events to the exclusion of frequent noteworthy happenings which we relish as news. In writing this short chapter it must be judged on our good intention

and not as a substitute for personalized writing which reveals the image in a more comprehensive manner.

All events transpiring while our father lived are covered quite thoroughly in his life story, that which is untold would date from his passing in 1940. However, it would seem prudent to localize all that is pertinent to the Gottardi family.

Perhaps this chapter should begin in 1905 when our parents came back from Sweden after a five year "honeymoon." They returned to Elgin, Illinois, where they had been married May 1, 1900. During those five years in Sweden, three sons, Ingvar, Axel and Ernest, were born. Father was employed in Elgin by the Star Watch Case Company as a machinist. In 1906 this firm moved all operations to a new plant located at Ludington, Michigan, and by prior commitment, Dad was obliged to follow. Our family resided in the city until 1909 at which time a fruit farm was purchased a mile from the Ludington city limits. Dad's health had been a problem for a year or more, he believed that spending more time in the fresh air would have remedial affects. Except for a few months leave to work on the farm, he continued to work at the factory. Dad took a great interest in improving the farm and was ambitious and energetic to the extent that our farm was the most productive, modern and picturesque of any in the vicinity.

Brother Oscar was born June 13, 1914, and died three days later. Mother was of the hospitable type, she welcomed friends for Sunday dinners, she was proficient in the culinary art, having worked as a girl for prominent families in Chicago. In the preserving of fruit and farm produce she was especially adept at canning many hundreds of quarts annually. Mother made many of the boys' clothes and in addition to helping with outside work found time to knit and crochet. Mother took an active part in church work to the extent of her limited time, she was fond of visiting with friends which grew into delightful reciprocations on nearly all weekends. This was the MOTHER that was so dear to us and whose tender love Ruth never knew, the ways of Providence are strange indeed.

Mother passed away at the Paulina Stearns Hospital, Ludington, on April 13, 1917, she had given birth to a baby girl on April 11th, thus starts the life of our sister, Ruth. The arrival of our baby sister and the passing of Mother ultimately brought a decision by Dad to sell the farm and return to Elgin and live with Grandfather and Grandmother at 470 Ryerson Avenue. The old folks learned to love the little one as one of their own and in the succeeding months, sister Ruth grew and thrived in her new environment.

On May 1, 1919, Dad married for the second time, his bride was a widowed lady by the name of Sigrid Swanson. Our stepmother's family consisted of her aged mother and a daughter, Dorothy, age fourteen, brother Ernest also resided with Dad in the new household. Ingvar and Axel had previously gone to southern Minnesota to work for relatives on farms,

Ruth continued to be a "princess" in the eyes of her grandparents. That was the status of the family in the middle of 1919.

Ruth was too young to remember the passing of Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, on November 12, 1919, his death had been very sudden, having worked at laying bricks for his employer only a week before, he was 72. This bereavement caused Dad and family to move to Grandmother's home.

January 22, 1923, Ruth started her formal education at the Lowrie School where her niece, Alice, now teaches. On Memorial Day, May 30, 1924, brother Ernest was married to Evelyn Beyer, an Elgin girl. A year later on June 1, 1925, our stepsister, Dorothy, was married to Chelsey Fritz, an Elgin man. Brother Axel married Nadine Younker of Peoria on December 23, 1925. Brother Ingvar married Helen Maday of Chicago on November 20, 1926. This was the last family wedding for the next decade.

On December 3, 1926, Grandmother Christine Carlson passed on. Thus at age nine, Ruth lost the only mother she had known in her young life. At this time Axel and Nadine were living upstairs. Dad felt an urge to quit his job as tool and die maker at the Elgin National Watch Company to seek a better climate in the west. In preparation Dad purchased a new 1927 Ford touring car, he rigged up the inside by hinging the front seat to lay back to accommodate the sleeping of two persons. The running board on the outside was widened to form a bunk at night for Ruth. On June 21, Dad, Sigrid and Ruth began a circuitous route to the west coast. On vacating their apartment on the ground floor, Ingvar and Helen moved in. In 1927, all weather paved roads were scarce west of the Mississippi River. When the roads were not choking with dust, they would often be rutted axle deep in mud and covered with water which could have spelled doom if the car dropped into a deep hole.

To establish residence for Ruth to go to school on September 12th, Dad rented a cottage in Pasadena. On September 4, 1928, he purchased a home in the little city of Tujunga, the street in front of their modest home ascended into the foothills of the Sierra Madre range. Here Dad enjoyed contentment and some relief from his asthma, his greatest pleasure coming from his "hobby-shop" located in the shade of an oak tree. During summer vacation, Ruth took violin lessons and also studied voice. It was Dad's desire that we all know how to play a musical instrument or at least have the opportunity to develop any latent talent.

In the fall of 1928, stepsister Dorothy and husband, Chelsey, also came to Tujunga and made their temporary home with Dad while in quest of a more hospitable climate to reduce the severity of Dorothy's asthmatic attacks, she also suffered from the same malady that plagued Dad, they sought relief in many places along the west coast, but after June of 1929, the Fritz's decided to return to Elgin, apparently not having found the desired locale.

On June 17, 1929, Dad and Ruth made a return visit to Elgin stopping enroute at Tooele, Utah, to visit with Dad's cousin, Hilma. They stayed in Elgin only six weeks as Ruth had to be back for the fall school term, the homeward trip proved to be more eventful than the previous one. On reaching Colorado Springs and descending a long grade they came to the valley floor as a torrential rain poured down. A car mired in mud blocked all traffic, two men worked frantically to extricate it but suddenly had to abandon it as the waters rose from the small stream to flood the valley. Soon the swift current freed the stalled car from the muck and it was carried away as by a tidal wave. That was the climax of a terrifying experience that is reminiscent of wagon trains and the "Gold Rush Days of '49" exactly 60 years before.

Though recorded many times in this book, the disastrous crash of the stock market in October of 1929 cannot be overstated. Dad's income from interest and dividends dwindled to the vanishing point. Capital investment shrank to withering lows as factories laid off employees and banks closed their doors depriving depositors of the right to withdraw life savings. Money became very scarce and some people resorted to bartering. The "GREAT DEPRESSION" experienced over the next several years taught a stark lesson on speculative and unsound financial practices. Dad weathered the financial storm admirably but he was the exception and not the rule.

1931, January 23, Ruth graduated from the 8th grade, thereafter she attended the San Fernando high school some eleven miles from Tujunga. On the following May 24, Ruth was confirmed at the Swedish Lutheran Church at Pasadena, she was now a young lady of fourteen.

1933, July 3, Dad and Ruth with stepmother, Sigrid, left Tujunga for a return visit to Elgin. The trip was made in a Ford Model "A" sedan purchased new in 1929, it was a decided improvement over the old touring car for traveling in inclement weather; mechanically, it was also more reliable. It should be mentioned here that the highlight of this trip while in Elgin.....was several trips to Chicago to view the sprawling World's Fair called "Century of Progress," commemorating 100 years from the founding as a small settlement on the banks of Lake Michigan.

1935, January 29, Ruth graduated from the high school at San Fernando and the early rising to catch the school bus became a memory. On the following April 11th, Ruth reached her eighteenth birthday, as her guardian, Dad presented her with a legacy in the form of securities valued at $3000 bequeathed to her by Grandmother Christine Carlson.....a sizable sum in those depression days.

It could have been mentioned earlier that Ruth during her tenure at high school became attracted to a young man by the name of Orland Gottardi. This acquaintanceship grew to serious proportions until on Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, when a formal announcement of their engagement was

made at a dinner elaborately prepared by Sigrid for the festive occasion. On Easter Sunday, May 12, 1936, Ruth and Orland were married in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Pasadena. The young couple received the congratulations and best wishes of a wide circle of friends.

1936. Ruth and Orland resided with Dad and Sigrid until December 17th when they purchased a home within the city of Los Angeles some 20 minutes of driving from Tujunga. Dad lamented that after 35 years of having children at home, he now was lonely, however, visits were frequent between the Gottardis and Dad in Tujunga, thus preserving family ties on an intimate basis.

1937, March 1st, the first baby born to Ruth and Orland was a son named Anton Edward. Dad was extremely proud on Easter Sunday, March 28, when he carried his young grandson for Holy Baptism at the Swedish Lutheran Church which they attended at Pasadena. In 1940, Dad's final entry in his life's story admonishes-----Anton is a thriving and lively youngster, he is learning to talk, a fine little fellow but a firm guiding hand is needed to hold him on a straight and narrow path. From our own appraisal at the present time it would appear that this lively youngster has surpassed all of Dad's hopes.

1940. Dad, at age 63, passed away on February 13th at a Long Beach hospital after an emergency drive from their apartment at Seal Beach. From an autopsy death was attributed to arterial thrombosis which obviously was a side effect from the strong drugs Dad was using to counteract his asthma attacks. Dad had predicted that his continued use of these stimulants would eventually affect his heart. His sudden death came as a severe shock to us all, we had hoped to have him with us for many more years. A short service was held at the funeral chapel for friends, after which Sigrid and Ruth followed the remains to Elgin for final service and interment. Dad leaves with us the image of an exemplary father, kind, honest, faithful and a practitioner of the "Golden Rule."

1941, May 9th, a second son, Lawrence Frank, was born to Ruth and Orland, and while "castles" were being dreamed for his future, little Lawrence Frank died on January 16, 1942; he was buried in "Babyland" at Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

1943, January 18, a daughter was born to the Gottardis, she was named Orlene Ruth. Orlene too was a thriving and lively youngster, we predict a grand future for her. Both Anton and Orlene have graduated from high school, Anton is employed by the Pacific Telephone Company and Orlene has a position in a local bank. Ruth also works for the telephone company. Orland for many years has been a supervisor for the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. His interest in aero-dynamics began in 1938 when he took a special course in mechanics, he has been with this large corporation for 24 years.

1946, we had the pleasure of a visit to Elgin from Orland, Ruth and their children, they also drove to Flint to visit with Ernest and Evelyn.

1957, one evening in July the telephone rang, Ruth was calling from California, she said Orlene and she would be coming to visit us. An amusing incident happened when coming near St. Charles by bus. They got off at the wrong stop... it was the St. Charles School for Boys... a state correctional institution.....while the error was discovered in time to reboard the bus, in teasing Orlene we found much to laugh about. Together, we spent a couple days at sight-seeing in Chicago and then began a memorable trip around Lake Michigan. Beginning by driving up through Wisconsin, crossing the straights by ferry and continuing down the opposite shore of Lower Michigan. At Ludington, we engaged a cabin for a week on Hamlin Lake. To reach our cabin in the forest of pine and beech trees, the best route lay past our old farm.

At Ludington, we visited both of our former neighbors, Minnie (Johnson) Arndt who still lives across the road in the same house, and Lillian (Olson) Anderson who resides in the city. We were genuinely received by both these former schoolmates, and the same hospitality prevailed as in 1917. On the last evening in our cabin, Minnie and Lillian joined to serve us a picnic supper. Sister Ruth was only a few months old when we left the farm, but even so, Minnie and Lillian played a role in her infancy by baby sitting and volunteering their services in our motherless household.

On leaving Ludington, we crossed the state to Flint where we spent several days with Ernest and Evelyn. On the weekend spent there we drove to Ernest's cottage on a nearby lake, there we frolicked around in the water most of the time. It had been years since the writer experienced so much fun. While Ruth and Orlene were visiting us, Mr. Gottardi was in France, he had joined a crew who were ferrying planes, this was not in the line of his normal duties which was the final inspection of craft before delivery. Previous to Ruth's and Orlene's departure back to California, we spent a day with Ingvar and Helen at their cottage on the Fox River. Most of the day was taken up on boat rides and at water skiing. Orlene's cousin Keith operated the boat and gave the instructions on "How to Ski." Skiing looks easy when others perform, but Ruth and Orlene were dunked continuously, however, they did seem to improve and they must be given an "E" for effort. Ingvar and Helen maintain a nice home here, by great effort they keep the two acre plot immaculate, in this setting, we dined and reminisced. While most of the Gottardis were journeying here and there and abroad, Anton remained on the job, working for the telephone company. We have not seen him for several years but we are told that he has a goodly amount of mechanical savvy and is fond of woodworking in his basement.

Over the years we have all visited California and the Gottardis at various times. During the war years, 1942-43-44-45, Axel and Nadine were frequent callers while Axel was stationed on the coast. When he

was shipped to the central Pacific theater in 1944-45, Nadine made her home with the Gottardis for an entire year. In 1947, Ernest and Evelyn's son, Richard, visited them while serving in the Navy. In February of 1949, Axel and Nadine paid a return visit. In 1953, Ernest and Evelyn made Los Angeles and Riverside focal points on a western tour, as did Ingvar and Helen in 1959.

Stepsister Dorothy and her husband, Chelsev, left Elgin for California on December 7, 1941, the day is remembered as it was also the infamous day of the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor in Hawaii which precipitated World War Two. The Fritz's subsequently settled in the city of Riverside where they found the climate beneficial for asthma sufferers. Dorothy's mother, Sigrid, shares their home enjoying a private apartment for herself.

The Fritzes at Riverside and the Gottardis in Los Angeles are some 60 miles apart but this has been no deterent to frequent reciprocation of visits. They share each others troubles and joys and when Thanksgiving and Christmas come they alternate in observing these and other holidays. A strong bond has grown through the years by a common interest, that of enjoying the great outdoors; together they plan outings into the nearby mountains or to the open desert and far off lakes. Camping has a special appeal along with swimming and boating. The Gottardi children, Anton now age 25 and Orlene 20, are younger than Carol and Dale Fritz, but this variance only serves to gender increased enthusiasm for bigger and better outings, these young ladies and men now mirror the results of wholesome fun.

This past summer we were pleasantly surprised by the receipt of wedding invitations involving Anton, the announcement was very formal, the marriage to take place June 23, 1962, at the Saint Mark's Episcopal Church in Altadena, California. Anton's bride to be was Susan Ireland Wilson of Pasadena. No one from this area made the trip for this important event but we are told that it was an impressive ceremony, we regret we could not have witnessed this holy union and attended the reception given in their honor. We have been told by several that "Sue" is a warm and sensible girl. We, Anton's uncles in absentia, hasten to clasp "Sue" by the hand and solemnly pray for their happiness. May the home fires burn brightly and adversity forsake them.

Anton, an employee of the local telephone company, is currently charged with maintaining telephone communication equipment and service at the new Chavez Ravine Baseball Stadium, touted as the world's finest using the latest in electronic devices.

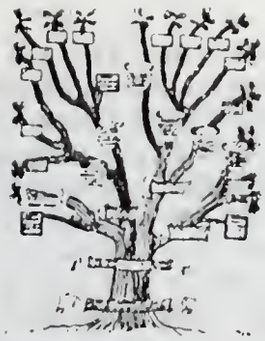
In the past couple months we have been apprised of Orlene's intended marriage to a young man temporarily serving in the armed service. The date is not definite at this writing but as this book will be in the hands of the printer in a matter of weeks we seize a last opportunity to

give recognition to this vivacious miss.... Orlene, we hope your impending marriage will exceed the "castles" you have built. I believe I can promise that one of us will traverse the 2000 miles there to be on hand to kiss the bride. The intended groom must be an astute fellow, 20-20 vision with a magnetic personality. May the good Lord bless both of these sacred unions with sunshine and fruitfulness.

The foregoing is a thumbnail sketch of sister Ruth's life as mother and girl, it is a feeble substitute for the story she is capable of writing. Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, the conceiver of this history book, wrote in his introduction words that I wish to repeat..... You will find by reading this, that I have not been a learned man; I hope descendants with an education will think only of my good intentions and not of my deficiencies..... end of quote. It was the fond hope of our father and grandfather that their children seek to perpetuate their work; not everyone can be expected to further this aim. In a lifetime of living we pass through many stages, the stage of writing memoirs or learning to appreciate those of others, comes rather late in most instances.

This story of the Gottardis comes to its end in the waning days of 1962, and with Christmas Day only hours away, we extend a hope for another grand reunion of the Fritzes and Gottardis on a festive occasion.

December 23, 1962



FOREWORD TO MY LIFE

INGVAR REINHOLD CARLSON

Born April 10, 1901
at Westra Ryd
Province of Blekinge
Sweden

Son (eldest) of Carl Frank and Alfrida (Engman) Carlson
Grandson of Gustaf Reinhold and Christine (Carlson) Carlson
Grandson of Ingman and Berta (Bengtsdotter) Isaksson

Brother of Axel Fritjof
Brother of Ernest August
Brother of Oscar (deceased)
Brother of Ruth Ingeborg (Carlson) Gottardi

MY FAMILY

Husband of Helen (Maday) Carlson
Father of Doris (Carlson) Survant
Father of Alice (Carlson) Carlson
Father of Keith Ingvar Carlson

It is with some effort that I give an account of my life, I have been very poor at making speeches and even worse when it comes to writing. I must begin by stating that my fingers have stiffened in past years and I find it difficult to hold a pen. However, with some assistance, I will set forth my best effort to enrich that which has heretofore been recorded. My task will not be easy as my story succeeds the works of my father and grandfather who excelled in this art. To be spared of repetition and extra writing, some of my brothers' work should be read for a more complete story of my life.

As I begin this story in the first weeks of 1962, I can look back upon many wonderful years. Our children are now grown and married and already I am a grandfather many times over. Next April, I will be sixty-one years of age and while I am now "retired," I look forward to many more useful years. This year 1962 may be another important year, Helen and I with three children, all married, are braced for daily surprises of most any denomination. Presently our son, Keith, and his wife, Donna, expect their first child in April. There is not a day when something does not happen to worry or cheer us, fortunately the pleasant things are far in the majority. In reaching the age of sixty-one, there have been times when the load was heavy and the course decidedly uphill, but my wife has stood by my side and together we have managed to weather the various storms. Yes, I could count many blessings that have come to us, indeed, we have been richly rewarded.

As you have noted, my brothers and I are cooperating in printing a book containing our family history. This decision came after examining the old record book used by our father, we found it coming apart while only half filled. This left no alternative but to transcribe its content into a new book. Ultimately the final decision was to create an attractive bound volume. This became conclusive when the results were received from explorations into our heritage by a state accredited agency in Sweden, a firm which had been actively probing in our behalf for more than a year. The search to date has been successful back to the year, 1539, when our Petrus Jonae was born. Petrus Jonae was destined to become a bishop who preached for the advancement of religious reform at a trying time in world history.

In my estimation the most astonishing part of our geneology report is the discovery of two men in our blood line who have been knighted, namely.... Johan Peter Wankif by King Frederick of Sweden in 1767 with the titular name of "Gripenbjelke," the other was Capt. Aron Johansson by Queen Christine in 1653, he received the name of "Klofverskjold," his coat of arms shows a shield with three clover leaves, a picture of this coat of arms was received recently. The drawing of the coat of arms of "Gripenbjelke" was received several months ago, it attracted so much interest that we have since had a mold made of it and at this moment it is in New York. We have ordered several bronze replicas casted in the form of wall plaques. The "Klofverskold" coat of arms will be given im-

partial treatment later when we will find another use. These two men bring a great honor to our lineage, in fact, it seems to indicate that our heritage is quite impressive. In reading our grandfather's history he said that our ancestors could read and write for many centuries before him, this coincides with material received from Sweden. Many of our forefathers held public office and positions of trust at a time when superstition, ignorance and illiteracy was general throughout the civilized world.

1915. The Carlsons at their farm home, Frank is taking the picture. In addition to the G. R. Carlsons, mother and father of Frank, the group includes the Hjalmar Lidberg family. The Lidbergs also followed the Star Watchcase Company from Elgin to Ludington in 1906. Mrs. Lidberg holds daughter, Helen; son, Walter, is held by Mrs. Frank Carlson; another son, Alvin, stands behind his mother. Mr. Lidberg, a foreman in the factory, stands at right.

MY LIFE

The prelude to my life began on May 1, 1900, when Carl Frank Carlson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf Reinhold Carlson of Elgin, Illinois, was wed to Alfrida Engman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ingeman Isaksson of Westra Ryd, Blekinge, Sweden. The young couple was married by the Lutheran pastor at Geneva, Illinois. Three days later Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carlson began their honeymoon on a voyage to Westra Ryd and a visit to the home of the bride's parents which she had left seven years before. The intention of the newlyweds was to return after a four or five month visit, but as the reader will subsequently learn, it was nearly five years before this couple again saw Elgin.

When the honeymooners arrived in southern Sweden, the orchards were in full bloom and the air was scented with the fragrance of spring, the setting was perfect for their reception. Frank helped his father-in-law, Ingeman Isaksson, with the farm work and their daughter was happy among relatives and school chums. Almost from the outset the old folks intimated that they were getting along in years and would like to sell the farm. The young couple, after some persuasion, believed that this was an opportunity for financial gain and a splendid place to raise a family. The deal was consumated in January of 1901. The new venture began on a happy note with the birth of a son on April 10th. This is where I first saw the light of day. They named me Ingvar Reinhold, where the name Ingvar originated I am not sure, the mythical name of the "God of the Forest" is very similar.

Thirteen months later, on June 4, 1902, my brother Axel was born, and again on December 23, 1904, brother Ernest joined the fold. By this time Dad had tired of the farm and decided to sell the property and return to Elgin. On February 13, 1905, an auction was held to dispose of all personal effects, tools and equipment. I should mention that while we were on this farm, we were joined by father's parents from Elgin, Illinois, they had left the States to take up residence with their only offspring. Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, at once set about to build a new barn but when he was half finished, a desire to return to America overcame him. He could see no future in staying there any longer while earning so little when as a mason and carpenter he would earn much more in the United States.

The farm was sold to the man who finished building the barn, the auction being over, we were now ready to depart. Because Ernest was

so young it was decided that Mother, and brothers Axel and Ernest should stay with the Isakssons until warmer weather, however, there was another compelling reason. Dad had not received all the money from the auction, he was low on funds, the sale of the farm had not been profitable. Dad, his parents and myself (age four), left Westra Ryd on the morning of February 20, 1905, rode the narrow gauge rails across the southern provinces of Blekinge and Skane to the seaport of Malmo, arriving there in the afternoon, ferried across the narrow strait that separates Sweden and Denmark and stayed that night in a transient hotel in Copenhagen. The next day we took the train across Denmark to the North Sea port of Esberg. In late afternoon we boarded a steamer for Harwich, England, arriving on the evening of the 23rd. A train was waiting to take us to Liverpool and arrived there early the following morning. From our Family History I notice that we had a day of waiting before leaving on the Atlantic crossing on February 25th. Our ship was the "Caronia" of the Cunard Line, making its maiden voyage. At noon of the 26th, we stopped for more passengers at Queenstown, Ireland, our passengers now numbered 3,029.

For my parents, the honeymoon to Sweden ended on a somber note. As you will learn from my Father's account, the five year stay in Sweden was termed a mistake. Dad had been trained in the making of tools and dies and knew nothing about farming. His only asset (dubious) to show for his long stay in Blekinge, was three sons. Having been born in Sweden gives me a sense of pride in realizing that Scandinavian emigrants have played a major role in the development of these United States. I have no regrets about the land of my origin although it is apparent that my birth in a foreign country was more by accident than by design.

We arrived at Elgin, Illinois, March 8, 1905. Dad went to work for the Star Watch Case Company on the following Monday, to be paid $2.25 for ten hours as a "die-maker." He was given this employment on the condition he would remain with the company when they moved to another city, the firm was contemplating moving all operations to Ludington, Michigan. Mother and my brothers left Westra Ryd with a group on May 3rd, the party included friends from the vicinity of our farm. These were very helpful to Mother on the passage and they all had a good time, also Mother was an aid to all these "greenhorns" as she could speak English. The entire party came to Elgin, they arrived on May 27, 1905. In preparation, Dad rented and furnished a cottage at 656 Wing Street, all was in readiness for the happy reunion.

During the winter of 1905-6, my Grandfather began building his new brick home at 470 Ryerson. I recall a team and bobsled took us all there to look it over, I believe it was then only half finished. Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, passed away in 1919, followed by Grandmother, Christine's demise in 1926. My wife and I moved into their home when Dad went to California to live in 1928. We now own the old homestead that G. R. built mostly with his own hands and for which Grandmother scrimped so long and hard to help pay for. When we first moved in, we

were alone, since then three children, Doris, Alice and Keith, have come to us. They are now all grown and married, again we are alone.

1906, on June 8th, the Star Watch Case Company and we moved to Ludington. It was easiest to reach Ludington by going by way of Chicago to Milwaukee and across Lake Michigan on one of the numerous fruit boats or rail car ferries. Ludington was a city of 10,000 people, the population almost doubled in the summer months when the resort season was at its height. Hundreds of summer cottages lined the shores of Hamlin Lake which was noted far and wide for its excellent fishing. For many years a miniature train carried the resorters from downtown to the lake region, a distance of some five miles. It ceased operation along about 1910 when buses began to be used.

Ludington had been a prosperous lumbering town but the timber line had now receded beyond the point of profitable cutting and hauling. In the city, several woodworking and novelty factories were humming but they did not employ many workers. The most important plant was called the "Carrom Factory," to this date they still make the same carrom boards that were so popular in my childhood. All our friends owned a carrom board and when we visited on the bleak Sunday afternoons in winter, a hot game of snapping the rings into the pockets was a great delight. This game may seem tame to children today who have all sorts of man in space gadgets and toy rockets that "take off," but this combination of pool and shuffle-board was our most cherished indoor sport. In making the carrom boards with pockets in each corner, it was necessary to develop a thin, strong material for construction. A Mr. Haskel of the Carrom Company perfected the gluing and laminating of thin sheets of wood. From this factory at Ludington, in about 1908, came the greatest contribution made to modern building, the development and perfection of versatile PLYWOOD.

Dad rented a house scarcely a ten minute hike over the board sidewalks to the new factory. I recall how we kids ran over them to meet Dad halfway as he came from work. The sandy shores of Lake Michigan were an equal distance and on hot summer days, Mother would take us wading and to play in the white "sugar" sand. These were the days when we were quite innocent looking but mischief was not lacking in our hearts. When one reaches my age I realize that we were "little devils" that needed a firm guiding hand. I can speak from personal experience that we have many times felt the sting of discipline and that our outward charm deceived no one. My parents were firm believers in the adage of "spare the rod and spoil the child," they also practiced the axiom "as the sprig is bent, that is the way the tree will grow." It seemed to me then that our parents were too strict, but now I think they were nearly perfect, everyone should be so blessed.

In 1906, there were no automobiles on the streets of Ludington. To save the horse for work, walking or riding a bicycle was the most common form of getting to the place you had in mind. A few of the upper middle

class or business people owned a buggy horse with a small barn in the rear of their lot, but it remained for the elite to have a stable of several horses and separate living quarters for the coachman. He kept the animals well groomed and ready to be hitched at a moment's notice to pick up guests or take milady on an exhilarating drive to view the countryside. On sunny days they used the open surrey with the "fringe on top," in the inclement weather, the enclosed coaches were in evidence, heated bricks warmed the interior. Their matched horses were usually in need of exercise and would persist in running at a lively pace. Much of the harness was of patent leather that glistened as they sped by. Nothing about the horses was as important as a silky mane and a long flowing tail. With the advent of the "horseless carriage" these same well-to-do folks were the first to convert to Cadillac cars, then the coachman became the chauffeur, thus came the end to an era of regal pomp and splendor, which even today is being imitated by another generation of elite who wish to be in the spotlight.

Visualize, if you will, the street scenes of this average town in the year 1906. Hundreds of city horses of every type and description were in daily use, other hundreds came from the farms as far as ten miles away. Watering tanks were placed at convenient intervals and hitching posts were a requisite in front of most homes. In out of way places, the horses could be fed and rested, feed stores did a brisk business. In a nostalgic way, I regret that the horse has passed from the American scene. Our automobiles can never take the place of a faithful horse, they responded so well at every command from only a little kindness in return.

Having told about the congestion of horses, carriages and wagons of my boyhood, I will relate about the many blacksmith shops in the city, horseshoeing was their chief stock in trade. One such shop was located on the main street a block from our first home. At every opportunity we kids would crowd up to the forge to watch the smithy heat the new shoes to a golden yellow and shape them on the anvil to conform to the horse's hoof. We kids idolized these men as they shoed from morning to night, we must have been a terrific nuisance but were never told to get out. At times the congenial smithy would make rings for our fingers from horseshoe nails. The poem by Longfellow, "Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands....." eulogizes better than I can state..... the honest sweat and toil of these forgotten men. Perhaps it is because I sometimes helped to pump the bellows or hold a piece of iron at the forge, that I received a mechanical impulse, most certainly it was here that I first became fond of horses.

1906, the year we came to Ludington, I was five years of age and time to start school. My first enrollment was at the first ward, Lakeview School, two incidents stand in my memory from that year. Once a child who was a bit "odd" rang the big school bell and started quite a commotion, everyone hurried to the fire exits and there was considerable confusion, I can remember that the suspicion narrowed down to myself and

several other boys in my class, the consequences of this offense I escaped, but was not so lucky another time when two girls reported that they heard me swear. I did not understand what it was all about, but even so, the teacher kept me after school and washed my mouth out with soap. I still think I was wrongly accused and believe that the profane words attributed to me were likely a mixture of Swedish as I could not speak much English at that time.

My parents joined the local Swedish Lutheran Church shortly after coming to Ludington. The percentage of Scandinavians in this community was exceptionally large, a large segment was made up of a Finnish settlement along the harbor who engaged in commercial fishing. It is my appraisal, that most Finlanders have considerable musical talent. They were also dedicated church people and it was a thrill even to us youngsters to see the large families come into the church and fill an entire pew for eight and part of another. Usually the Finns came early for the service and they would group together quite prominently in the front rows. Many times in the singing of certain hymns, these parishioners would literally raise the roof, I am sure many members came expressly to church to hear the Finlanders sing, many were in the choir and others were soloists. In connection with going to church, I recall that the large pipe organ was pumped manually, we kids thought it was fun to volunteer our services to relieve the appointed organ pumper. When all the stops were pulled out, it required two of us youngsters to man the handle.

In the fall of 1908, Dad bought a newly built home located near the easterly edge of town. He paid $950.00, it had six rooms with wood shed attached. It had electric lights and gas, but no bathroom as it had neither city sewer or city water. As was the case with most homes of this era, it had the conventional little house in the back of the lot, however, it did have a hand pump at the kitchen sink. There was no basement, as furnaces were not in common use as yet. The house was heated by stoves, coal and wood was stored in the wood shed. I now attended the second ward "Longfellow" school, it now took Dad about twenty minutes to walk to the shop.

1909. The Star Watch Case Company boosted Dad's wage to 30 cents an hour when we came to Ludington, now he was raised again to 35 cents. Dad had been suffering from chronic asthma for many months, this affliction grew worse until he decided to take a trip to Denver, Colorado, in search of relief. He left February 9th and returned in about six weeks somewhat relieved but it was only temporary, soon the attacks were as violent as before. Today these attacks can be greatly minimized with wonderful drugs, but at that time this affliction was terrible, he coughed violently until exhausted.

Our new home was on the "frontier," many vacant areas were nearby, one such tract was directly across the street. Here, we kids "chose-up-sides" and played hard with an improvised ball and bat. A few hundred

yards beyond our ball diamond began a large expanse of cutover timber land which had now grown over with scrub cedars and bushes. Here we gleefully shouted our battle cries and challenged imaginary Indians in the tradition of the "wild west." This "battleground" was a part of a larger tract of a thousand acres which was used to pasture cows. Everyday in summer, a man drove a herd past our home to graze on the cutover land. The cows numbered about thirty, they were owned by many individual city folks. The herdsman called at the various backyard barns and rounded up the animals early in the morning and returned them in late afternoon.

During those years, it was customary to conduct a "Swedish Summer School" for about three weeks, attendance of this school, for me, seemed a waste of time. For diversion in school, I kept busy by catching flies, at which I became quite adept. Then too, there was an abundance of "sand-burrs" growing in the alleys, and during this time of year, they were the prickiest. We kids were permitted to run barefooted during the summer but we were on the alert for sand-burrs which drew blood when stepped upon. It was the healthiest specimens which we gathered and concealed until the opportune moment. When one of the kids in school was about to sit down, we deftly laid a sprig of the choicest burrs upon the wood seat. Ordinary britches afforded him little protection and the kid would jump up and bellow in consternation!

At the end of summer school, we looked forward to a picnic. It was held at the picnic grounds at Buttersfield, which was reached aboard a motor launch across Pere Marquette Lake. The first thing Axel did when he got there, was to climb a large beech tree and out on a low limb. Yes, as you may have guessed, he fell, striking his head on some sharp object, making a gash on the top of his head. I believe Axel lost considerable blood, for he moved over to the trunk of the tree out of the hot sun and fell asleep, or possibly became unconscious. Some time later, he awakened in time to catch the last launch, for him there had been no picnic. Ernest and I were frightened over his accident and promptly told Mother on arrival at home. Axel's hair was a mat of dried blood, Mother cleaned the wound and put him to bed, but not without anxiety. He minimized the episode so as to cause no great alarm. However, it did leave a telltale scar, fortunately his hair usually conceals it.

After living in the new house on Franklin Street for about a year, Dad sold it and bought a farm about a mile from the easterly city limits. We moved there on Thanksgiving Day, 1909. Dad's health was still troublesome and he thought the country air would be a tonic. It was now a 20 minute ride by bicycle to the shop where Dad worked; if he had no asthma, he could walk it in 45 minutes. I was now eight and in the third grade, and was required to attend a nearby country school called "Wing School." It was only one large room and there were about 20 pupils, the lady teacher taught all grades from primary through the sixth. A couple years later the top grade was reduced to the "fifth." Some of the boys

in the sixth grade were over sixteen, I guess they had stayed at home so much to help with the work that they had not advanced each year. One of these boys, by the name of Ira, was unruly and would sass the teacher and made a lot of trouble for her in maintaining discipline. One day the superintendent of schools came out from the city, he carried a big strap, Ira was escorted to the wood shed in the rear. Soon we winced as we heard a commotion followed by cries of pain. The superintendent shortly was on his way back to town with his horse and buggy and all was serene, Ira, in tears, returned to the classroom and thereafter was meek as a lamb.

In opposite corners of the wood shed was the "outside" plumbing, in front of the school house stood the pump and flag pole. The one room was heated by a stove, those kids seated close by could roast, while others might freeze. I remember most the good times we had during recess and at noon hour. All kids carried their lunch, besides playing ball, there were many games played with the girls. In winter there were ponds frozen over in the field adjoining the school, and at noon we would skate like mad. On the stormiest days, a neighbor would get the stove started an hour or two early, a few times it stormed so bad that school was not held. Many times we took Dad to work with the horse and cutter as the walking was terrible, on the return trip, we would pick up the teacher at her home and take her to the school.

Let us discuss the farm Dad purchased for $2700. To reach it, you would take the main street (Ludington Avenue) and go east about one mile from the business district to "Jabobys Corner," then north one quarter mile on the Manistee Road. Our home could be seen from the corner, it was the first house on the east side of the road. In front of the house, along the road, was the traditional picket fence with clinging vines of roses and morning glories. Midway of the fence, a swinging gate and a rural mail box marked the entrance, the path to the house, led between luxurious lilac bushes with violets growing beneath in wild profusion. Drenched in the sun to the south of the house were small beds of pansies, nasturtiums and other flowers that thrived in the sandy soil, to the north was the orchard with a dozen varieties of fruit. To the rear was a very old barn and other farm buildings which were sorely in need of paint, between the house and barn stood the windmill. The house was of the square type, one and a half stories in height, and was in a fair condition. It was in this poetic invironment that my brothers and I spent our early youth.

Our farm of 35 acres when purchased could be roughly divided into four quarters, two quarters for wooded area and pasture, one for orchards and another planted to berries and field crops. The latter quarter of about eight acres, was only 25% of the farm but consumed 90% of the manual labor. The work that was most aggravating to us little kids, was confined to less than an acre of vegetables planted in rows only fifteen inches apart. Here it seems, the weeds were most proliferous and bent on strangling the slower maturing crop plants, it was here we dragged

along on our knees day after day, striving to win the race of weed eradication. Mother helped with the weeding and thinning as much as she was able, but she had to work while stooped over and this she could not endure. However, she did keep us supplied with cool grape or raspberry juice of which we were fond. Imagine, if you can, how busy we were, weeds were a constant threat everywhere. Simultaneously there was a steady ripening of berries which commenced with strawberries in June and ended with grapes before frost. Sandwiched between the strawberries and grapes were many varieties of other berries and tree fruits. In "spare time" we raised corn, oats and hay plus doing the usual barn chores and milking. Some of the soil on our farm was only little better than beach sand but we managed to grow something on every foot of it. Perhaps we could never have made more than a decent living, but we were a happy lot. I think most of us put too much stress on money in the bank, happiness is also wealth.

Grandfather, Gustaf R., came from Elgin every winter to aid us. First he helped to move the house to a higher site, next he built an addition for a new kitchen and bath. Once he stayed until early summer to construct a new barn with cement floors and model layout for a small farm. One winter while he was cutting dormers into the roof to form two bedrooms, he kept a coal stove in operation which almost proved disastrous. Grandfather removed the hot ashes from the stove into a coal bucket preparatory to hitching up old Prince to the cutter, and driving to the factory to give Dad a ride home. On their return in the early darkness of winter, Dad noticed a reflection of flame coming from the window of our upstairs. He hastened to investigate and found the floor beneath the bucket of ashes was ablaze. One pail of water extinguished the fire, but it is likely that in another ten minutes our home would have gone up in smoke. After this near catastrophe, the stove was discontinued and we all slept without heat.

As related heretofore, there were only a few automobiles on the streets of Ludington in 1909, almost all vehicular traffic was horse drawn, all deliveries from various merchants were made by horse and wagon. Usually the merchants stabled their horses in the alley to the rear, and stored the manure in large boxes with covers. Dad, in his lust to improve our soil on the farm, made arrangements with a number of merchants to clean out their stable boxes weekly on a gratis basis. Us kids fell heir to this "smelly" job, we were so small that it took two of us to lift the heavy hinged covers. In summer, we kids were eager to go barefooted and as the manure heated from natural bacterial action, it was like standing in a steam chest prompting us to work furiously while throwing the stuff on the wagon. It was not a pleasant job but we did not mind the work, however, it was most embarrassing to meet girls we knew while seated high on a load of odorous fertilizer. We also hauled manure from a couple cowbarns, there we had to pay 25 cents a load. However, the job was essential to the farm. The wind would erode the thin top soil and expose the sand below which would then blow away leaving a scene

resembling a sand dune. By continuous fertilizing, crops could be grown to control the wind erosion. We hauled manure every Saturday with few exceptions during the eight years we were on the farm.

While it may appear that there was no time left for fun, this was not entirely true, working hard caused us to appreciate fun time all the more. We four had bicycles, and an extra one for a "spare." Dad learned how to repair them when he was a kid; he was an expert at taking parts from several junk bikes to make one good one. We marveled at his mechanical ability and I am sure some of it did rub off on his sons as we sought to assist him. Very few fathers spent as much time with their children as did our Dad, he enjoyed doing the things we wanted to do. Sometimes, on a Sunday afternoon, we would ride on our bikes far out into the country and return just before dark. When the temperature of the water permitted swimming, we would mount our bikes and ride about one mile north to Lincoln River. There, we would dive from the bridge and have various contests with all the kids in the neighborhood. I was only a fair swimmer and a poor diver, but the memory of these trips to the old swimming hole are the most pleasant of my early youth.

In winter and early spring, the thaws would flood the fields and then freeze to form a huge skating rink. Dad would put on skates along with us kids and then proceed to show us some intricate figure skating that we could not emulate. Dad at this time was about 35 years old but was unusually agile and wirery when not troubled with asthma. Dad also participated in our obsession to capture squirrels and chipmunks in box traps. We put the little animals into screened cages which had little boxes in the upper corners for their nests, tiny ladders led to the hole in the boxes. For their exercise we made a wheel with a ball-bearing hub for a spindle, the hub had been taken from the front wheel of a bicycle. The wheel was attached to the side of the cage and holes were matched so the animals could enter the wheel. They would run and spin the wheel for hours at a time and watching these little fellows perform was a source of much enjoyment. We tried to make them feel at "home" but were not very successful, as when they gave birth to young, they would destroy them.

To say we kids were angels would be a gross overstatement, to many victims of our pranks we would be regarded as "little stinkers." Our parents were wise to us, and we "tasted" the switch on dozens of occasions. When Mother would report to Dad on his return home from the shop that we had disobeyed instructions, or fractured rules of propriety, we kids were well aware of the consequences and prepared for the worst. Usually we were directed to go out into the yard and cut our own switch from a birch tree. From experience we learned that the heavier and more unwieldy it was, the less severe it would be; to further minimize the penetration, we would pad our britches. On one such chastisement, brother Ernest had not tucked in his padding properly and it caught on the switch and was cast out into the room, this was good for several extra applications on the bare buttocks.

Getting back to our farm. Dad took leave from the factory in March, 1910, to devote full time to improving the land and buildings. He loved to see things grow and he worked long hours with a lust, this acted as a therapy which brought improvement to his health. Dad went back to the factory at Christmas time, receiving 35 cents per hour, working 10 hours a day for $3.50, and getting a weekly salary of $21.00, this was considered an unusually high wage. During those first years on the farm, I recall that each summer, a dozen wagons of gypsies would camp in the forest along the road, north of our farm. They would stay about a month during which the warning was circulated to be on the alert, that they made their living by stealing. It was even said they stole children as there were a great many of them. This may have been a fabrication, but it was very effective in keeping us kids close to home for the duration. To my knowledge, the gypsies did no manual labor, this nomadic wagon train wandered south in winter, their chief income was derived from trading horses.

In my youth, horse traders were considered the most unscrupulous of sharp practitioners, more so than our present used car dealers. In this connection, I remember an atrocious incident. Some men conducted a cattle slaughter business in Ludington, every day their wagon scoured the countryside seeking to buy cows and calves for butchering. They traveled far and wide and their horses were on a trot most of the time to cover the long distances. The teams they drove were unusually high steppers and spirited. On many occasions they stopped at our farm to inquire about animals. Subsequently, these men were arraigned in court to answer a charge of deliberately blinding their horses with acid. A blind horse steps high to avoid stumbling and becomes nervous and excitable, forever living in fear of being whipped.

In 1910, we saw the first "horseless carriages" on the streets of Ludington, they were noisy vehicles with hard rubber tires and a sprocket chain was attached to each rear wheel, the headlights burned "presto-lite gas" with the container strapped to the running board. I recall that after we had moved our house to higher ground and finished the remodeling, we hired a painter and decorator by the name of Wangen. Wangen came to our job driving a Stanley Steamer, I remember also that he did not have rubber tires on the rear, instead he had wrapped a very large coil of rope around the wheels. This was the era when horses were easily frightened and it was not safe to let youngsters or women drive a horse to town, however, old Prince was only mildly afraid. I recall that when a car was seen coming toward us, we would hold the reins taut and brace ourselves for a possible attempt to run away.

On July 4, 1911, a large celebration took place on the lake shore, it commemorated the completion of harbor construction. It was called "Million Dollar Jubilee." In addition to the usual aquatic stunts and races, it featured the presence of a hydroplane. It taxied in the harbor channel past the reviewing stand many times, the single engine roared with acceleration and we marveled at its terrific speed, it was the first

plane we had seen. We had read about a machine that could fly which had been perfected by Orville and Wilbur Wright in 1905, but it was difficult to believe. Now we had seen one, making this a day never to be forgotten.

About this time we committed a couple "stinkers." The Hamlin Lake summer resort was some five miles beyond our farm on the same road. Two or three times a week, a man with team and open wagon would drive past our home with a load of groceries for the resort trade. I recollect on a couple occasions, we kids sneaked up behind the loaded wagon as it passed to grab off a few bananas from a stem. We were not hungry, it was all for fun.

Another time we could not resist a temptation of another sort. A man frequently passed our home with a load of hay to be delivered in the town, when homeward bound he usually was asleep and the horses were permitted to go without guidance. One day toward evening the team was going toward home as usual with the driver lying in the bed of the wagon. We kids sneaked out from the bushes to tie the team to a telephone pole, it was still tied there late at night, then we considered untying the horses, but were afraid to do so, anyway the rig was gone the next morning. We were sure the man had been doing considerable drinking and was intoxicated each time he left town. Possibly this was our "good deed", perhaps the man swore off liquor.

On the farm we had two very fine neighbors, Mr. Johnson lived directly across the road, he was a widower and his family was almost grown, Minnie, about 16, and her brother John, 18, were at home. The other tried and true neighbor lived off the main road on a sandy side road to the rear of our farm, their name was Ole Olson. The Olsons had several children, some were married but the four youngest were girls about our age. It was not far to their home if we cut through the woods to the back of our farm. Our parents and the Olsons visited back and forth through the long winter months and we boys looked forward to the pleasure of playing all sorts of games with the girls. Never has anyone had more kind and amiable neighbors than the Olsons and Johnsons.

In 1913-14, Mother was expecting a child. On June 13, a baby brother was born, he was named Oscar. We kids went to the hospital to greet the new addition and from our casual appraisal he was a good looking "chap," and potential baseball timber. Oscar was strong and healthy when suddenly after three days he began having respiratory difficulties and succumbed. The following day on the 17th, we took little Oscar to the cemetery. The transportation consisted of a two horse hack, the minister sat with the driver, Dad, with the casket on his knees, and we three boys filled the interior. Oscar was buried in the shade of a maple tree and a wooden marker was placed thereon. On returning to Ludington in later years, I have tried to locate the grave of little Oscar by memory but have failed. A fire in the sexton's residence many years ago destroyed

records of interments. We have often remarked that this little fellow deserved to lie in a plot near his parents in Elgin.

Our dairy "department" on the farm was the best revenue producer. Soon after milking was done, one or two of us boys would carry the milk to a neighbor, across from the school, who had a milk delivery route in town. He paid us four cents a quart in cash each time we brought it over. He peddled it for seven cents. We carried the milk in closed cans holding two or three gallons, sometimes we had so much milk that one could not carry it alone. The milk was heavy, and I remember that we would set the cans down and rest several times on the way there.

I have told you about all the tedious labors performed on our farm. While many weeks were spent weeding on the knees and picking berries and more weeks consumed in picking the larger fruit, there was also a constant hoeing operation continued throughout the summer. However, to set the record straight, I will say that we kids would deviate by doing a disappearing act for an hour or so on several occasions. This consisted of hiding our bicycles in the orchard or in the corn field on a hot summer afternoon, then on the all clear signal, we would be off to the river for a bit of a dip. When we got back, we would work hard to make up for lost time. These clandestine swims had great appeal, something like playing hooky from school.

In 1913, the Wing school no longer taught above the fifth grade, so I traveled about two miles to the previous Longfellow School in town. It was a half mile shorter by taking a path through the woods. Now, the recess periods and noon hour did not provide the extra time to play, which I craved so much. In summer we rode home on our bicycles for lunch, after school we were expected home in a few minutes to feed and care for all the animals, get in the daily supply of fuel, and take the milk over to the milkman. Then, too, all the lamps and lanterns had to be filled with kerosene and the glass chimneys cleaned on the inside. In the evening we usually had school work to do. If it was late fall, it was customary on Saturdays to dump several wagon loads of carrots and turnips into the basement, these would require several evenings during the week to cut off the green tops and to place in bins. We would all sit on low stools and work for hours topping the many tons of vegetables.

During the winters we were on the farm, there was a mass movement of logging sleighs. In the late afternoons huge loads of logs would be drawn past the school house. The heavy loads pulled easily on the level if the roadway was packed hard but there was not always snow everywhere. Sometimes the men would gather snow to cover the bare places and would help each other over them by hitching on extra teams in tandem. Once a fellow we knew as Bjorklund who had a reputation for cruelty to animals, became stalled in front of the school house on a bare spot upon which he had neglected to scatter snow. When the horses became exhausted from continuous tugging he proceeded to whip them with a log chain. We called

to the teacher to witness the inhumane treatment of the animals, she had the man arrested.

In 1914, Dad thought he detected a glimmer of musical talent in his offspring, this was given rise by us kids fussing on a harmonica and ocarina borrowed from the neighbors. This prompted Dad to buy a used organ on which we soon picked out a number of tunes with one finger which seemed to further indicate that we had an ear for music it was obvious. We liked music, especially to vocalize. The Olson girls had an organ like ours and by self instruction could play most popular pieces, they played for us often as we sang and I am sure Dad thought he had made a wise investment. Dad then received the inspiration for us to learn to play the violin. This decision was influenced by his friendship with a Finnish family in which the father played very well and was giving instruction to his own boys. After little or no consultation with us kids, Dad sent to a mail order house for a complete violin beginner's outfit.

The Finnish man with a large musical family was Herman Borg. At first the three of us took turns practicing with the one violin but Dad soon sent for another instrument which was of better tone quality than the first. To develop our musical talent we could be seen pedaling down the road once a week with a violin case across the handle bars. We practiced on the average of one half hour a day, this went on for over a year. Finally Mr. Borg said he had taught us all he knew and Dad was obliged to find another instructor for advanced study. Brother Axel quit about this time but not before we had rendered several numbers on a Christmas program at Church in conjunction with the Borg boys, we were a quintette of "artists." I am grateful for my father's insistence and forethought. For many years I carried a violin wherever I moved, when things got a little "blue," I would get out the fiddle and play "Turkey in the Straw" and soon I was feeling much better. I must give my father credit for his long range vision, music plays a major role throughout our lives.

For a hobby, Dad was a camera enthusiast, he had owned one since a young man. Dad's camera used sensitized glass plates, the unexposed plates had to be loaded into light proof holders in a dark room. Because these early plates were "slow" to register light from the camera lens, Dad used a tripod to hold the camera, all pictures were time exposures. Focusing was obtained by viewing through the camera while wearing a black sheet over the head. Dad was a semi-professional photographer, he sought perfection with every setting as though he was making a die with only a minimum of tolerance. He mathematically computed the length of exposures and rarely wasted a plate. On a Sunday evening after a day of visiting and taking pictures, we would develop a dozen plates in our dark room, the following weekend, by the light of a kerosene lamp, we would all join in the making of possibly a hundred prints. Because Dad was so good at taking pictures, is probably the main reason why we were invited out so often for Sunday dinners.

Mother and Dad were vitally concerned with the well-being of their offspring, they did not permit their own ill health to alter their ambitions to make us a credit to them and to ourselves. We were strong physically and presumably well balanced mentally, they strove to insure our future. Once when I was about fifteen I noticed that Dad had been reading for several evenings in a large doctor book he owned then. Shortly thereafter he lectured us about the "birds and bees" and the causes of venereal diseases. He admonished, "stay away from bad females." Yes, I concur, that IS sound advice.

1915-16. In addition to my school work and music lessons, I was compelled to memorize the catechism in Swedish preparatory to being confirmed. Swedish was the prevailing tongue used in our church and it was compulsory for me to memorize verbatim this teaching in a foreign language. Some 25 boys and girls were in the class that year. For a duration of about eight months, I met with the class in the church annex every Saturday morning to recite the assignment of the current week and to review those lessons learned previously. When the big day came for the final ceremony on a Sunday in late May, I was a proud lad indeed, not because I had mastered the Swedish catechism but because I wore my first long trousers for the occasion. All the boys wore blue suits and the girls were their prettiest in white dresses. As a confirmation present, I received a 21 jewel Elgin watch in a gleaming gold hunting case from my Grandfather. With the watch, he included a gold chain to stretch across my vest, I was 15 years old and with this gift I sort of wanted to strut like a peacock. The best part about my confirmation was the monthly meetings that followed our acceptance into the church. We met in members' homes as long as I was there. I was sweet on several of the girls and I would never miss an opportunity to attend a meeting whether held in the homes or at a marshmallow roast on the sandy beach of Lake Michigan. I always walked a girl home after the festivities, those were cherished moments of my youth which were destined to be so brief.

Mother's health was worse than she had intimated, she had complained of rheumatic pain and swelling of the limbs, also she was pregnant which further complicated her condition. Dad and us boys tried to ease her burdens as much as possible. We owned one of the first "mechanical" clothes washing machines which largely displaced the old tub and scrub board, the agitator that churned the clothes in the wood tub appeared something like a four legged milk stool. We had no electricity so us boys turned the washer wheel by hand. Other times Ernest helped with the dishes, Axel worked at making bread with a dough mixer, and I was in charge of scrubbing floors.

Automobiles were still a curiosity in 1915, some of the socialties drove electric models, none in our circle of friends owned a car, this confined the women to the home. Weaving, knitting, crocheting and sewing took the place of playing cards and flitting about in the car. Our mother who had worked as cook and maid for wealthy families in Chicago

before her marriage was also an expert homemaker. Mother canned on the average 1000 quarts of vegetables, berries and fruits annually. In addition we usually raised two hogs, our neighbor did the slaughtering. No part of the carcass was wasted, not even the blood, this was stirred constantly to prevent coagulation in the process of making it into a special bread and sausage. From the head and other less meaty parts a wheel of cheese was pressed.

Our sister, Ruth, was born April 11, 1917, at the Paulina Stearns Hospital at Ludington, we boys were too immature to suspect at this time that Mother's physical condition was not equal to the ordeal. On the evening of Friday, the 13th, Dad rushed home on his bicycle from the hospital to give us the shocking news that Mother had succumbed. We were too young to fully realize the great loss we had sustained, but in the weeks and months that followed the extent of the vacuum grew with an ever increasing intensity. I can not visualize a greater loss to any family than the bereavement we experienced. A normal family life for us kids ceased at this juncture. Dad retained his composure and bid for time to make the next decision, in the meantime, I recall he was approached by acquaintances who wished to adopt one or all of us kids, this Dad would not listen to.

I will not elaborate further on the untimely passing of our Mother and her burial in Elgin as my brothers will also want to state their reactions to this experience. It is enough to state that this was the beginning of a chain of events that seem to have never ended. One thing is certain.... as far as Axel and I were concerned, boyhood and youth in the span of a few years had deserted us, from this point we faced the world as immature men.

In June of 1917, my education came to an end, I had not done as well at school as I should, with the passing of Mother I had no inclination to study further. I liked to go to school mostly to participate in sports, I recall after leaving the country school to go to the city for the 6-7-8 grades, I took part in all athletic competition among city schools. I liked the high jump and pole vault best. One year I won the chinning title by pulling myself up 32 times. To train for this I had a bar in several places at home so that I could practice every spare minute to toughen my muscles. Axel and Ernest, too, were crazy for sports so that one of us was always challenging the other to do better. Our parents were dubious about the value of school athletics and insisted that we confine our exercising to work on the farm. Consequently, we grudgingly had to hurry home after school to look after the chores, it seems that there never was a time when there was no work to do. I was the oldest and the responsibility was mine to see that animals were properly cared for and that other work was not "slurred."

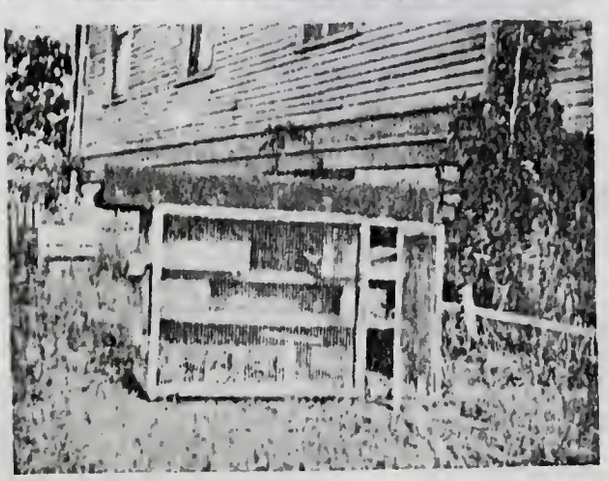
I doubt that Dad had much choice in the decisions that were to follow after Mother died, he most certainly weighed our welfare very carefully,

his deductions spelled s-e-l-l the farm. World War I was then raging in Europe and had implicated the United States, the air was literally charged with tension. To sell father inserted an ad in a Chicago Swedish newspaper, he received a dozen replies and finally sold to a woman from Duluth, Minnesota. The sale having been consumated, other strategy called for Axel to go to the farm of our Uncle Vic and Aunt Ella in southern Minnesota. Dad, Ernest and sister Ruth to live with Grandmother in Elgin. As for me, I did not wish to leave my good friends in the confirmation class and school chums; despite the pleading of my father, I insisted that I wished to remain in Ludington.

I had heard of a fruit farmer some six miles SE of town who wanted help. I rode my bicycle there and agreed to take the job at $22.00 per month, the man's name was Reinbolt. My last official act on our old farm was to hitch up old Prince once more to the spring wagon and take Dad and everyone to the boat dock. If I had done the proper thing, I would have gone with them but instead I chose to be independent, believing that I was able to look after myself. Soon I learned I was wrong and had made a bad mistake. I was only sixteen and found I was not toughened for hard work and long hours. At Reinbolt's I was wakened at 4 a. m. and worked till dark. The boss or his son worked by my side every minute of the day to make sure I did not stop to rest, moreover, I could not get enough to eat and soon I felt half starved. I guess I was still growing and required extra food.

Loneliness and homesickness began from the outset, every day I plodded the loose ground, marking and planting rows of corn and beans, all was hand work. With each passing day, my isolation among strangers ate away at my insides until at the end of the third week I could bear it no longer. Each day I thought of our broken home and hoped for a miracle that would unite the pieces so that I could go home. A popular piece on the organ and violin had been "Home Sweet Home" and we sang it often. Now I was familiar with its emotional interpretation and how much family ties can mean to a youngster. When I decided to leave Reinbolt, I had not worked a full month and he refused to pay me the $17.00 I had earned. Notwithstanding, I strapped my suitcase to the bicycle and left.

My loneliness drove me to seek companionship at Ole Olson's, our old reliable neighbor, there I was sure to be welcome at any time. Mrs. Olson was very much like our departed Mother, she sympathized with me and I felt better at once. Mr. Olson was building a new house and he asked me to help him, he offered me the same rate of pay as Reinbolt. On August 23, hardly more than two months after Dad had gone to Elgin, he came back to visit me, never before had I been so glad to see anyone. This time I was willing to do what he thought best, the decision was I would go to Elgin when Olson was through with me. Most of the time at Olson's, I did cement work, mixing the ingredients by hand on a wood platform. Everyone there worked hard, the girls did the milking and delivered it to stores in town. At Olson's the meals were like we had at

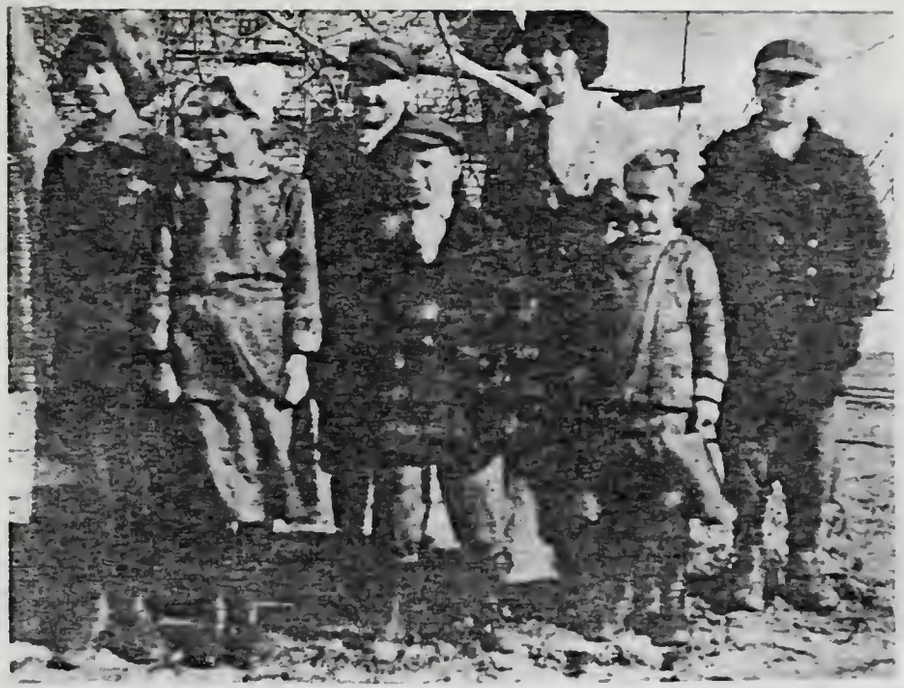


Top: Mother and sons working in young corn

Center: Ancient threshing machine on Carlson farm, Ingvar stands on side of machine, Axel sits on top. 10 HP gasoline engine supplied the belt power, grain was placed in burlap sacks. Bernt Johnson, a neighbor, stands beside the thresher and is also the lone man in the picture on the right.

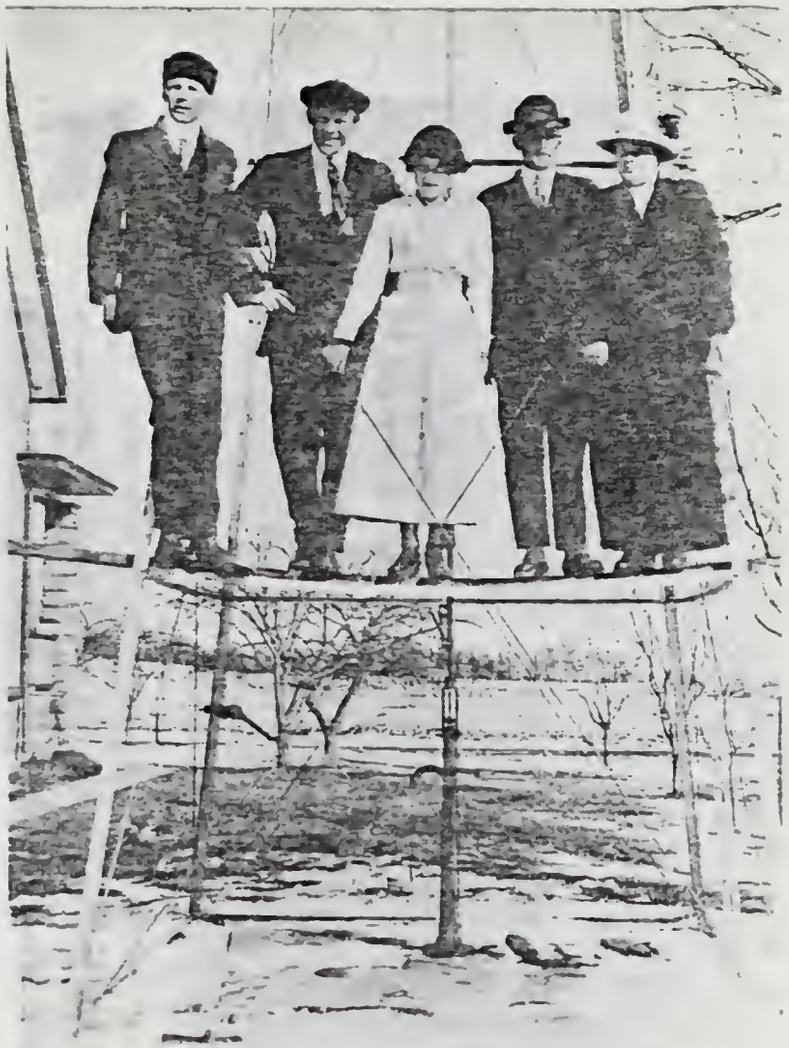
Left: Chipmunk cage sans "occupant"

The Olson strawberry farm located on a sandy side road to the rear of the Carlson property, a five minute run through paths in the woods. The girls are Hildegard, Esther and Lillian. Inset shows Ingvar leveling earth with team and scraper while working for the Olsons in 1917.



Above: The three Carlson boys and the four Olson girls

Below: Esther, Hildegard and Lillian Olson



At the Bernt Johnson home across the road from the Carlson domicile. Standing in the center is Minnie, a daughter; on her right is her brother, John, others are unidentified. A part of the Carlson farm may be seen across the road fronting this property.

Above: Herbert Anderson (on left) with buddies in camp at Fort Lewis, Washington, during World War I.

Below: Herbert Anderson prior to induction into the Army in 1918; he is flanked by cousins, Axel and Ingvar.

Other pictures are scenes from the Victor Anderson farm at Granada, Minnesota.

Threshing grain with real horse-power in the 1890's. Men stacked the straw by hand.

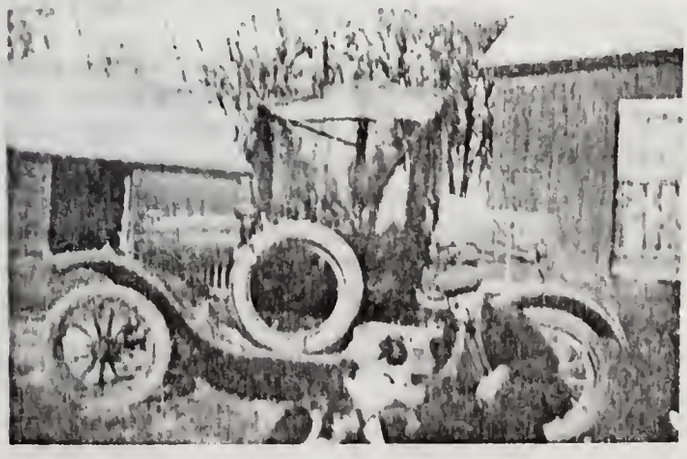
Avery threshing outfit, east of Batavia, about 1912. (photo courtesy Phil Rudolf)

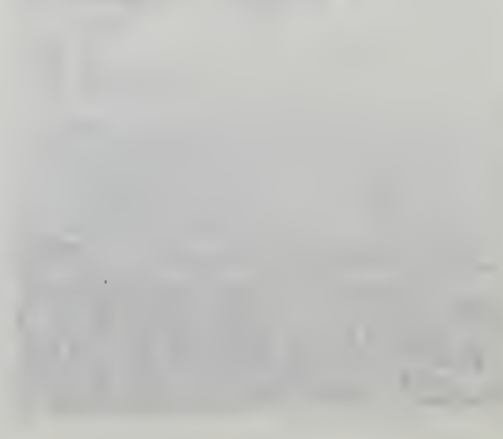
"The flail" was our first primitive thresher. Men beat the grain from straw with these clubs.

last steam-powered J. I. Case, 75 hp. threshing outfit, about 1920.

1917 - 1921 Four years on the farms of Southern Minnesota

Above left: Three Anderson girls and their mother, Elvira (Engman), one of the eight Ingeman Isaksson daughters.
Above right: The Anderson offspring on "outing" with their sweethearts are seen "skoling to their future." Herbert and girl friend are on the right of group, the other girls are his sisters.
Below left: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Anderson and their daughter, Mava, seated on right. Seated on left is Florence Swanson, a cousin visiting from Chicago. Florence is a daughter of Anna (Engman), another Ingeman Isaksson daughter.
Below right: 1918. Ingvar Carlson on old model Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Lower photo taken in 1921 can be captioned "The Farewell," here Ingvar is bidding adieu to Minnesota in preparation to return to Elgin, Illinois.





home and in the evenings there was singing and all were gay.

We knew the Olsons even before we moved to the farm, I recall going with Dad to visit them in the middle of the winter of 1908, they lived in a low shed-like building that resembled a chicken coop. Horse manure was stacked against the exterior walls half way to the eaves to hold out the cold, it was cozy like an igloo on the inside.

When the fall work was over at Olson's, I did not stay in Elgin as Dad had proposed but instead went out to Granada, Minnesota. There Axel was going to high school while working on the farm of our Uncle Vic and cousin Herbert. I arrived there "Halloween," October 31, 1917. Arrangement had been made for me to work for our cousin Edna who was married to a Gene Branch. They were farming some three miles from Uncle Vic's and were also building a new home on which I worked. Gene was noted in these parts for his fine draft animals and he made sure that I groomed them well and did not work them into a lather. They were like show horses, driving six of these huge quadrupeds on a gang plow was quite a contrast to guiding old Prince hitched to a small walking plow. Gene and Edna treated me as one of the family and I liked to work for them. Like most farmers of this era, Gene did not own a car, the roads were impassable several months of the year so horses were the only reliable means of transportation. I was permitted a horse to ride whenever I wanted to go to town or visit Axel at Uncle Vic's.

I would have worked for Gene and Edna as long as they wanted me but in the summer of 1918, our cousin Herb was drafted for service in World War I. Axel had quit school and was working for another farmer. Caught in a squeeze for help, Uncle Vic prevailed on his son-in-law to let me come and work for them. So many men had been drafted into the Army that farmers were desperate for help. Uncle Vic had no one to turn to but me. I worked for Uncle about a year till he became panicky and sold the farm. He became emotionally upset when Herb and his company were shipped to France with only a few weeks of basic training in this country, then months passed and no letter came from their son, Uncle feared the worst. Prices of all farm produce had risen sharply because of the war, this in turn sparked a rise in land prices. Uncle Vic sold his farm in the early stages of the big land boom.

Aunt Ella, unlike our Mother, was tall and slim. There were five daughters at home but these were spared from outside work. Aunt Ella was past fifty when I worked there and I recall she helped me shock oats and husk corn in the field. Uncle Vic complained of a perennial backache but this did not interfere with his daily trips to town in the "tin lizzie" where he hashed over the fighting in France with his cronies. While at Uncle Vic's, I helped shingle a house for him in town which he intended to move into.

January, 1919, I answered an ad in the Fairmont newspaper for my

next job. I received a job by correspondence but do not recommend this procedure. The man's name was Sorenson, he lived near Welcome on the same railroad as Granada. I left on a late afternoon train with one suitcase. It was dark when the train pulled into Welcome where Sorenson met me at the station. We went to his farm some six or seven miles from town in a bobsled. I was not long in learning that I should not have hired to him, he was in trouble with his neighbors and was under a peace bond. I slept with another hired hand who urinated in the bed, the work was hard and the food poor. We ate beans for supper that first night and Mrs. Sorenson remarked her husband insisted on beans once a week. However, I soon discovered that for this one meal she had cooked a batch large enough to last all week. During my time here, we cut many large cottonwood trees into logs which we hauled to a neighbor to be sawed into lumber. I complained about my companion wetting in the bed and Sorenson promised to do something about it, but he did not and I decided to leave.

I quit Sorenson after three weeks, this time I collected my wages and started for town on foot. The Sorenson farm house was not on the main road but was on a lane a half mile back. When I quit it was getting late in the day and I thought I would make better time by cutting across the fields to a traveled road where I could catch a ride, my intention was to catch a train for Granada. As I crossed several fields in the closing darkness I became lost and ended up at a lighted farm house in the opposite direction. They were German folks who invited me to supper and I stayed overnight. They informed me of a brother-in-law by the name of Saundersfelt who wanted help, in the morning they took me there. I went to work for Saundersfelt at once and was treated as a member of the family, the German cooking was excellent and I was not lonesome. We butchered several hogs and I gave a hand with the making of sausage, we also smoked our own hams. I hired to Saundersfelt for a full year. Mrs. Saundersfelt's father lived with them, he was formerly a preacher, thus the family was quite religious, a prayer was offered before and after each meal. Two children, a boy and girl, twins twelve years old, completed the family. I recall the father bought a pair of matched three year old buckskin ponies for the kids. They had not been broke to ride or drive, this job was given to me. In this connection I drove them close to fifty miles on a Sunday to visit Axel. Perhaps the heaviest work on the farms these days came at silo filling time, it was about a week's work to fill each silo and it took eight men and four teams to be efficient. It was necessary to trade help with the neighbors for a mile around to obtain the necessary help, in this operation I worked on many farms. The work was heavy because the corn was so tall that it required extra strength to pile them high on the hayrack. Saundersfelt owned a very productive farm, all crops were fed to steers and hogs. Saundersfelts usually spoke German except when speaking to me, I appreciated the kindness they extended to me.

While working for Saundersfelt in November of 1919, a message was given me over the telephone from the telegraph office at the railway station to the effect that Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, had died suddenly

at his home in Elgin. Grandfather had worked until two weeks previously when he contracted pneumonia. It was a shock to learn of his decease, he had been in excellent health and at the age of seventy-one he expected to enjoy many senior year blessings. My father has written considerable about his father, briefly, he was a gentleman and a scholar. His old bosses, the Juby Brothers and others, had nothing but praise for him, not only for his ability as a mechanic but as a gentleman as well. Others who learned the trade while working with him pay a tribute to his broad intellect and graphic ability, this being remarkable in view of the fact he was self taught. This causes one to muse.... what would his potential have been with a college degree? On this trip to Elgin, we met for the first time Dad's second wife, Sigrid. They were married May 1, 1919.

After completing my year of hire to Saundersfelt in the spring of 1920, I wanted to be near Granada, I had many friends there, especially among certain farmers with whom I was always welcome to stay when out of work. Some had been very kind to me, mended my clothes, even "worried" about my welfare. Near Granada, I worked for a man by the name of Orville Othoult, while there I purchased my first car, a 1914 Ford touring with the customary folding top and detachable side curtains for use in bad weather.

During the 1920-21 winter, I worked for a Norwegian neighbor across the road from Othoults. In addition to barn chores, I cut and split wood for the stoves. I received $15.00 a month plus board and room. The meals here were of the best. By this time I had learned to inquire first about the cooking before hiring out, the amount of pay was secondary, many farmers had a reputation for "skimpy" feeding of hired help.

March 1, 1921, I began work for another neighbor by the name of Louis Evans., he was middle-aged and had recently married a Chicago girl considerably younger, both were Norwegians. While working for Evans, I sold the 1914 "flivver" and bought a 1918 Ford Roadster. Main roads were now kept in fair condition by heavy graveling over the old clay and gumbo sub-material, roads held up quite well as no trucks were owned by farmers. The worst part about owning a car those days was that tires lasted only a few hundred miles and they were of a design that were not easily changed. The demountable tire rims were standard equipment soon hereafter.

After the fall work in 1921, I left Louis Evans and farm work behind. Axel had previously quit farm work at the end of 1920 and was now working in Chicago, I decided that while I liked farm work, the future did not appear rosy and thought it best to go back to Elgin, I arrived there October 13th, Dad secured a job for me with the Juby Brothers, mason contractors for whom Grandfather last worked. I had only been back in Elgin a few days when my Minnesota license plates were stolen from my car while parked in front of our home. A few weeks later, while I was attending a movie, the car was stolen. This was a great loss to me as I carried no insurance. My employer, Juby Brothers, became low on work, and I was

kept busy making minor repairs to the equipment, a type of work I disliked. Axel and Ernest were both working for the Western Electric Company located on the west side of Chicago and I decided to leave Juby Brothers and go to the electric firm to apply for a job. I was seeking some type of machine work but had little choice as I had no experience.

1922. The Western Electric Company hired me and I was trained to maintain and keep in operation automatic braiding machines which weave insulation and fabric on various types of flexible cords. There were some three hundred machines in the room, another man and myself were charged with their continuous performance. Working in a factory after having been outdoors all my life was a trying experience. The electric lighting was dim and the noise of the machines drowned conversation, and the smell of oil and materials was nauseating due to poor ventilation. The machines were operated by about 100 girls working on a piece-work basis. We will come back a little later to a very special girl in this department.

While working at the plant, I lived at home in Elgin with my father and stepmother and commuted on the interurban electric line. The cost of a 60 ride monthly ticket was $10.10 or about 40 cents for each working day. While riding the electric train daily I met many fellows my age who worked in Chicago too, several owned motorcycles and belonged to a club. There I met one of the best friends I ever had, he was Clarence Bull whose vocation was the winding and repair of electric motors. Clarence owned a motorcycle and from my association with him and others in the club I ultimately purchased a machine. It was a new sport model "Ace," four cylinder job with side car attached, it cost more than $600.00, considerably more at that time than a new Ford automobile. As a member of the club, we formed a group that went on long drives each Sunday which usually included a picnic and a hill climb. My machine represented all the money I had for which I could be censored, but it provided a lot of enjoyment. Youth must be served is my only defense.

Clarence Bull and I arranged to get two weeks vacation at the same time in August of 1923 to take a trip out west. We made up signs and hung them on our machines that read, "Yellowstone Park or Bust." All went well until we reached the prairies of Dakota, there in the middle of nowhere Clarence's machine broke a piston rod. We stopped at an obliging farmer and proceeded with taking Bull's engine apart after which I took him to Aberdeen, South Dakota, 300 miles distant, to the nearest dealer for replacement parts. By the time we were ready to get moving again we had lost six days. The farmer was sympathetic to our predicament and charged us very little for our room and board but even so we had not allowed enough money for such contingencies. The trip was much more grueling than we had anticipated, there were only a few paved roads in the west and the dirt roads were rough and deeply rutted. From the severe traction it was not long before my drive chain was mostly made up of repair links. At Helena, Montana, I wired home for money, the telegram was received by stepsister, Dorothy, she immediately wired me $50.00.

Clarence continued to have breakdowns and at Grand Island, Nebraska, I was forced to leave him behind. It was now impossible to get back to my job in the allotted time so I sent a telegram to the plant requesting a week extension. Proceeding along through Iowa, I encountered a rain storm and the dirt roads became a sea of mud, what was worse, this was gumbo country which created a mud that is sticky and stringy. Every few minutes I was forced to remove the sticky clay which clogged the spokes of the wheels into a solid disc, the mud balled up between the tire and the fenders until the extra drag caused the engine to overheat. Time was running out on the extra week I had requested and I became concerned at the prospect of being discharged if I were not back on Tuesday after the Labor Day holiday. That day in the Iowa mud, I covered only 35 miles from morning until dark, it had been a hectic Labor Day with a dozen breaks in the drive chain to add more elapsed time, however, that night I was again on hard pavement and I continued to keep going with no more mishaps, arriving at home in time for breakfast and a chance to catch the train for work.

I went back to adjusting the machines in my department, but an hour later was told by the foreman that I had been laid off and I went home. No specific reason was given for this action. When I look back on this trip and its climax, it seems that it may have been a somewhat foolish undertaking, that is an adult's appraisal, but through the eyes of a young man of 22 it was thrilling and quite educational. It taught me lessons that have benefited me in many ways ever since. I think after that hectic experience my thinking matured and suddenly I became of age to face the world with greater confidence. As to the slogan "Yellowstone or Bust".... it was both .... for me it ended by being broke and without a job.

At this point I wish to refer back to the girls who operated the machines which I maintained. One girl shone out above the others, not only as a fast and efficient operator but also in good looks and apparent intelligence. She was the kind of girl I wanted to know better but heretofore we had not spoken to each other. To communicate with her and possibly have a date, I wrote a letter to my former partner enclosing a note for the young lady mentioned. To make a long story short, this object of my fascination answered my message, her name was Helen Maday. In the ensuing months we saw each other many times, a romance came into full bloom.

As my motorcycle was in need of overhauling after the Yellowstone trip, I traded it for a Ford touring car which I drove each Sunday to the west side of Chicago to court Helen. After my separation from the Western Electric Company, I worked for our cousin Otto Olson who was an aggressive cement contractor in Elgin. Otto had only been in this country ten years but he was strong and industrious resulting in success.

1924. Axel had quit the plant before my lay off and had in the

meantime attended a school for training young men as plumbers' helpers. He was now working on large construction jobs in Chicago and on weekends he came home. Through our cousin Otto, Axel procured the plumbing on a new brick house in South Elgin, the owner to furnish all materials. For the next two months, he spent each weekend at making this complete plumbing installation. He hired me to help him and I found this work came very natural to me. It was not long before I also had completed the apprentice training and was out on the job. I worked a short time near the Chicago loop where I commuted, then decided to seek work closer to home. I worked for contractors in both Elgin and Aurora. I recall that work was not plentiful and that the only way to hold a job was to give the boss a good day's work for my pay. There was much I did not know about the trade and I sought to make up for my shortcomings by a show of "willingness."

1926. I was working in Aurora when I made application to take the State Journeyman Plumber examination. The test was held at Elgin, I found it to be surprisingly easy, some thirty men were on hand to take the examination. At the start it was obvious that many could not pass the initial joint wiping. At school we had an expert lead wiping instructor, the likes of which I have not seen since. He taught me to systematically wipe joints by numbers to eliminate wasted motions and critical time when all conditions were right to form the solder joint. I had been a poor student in school so normally any mathematics would have caused me trouble, but with the practical shop work and "skull" sessions at the training school, I had obtained fundamental knowledge which "old timers" could not comprehend. This apprentice training school was the first of its kind in the country, it was promoted by the plumbing contractors of the city to supply men quickly for a building boom which was already in progress. Axel and I were the first to be selected from our respective classes. After having received my license as a plumber, I was invited to join the union at Aurora, this cost me $100.00, after which I received $1.12-1/2 per hour. We worked eight hours per day except Saturday which was four. Building work was seasonal, most new construction was closed down after the first snow and workers were forced to "loaf" until the frost was gone from the ground in the spring. 1926 was no exception, I was laid off about December 1st.

While working at Aurora, I gave my sweetheart a diamond engagement ring on her birthday, October 15th. We were married November 20th in Elgin by the Reverend Frank Carlson at the Lutheran parsonage, coincidently, the photographer where we had the wedding picture taken, his name also was Carlson. We were attended by my good friend, Clarence Bull, and by Helen's sister, Anna. After the "nuptial knot" was tied, we drove to Helen's aunt in Chicago where the reception took place in a nearby hall. Prohibition was in effect but notwithstanding, beer, moonshine liquor and wine flowed freely at our celebration to punctuate a hilarious evening. Helen is of Polish extraction and her relatives were there in full force from far and near. Everyone swirled, circled and stomped while dancing to the

music of old country polkas furnished by an accordianist and violin, neighbors for a block around were made aware that somebody had just been married. I borrowed Axel's 1923 Model "T" sedan for the occasion. Dad, Axel and Ernest came in my touring car which had only side curtains and no heater. On the way home early in the morning, they had to change a tire on the road in the bitter cold.

1926. A week after I was married, I was laid off in Aurora and found myself in a tight squeeze financially, consequently we had no "honeymoon." We rented two rooms from Ernest and Evelyn who were living next door to our old homestead at 470 Ryerson, we ate with them and shared the expenses. My expenses for the year had run unusually heavy and my wages as a helper had not been high. On top of this and lost time came the seasonal layoff, however, those troubles were trifles compared to a sudden illness that overtook Helen later that winter. She suffered from complications in the chest and lungs that may have had dire consequences, but luckily, after some medical treatment the condition cleared and with the coming of warm spring weather, she rapidly regained normalcy.

1926. On December 3rd, Grandmother, Christine, succumbed. She had been bedridden for several months and her passing was not entirely unexpected. Her years had not been easy, she had worked hard for the day when their home was without debt and "enough" had been laid aside to carry Gustaf and herself through the twilight years. We cherish her memory.

1927. Dad and wife, Sigrid, continued to live downstairs for a few months after the passing of Grandmother. Later with sister Ruth and Sigrid, Dad set out with the Ford on a trip to California where he hoped to find a more hospitable climate to ease his asthma. When Dad left, he rented the downstairs apartment to Helen and I, Axel and Nadine lived upstairs.

1927-28-29, I worked in several surrounding towns, three summers I worked at Camp Grant, Rockford, where I also put in most of a year on the new Faust Hotel and other months on a new factory for the Roper Gas Range Mfg. Co. Once I worked at Lake Geneva on an office building for the Electric Company. However, the brisk building boom that had taken place in Chicago did not spread beyond its boundaries, here in the Fox River Valley new construction remained dormant.

1929. The latter months of this year, I worked for an Elgin plumber by the name of John D. Shaw, he had been in business at the same downtown location for 40 years. John was well known but he took no big jobs, he solicited mostly repair calls. He kept me working steady for several months, during which time I purchased on the time payment plan, a new Model A Ford, four door sedan, the full price was $620.00. A short time later the Stock Market crash occurred and all money seemed to dis-

appear, suddenly everybody almost without exception was without work. I stayed close to the phone at home waiting for a possible chance of being called to work for a few hours. Days went by and I received no call, the great depression was on. Over the years since our marriage I had been unable to save any money for an emergency, but somehow my wife and I must eat, furthermore Helen was "expecting," I needed a job.... any kind at all. Jobs were so scarce that if there had been a job at 10 cents an hour, there would have been men waiting in a line. All activities stopped on dead center, grocers and others became bogged down with non-collectible charge accounts, lines formed for public dole.

Axel had been laid off early in 1930, and he started his own plumbing business to have some small income. He managed to survive the crucial first months and succeeded in picking up-more and more jobs until at the end of 1930, he had all the work he could conveniently handle while working alone. Axel asked me if I wanted to become a partner and I teamed up with him. From that time on, I have never been without a job. Every month our customer list grew, resulting in the necessary acquisition of more trucks and additional help. We had started out with a Model "T" pick-up truck, later changing to a Model "A". In 1933, we purchased a new Ford "AA" 1-1/2 ton panel truck, into which we fitted bins for pipe fittings and compartments for tools to be termed a "shop on wheels." In 1938, we bought a new GMC truck chassis which we fitted with a special body. Perhaps our greatest asset in the plumbing and heating business was the wealth of experience and confidence we had obtained by working on our "own" since Mother died in 1917, our building construction apprenticeship actually began in 1910 when we moved and remodeled the house on the farm. Another advantage we enjoyed was good health, physical stamina and a lust to succeed. At the first opportunity we created "display rooms" at home by installing two ultra modern bathrooms followed later by two new heating systems, one fired by oil, the other by gas. We built an oversized 4 car brick garage at home with generous storage space above, thus we had cut overhead expense to a minimum and were in an excellent position to meet all competition.

On August 10, 1931, our first child, Doris Virginia, was born. Because of the scarcity of work and money, the doctor only charged $25.00, but I could not pay him then. We lived a frugal hand to mouth existence for many months, being satisfied to be able to buy bare necessities. Many of our customers could not pay for the work after we had installed material for which we were obliged to pay the wholesaler. In the case of a certain local restaurant job, we ate part of the bill "in trade," he went bankrupt before we had "collected" half the account. By 1933, economic conditions had improved slightly, people in some instances were being called back to work. At this time "Prohibition" came to an end, for more than a decade it had forbid the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating beverages. With the abolition of "Prohibition," our business received more than a slight impetus. The installation of beer dispensing equipment became an important segment of our business, with the coming of beer the depression somehow lost its worst bite.

1933 was the year of the celebrated "Century of Progress" World's Fair in Chicago. Dad, Sigrid and Ruth came from California and together we made several visits to this massive display. We thoroughly enjoyed the wondrous revelations of the world of tomorrow, our mutual interest in the advances of technology and science, make those days a delightful memory.

In 1934, we had one of our larger contracts, the remodeling of the plumbing and heating on the four story Elgin Courier-News Building. Because of the nature of the work, most of it had to be done at night and on Sundays. This entire job was executed with no extra help. On the heating, there was considerable welding which no other shop in town could do. This we were compelled to do ourselves as no welders were members in the local union of plumbers and pipefitters.

February, 1935, is said to have been the coldest month in history, the thermometer registered below zero for the entire month. Normally this would have been a dull time for business, but instead we were deluged with calls to thaw frozen water lines and to replace bursted pipes. Temperatures in the twenties below zero prevailed for more than a week, the protracted cold penetrated to the water mains below the pavements.

1936, June 19, Dad and Sigrid came from California to spend the summer with us boys, we were busy and soon we took Dad along on the jobs and we all had a good time. He got a big lift from being useful especially in the conditioning and sharpening of tools on which he was an expert. We were building a new brick garage to house our equipment and there was much to interest him. When Dad returned to California on August 26, my wife, daughter Doris, and myself went along on sort of a vacation. We stopped for a swim at Great Salt Lake and continued to Toele, Utah, where we visited briefly with Dad's cousin, Hilma Anderson. We also stopped at Berkley, California, to visit with Dad's Uncle John and more of his cousins. Enroute we made a side trip into the giant redwood forest after which we continued to father's home at Tujunga in the foothills about 20 miles from downtown Los Angeles. We returned to Elgin via train, we were gone one month.

1937, February 19, our second daughter, Alice Beverly, was born, the national economy by this time was improved and everything appeared much brighter. Dad visited us again in 1938, we always enjoyed his stay immensely.

1939, April 14, our son, Keith Ingvar, was born, he weighed 8 pounds and 15 ounces. I had been present in the delivery room at Sherman Hospital when Doris and Alice were ushered into this world, but was excluded for the birth of Keith. New regulations were in effect and I paced the hall outside, I remained within hearing range to detect the baby's first cries. After an hour of anxious waiting there came a lusty cry and soon Dr. Knight made his appearance at the door to announce the new

arrival. Before he could speak, I said.... "it must be a boy, I could tell by the cry" .... The doctor nodded his head affirmatively and said, "he is a big husky fellow." My father on learning the news was elated as much as we, he was hoping that the Carlson name would continue to expand forever. While it was a bit early to make plans for Keith's future, we had visions of him becoming a plumber and possibly in due time would take an active interest in the business. Dad came again to visit in the summer of 1939, he sought to aid us as much as his frail physique would permit. During his stay he became very fond of Keith and the girls. He and Sigrid returned to California on August 11th.

February 13, 1940, was a day laden with profound grief. A wire came stating that Dad had died suddenly in a hospital at Long Beach, California. It is not necessary for me to repeat the depressing details of his last day on earth as my brothers will also elaborate on his passing. Over the years Dad had many severe attacks of asthma, each time he was able to muster the necessary strength and courage to endure. We fostered the hope that he would always be the victor and live to enjoy many senior years. With the enthusiasm and anticipation of a tot on Christmas morning, we counted the weeks, days and hours when Dad would make a return visit to us. It was a great thrill to embrace him after an absence of a year or more. Dad had many admirable qualities, we never saw him under the influence of liquor, he was industrious and conservative. He was seldom depressed although a menacing shroud dogged his steps for many years.

Both my parents have now passed on to their reward. In fond recollection, I can only repeat that which is so often stated..... we do not fully appreciate our parents and give full evidence of our affection until suddenly they are gone. Most assuredly there was more I could have done to lessen their worries and labors. Our time on this earth is but a day, another day will come when we shall be reunited in an eternal setting. Again in 1940, we suffered further bereavement, my brother-in-law, Helen's brother, Anthony, succumbed in Chicago after a brief illness. We cherish their memory.

Going back to the year 1938; by some persistent persuasion from a friend we gained a new perspective on opportunities in real estate. In the recounting of facts and data in the daily newspapers, it is often stated that 90% of the fortunes amassed are the result of real estate ventures . . . this statistic is mentioned because it does seem to hold some substance. I will relate in some detail our experience in this field. Any success we have had must be attributed in a large measure to a man named Jack Heslin. Jack was a bachelor and resided with two spinster sisters. During the depression years of the early thirties when all types of property were in distress, Jack and his sisters managed to find money to snap up the bargains. By 1938 they had acquired in excess of 75 dwelling units, some were apartment buildings, all "purchased" at about one third or less of their former valuation. Jack's relationship with us was on a most oordial business basis, he would often sit at our kitchen table and discuss real estate while

imbibing a cup of coffee. One day Jack said..... Why don't you fellows buy that Sam Hoagland property on Walnut Avenue? We brushed the suggestion aside replying that our money was all invested in our business.

Weeks passed and at intervals Jack would reiterate his previous words and further admonish that the price was right and that it was a "natural" for us to undertake. We told him again we had no money to buy it, and in addition it would take a great deal more to renovate. Jack retorted, "IF YOU WAIT UNTIL YOU HAVE THE MONEY, IT WILL BE TOO LATE." Jack knew the owner personally and claimed it could be bought for $3500. The house was an old two and a half story square frame building in a run down condition, actually it was only a shell. It was situated on a corner lot adjacent to commercial zoning and stores. The location was ideal for apartments and the lot was worth the asking price. Finally we thought it possible to swing it and said to Jack, see if you can get it for $3500.

The deal was consumated but to raise the money was not easy. It must be borne in mind that $3500 at that time of restricted credit and low wages, was equal to $10,000 or more today. We poured $8000 additional into the remodeling to form six apartments, and to build an oversized five car garage with provisions for two more apartments above. In addition to new wiring and plumbing, we installed a steam heating system with stoker feed. This property was only about five blocks from our home on Ryerson Avenue. I recall that on below zero nights one of us would walk over to the apartments at midnight to refill the stoker hopper and check on the performance. Perhaps our ability to acquire the Walnut property was largely due to Dad's backing. We were indebted to him for the loaning of stock certificates which we used as collateral at the bank.

Because of the excellent location of this property and the continuing improvement in the general economy, we had no difficulty in obtaining good tenants. But the uninformed must understand, a building of this type demands a great deal of attention, if all construction and maintenance work had to be hired, it is questionable if the venture would have been profitable. Every Saturday, over a period of almost a decade, with few exceptions, Axel's wife, Nadine, spent most of the mornings in cleaning halls, stairs and basement areas. During the heating season the stoker hopper had to be filled daily, morning and night. Axel and I spent hours each week, cutting the grass, clipping the hedge, shoveling snow, and trucking trash and clinkers to the dump. Changing the awnings, storm windows and screens seasonally on the third floor, was especially an unenviable task. We had a fine self liquidating enterprise working for us, but it took a lot of doing to keep it going smoothly. We were at one stage in debt to the tune of $12,000.00 or more than $36,000.00 by the present inflated reckoning. While this venture was sound, it was not a good revenue producer if one should include all labor at a realistic rate of pay. However, from this splurge into real estate, we learned many lessons that have benefited us with increased confidence in future judgments. This project proved to be only the beginning of a long list of related enterprises to follow.

In 1940, Axel and I purchased another large residence on South State Street in Elgin. On the roof were seven small gables, inside were three ornate fireplaces. We paid a depressed price of $4000 for the property, it was situated on a corner lot and the location was even better than the Walnut Apartments mentioned previously. The two places were only two blocks apart. We had to pass the new acquisition to reach the Walnut Apartments, so it was ideally located to operate and "observe." The house had been maintained better than the first one, it was a sound investment. From the experience gained previously, we made wiser use of the remodeling dollar. We designed this building for six apartments also, three on each floor. All units had individual front and rear entrances, maintenance and operational labor was held to a minimum, no halls or stairs to carpet, light or keep clean. The heating plant utilized a bin feed stoker which reduced the firing chore to the daily removal of clinkers. We built a six car garage and provision was made for another apartment in the basement of the house. Thanks to the confidence of our old friend, Jack Heslin, we did not hesitate in closing this deal. We knew exactly what to do and what the end result would be.

Again our funds were limited and the financing hung on a shoestring. Costs mounted as more subcontractors were engaged, the money supply was always a source of worry. To hold the expense from engulfing us, we worked every spare minute on the project ourselves. For the duration of the construction, we worked not only late on Saturdays but on Sundays and holidays. It was a stupendous undertaking under the circumstances, with the usurpation of time required for the plumbing business and caring for the other apartments on Walnut Avenue. Somehow, we met all obligations when the job was completed. We now had the most desirable small apartments on the west side of Elgin, they were all rented before being finished. The building sat well back from the sidewalk line and a large expanse of lawn complimented the setting.

The national economy had not yet reached normalcy in 1940, new construction was nearly non-existent. To accelerate the general recovery, the federal government was seeking to promote interest in remodeling of existing structures. When we began our State Street project, we had taken several "before pictures" and on completion took the same views again as "after" pictures. These contrasting photos were solicited by a National Builders monthly magazine and were featured on the front cover of the issue of March, 1941. They were followed up on the inside with an editorial and pertinent information which we had written relative to the features incorporated therein. Soon thereafter we received another request from Miami, Florida, asking for permission to use our pictures and copy for promotional work at a national convention of Mortgage Agencies. While receiving no remuneration or prize, it was an honor to have been thus recognized over the entire United States for an outstanding achievement in remodeling for the year 1940. Dad was so intensely interested in our enterprises and success prior to his passing that one cannot refrain from speculating as to his reaction to this latest venture. We sold this apartment building in

1948 with a well deserved profit. The Walnut Avenue Apartments were disposed of in 1947, only a modest gain was realized from that sale.

Again in 1940, we plunged into real estate speculation. This time an auction sale of lots was held on which we purchased 35 lots. They ranged in price from $25 for those outlying and without improvements, to $350 for corner lots on paved streets including water and sewer. Needless to state, we should have bid in another hundred lots if there had been a way to finance them, we were working on the State Street job and were already skating on thin financial ice. Somehow, with the aid of some fancy juggling and with cooperation from our bank, we managed to pay for the lots and clear all accounts as agreed. Our financial position was like walking a tightrope, a miscue could have been embarrassing, to say the least.

Over the years in the plumbing business, we had many weird experiences. An unusual episode stands out in my memory as having had the ingredients for a movie thriller. Fortunately we were not aware of the exposure until some time after the work had been completed. The location was a sprawling type residence in a rural area, some ten miles north of Elgin, more specifically it was situated on the highway between Barrington and Algonquin. We had been engaged to relocate some hot water radiators along with other minor repairs. This job was in the "gentleman farmer district" where wealthy Chicagoans maintain palatial private homes segregated from the tenant farmer and other buildings. It was not uncommon for such homes to be tenanted periodically at the whim of the owner who may travel extensively and remain away for long intervals. This home was located about three miles west of Barrington. Each day we worked there, we were greeted at the door by an oversize Doberman Pincer dog which was held in check by its master, a man in his middle forties, he was the lone occupant. On the second day the "owner" wore no coat and was walking around indoors with a gun in a holster strapped to his shoulder. I remarked to him, "What is the artillery for?" He gave no direct answer and we thought nothing more about it believing he was a police officer or bodyguard. The den contained a large collection of firearms and hunting trophies which is a tradition of the wealthy. The man with the artillery continued to act strangely, he was fidgety and uncommunicative, and would not volunteer any information when asked about certain details involving our work. We were too occupied to suspect that something was "wrong," to us it was just another job.

Some weeks later the body of our "mute host" was found in a ditch near this residence, riddled with bullets in gangland fashion. On the day before, this man had killed two federal agents in a running gun battle in the streets of Barrington. He was identified as George (Baby Face) Nelson, a member of the infamous Dillinger gang. As I reminisce, I wonder if the work we did was an absolute necessity, and if it was not timed to coincide with activities of the underworld. Could it have been possible that we were employed as a shield or camouflage to avert suspicion from a desperado.

When Baby Face was released from Joliet State Prison in 1933, his name was Lester M. Gillis. The records show he later became a ruthless killer and bank robber, labeled #1 on the FBI most wanted list. In an episode of obtaining a factory payroll in one of their many robberies, the timing coincided with the arrival of the armed pay truck within the factory gates. Baby Face, Dillinger and Company gained admittance by lettering a truck with the name of a local prominent plumbing concern. A dozen men were mowed down in this haul. Nelson's speciality was the use of the sub-machine gun and in his many escapades killed without rhyme or reason. This was the man with whom we spent an entire week. As I recall this job, the pieces fall into place. The plumbing truck routine had been successfully employed previously . . . . why not use this technique again.

Of one thing I am certain . . . . that peculiar vest Baby Face was wearing was not intended to keep him warm. I shudder when I think of the St. Valentine Day Massacre of that era and our fate if anyone of us four had made a wisecrack about him appearing like a gangster. As I reflect upon this "fraternizing" with possibly this country's most notorious murderer, I realize the wisdom of the words . . . . "ignorance is bliss."

Another incident in which we had a brush with the Revenue Agents came about in late 1932, prior to the revocation of the national liquor prohibition amendment called the Volstead Act. For more than a decade the brewing and manufacture of alcoholic beverages had been forbidden which gave rise to an undesirable element who operated as "blind pigs" in the distribution of illicitly manufactured beer and liquor. The products of the "bootleggers" were generally a very bad substitute and oftentimes were poisonous, even so their operations were extensive. The raw "hootch" was readily available, it was not difficult to find someone who knew someone who could supply any quality and quantity at a price. If the purchase could be traced to its source, it would undoubtedly end in the lair of a syndicate headed by hoodlums and gangster bosses such as Al Capone.

The foregoing is a prelude of conditions existing as I relate our complicity in an unlawful distilling operation. The Elgin newspaper headlines electrified the populace with . . . . "Revenue Agents Uncover Giant Still." The owner was one of our clients who owned a large warehouse type building. The basement had a ramp down for storage of cars, the first floor was used as a garage and for auto repairing in which the owner was interested. The second and third floors were not used in these depression years. We were called frequently to make plumbing repairs here and especially to administer to a "sick" heating system. It was on one of the latter calls that we noticed a new galvanized pipe extending from the basement floor up through the first floor to rooms above. We were dismayed as we had not been engaged to install this new work. On inspection of the lower end, we found that some basement floor had been freshly dug up and that the new pipe was connected to the city water line

before the meter. The meter had been bypassed, indicating that enormous quantities of water were to be used which could reveal the existence of an unusual "operation." The installation had been made by a qualified plumber was attested to by the neatly wiped branch joint on the lead pipe, a few feet ahead of the meter.

We should have reported the "stealing" of water to the city but elected to forget it. The owner was a good customer; I recall we asked him about the new piping and he answered he had new tenants on the top floors and they had done their own piping (a handy man could not have wiped the joint). However, we had no business prying into others' affairs and the matter was forgotten until some six months later when the aforementioned headline appeared. It was evident that large wholesale purchases and deliveries of sugar had been the clue that subsequently led to the locating and destruction of this installation. A half carload of sugar was confiscated and thrown out the window upon the ground.

To climax this story, we were accused of having made or aided in this installation by an agent who came to our shop. We filled out affidavits attesting to our innocence and lack of knowledge. The owner of the building was implicated and penalized but fortunately we did not have to testify against him.

1941, December 7th, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, a few hours later war was declared, and the United States was embroiled in World War Two. This was also the day when the Chelsey Fritz family left Elgin to make their home on the west coast. Mrs. Fritz is our stepsister, Dorothy, they were married June 1, 1925. Dorothy and Chelsey have two children, Carol and Dale.

In May of 1942, Axel left for Norfolk, Virginia, for service in the Navy and I was left to run the business. World War Two was now blazing on many fronts. In a matter of weeks defense plants could not obtain enough help, all young men were being conscripted and a man power shortage developed. Two of our best men left us, one was drafted into the Army, the other chose to go into critical defense work. Axel and I had drawn plans to commence building a house on one of our many lots when an edict was issued from Washington forbidding all new construction. It was our intention to major in construction and to de-emphasize our plumbing and heating activities. A system of priorities was hereafter established which made it impossible to procure any building material of any kind unless the work was judged by a priority board to be necessary. Ceilings were placed on rents, food and gasoline were rationed, and new tires became non-existent for private automobiles.

Gas rationing stamps were issued on the basis of miles traveled in the pursuit of one's employment or business, everyone was expected to transport others whenever practical in a "share the ride" exchange. I personally was not greatly inconvenienced, services such as ours could

not be restricted on the home front and there was no way to accurately gauge the required gasoline. With the probability that I may have to make repair calls in surrounding cities and for other customers residing in the country, I was allotted an ample supply of petrol to conduct my business. Obviously sightseeing on Sunday and frivolous driving was held to a minimum.

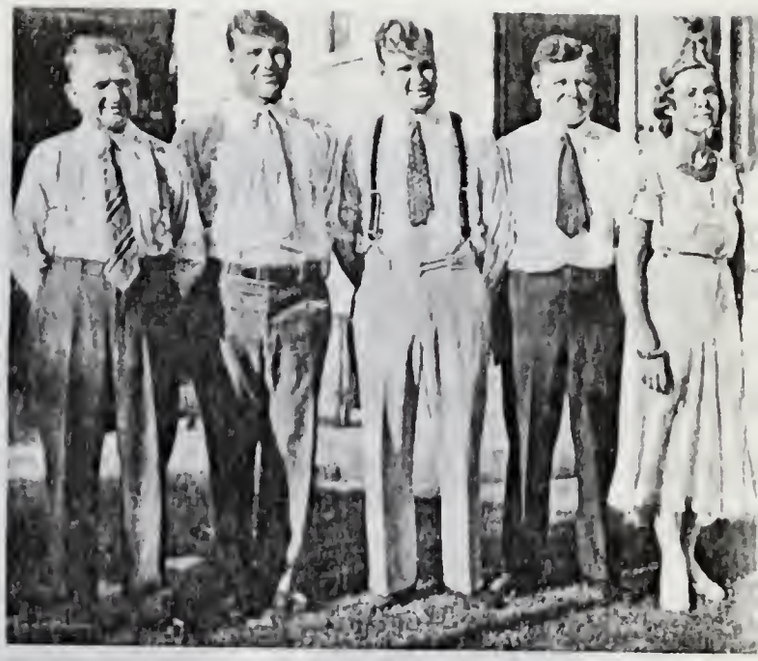
1942-43-44-45 were war years. I made no new installations as I had very little material. I had considerable repair work these years in the course of which I tried out several youths who came to me with the hopes of learning the trade. I had so many aspirants that I lost count, somehow, they all had a common delusion that plumbing was mostly play and good pay.

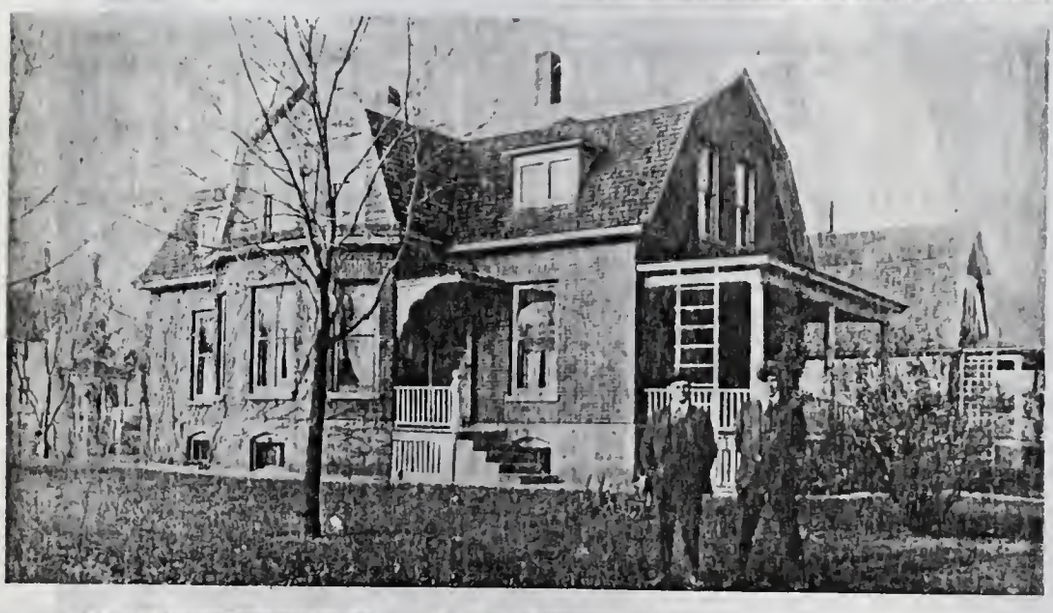
1945, Axel returned from his stint in the Navy. He wanted to commence building homes as had been our plan in early 1942. I decided to stay with the plumbing business and in settlement became the sole owner of Carlson Brothers. Axel began to build houses. In 1946 I was able to hire a good journeyman who worked for me for the next twelve years. He was William Kleiser, there were 10 children in his family, when asked the second time about the number, Bill would explain . . . . we have 7 boys, each one has 3 sisters.

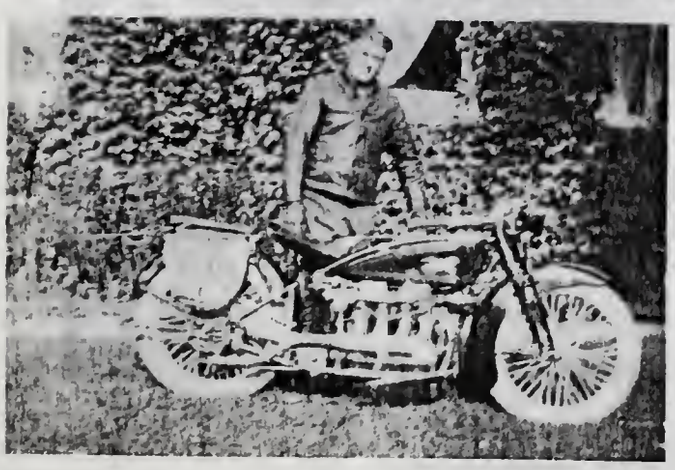
1947, Richard Carlson, our nephew, returned from a tour of duty with the Navy and was at the age where he was trying to decide on what kind of endeavor he should pursue as a vocation. Dick was 19 and showed a mechanical inclination which prompted me to encourage him to become a plumber. He worked for me during the next seven years until 1955 when he went into the business on his own. Plumbing came natural to Dick, above all he was dependable.

1948, Axel and I sold the State Street Apartments. In conclusion of this transaction I became full owner of the old homestead at 470 Ryerson Avenue. In 1946, I had bought the house next door (north). In this year 1948, I purchased the vacant lot to the south, these three pieces of property we still retain in this year 1962. However, again in 1948, I bought another property, 5 miles south of Elgin, on the main road between Elgin and St. Charles, called State Route #31. This 2 acres is a strip 125 feet wide which reaches 800 feet from the highway to the shore of the Fox River. In addition to a combination garage, barn and chicken coop, there was a summer type house on the premises. The house I have since remodeled extensively by raising for a full basement and installing a hot air furnace and plumbing. Many beautiful shade trees (honey locust) line the long drive from the entrance, there is ample garden space and fruit trees grow near the river. We keep the grounds groomed in summer like a park.

Over the past 10 years we have owned several boats, all were outboard driven. During the summers there has hardly been a weekend or even a day that we did not have relatives and friends come to visit and







Top left: Ingvar Carlson and sweetheart, Helen Maday of Chicago.
Top right: 1929, Frank Carlson and offspring.

Center: Home on Ryerson Avenue built by G. R. Carlson in 1905-06. In settlement of father's estate, Ingvar came into full ownership in 1948. Vacant lot on left and home on right were also acquired.

Left: Ingvar with new ACE motorcycle (1923)

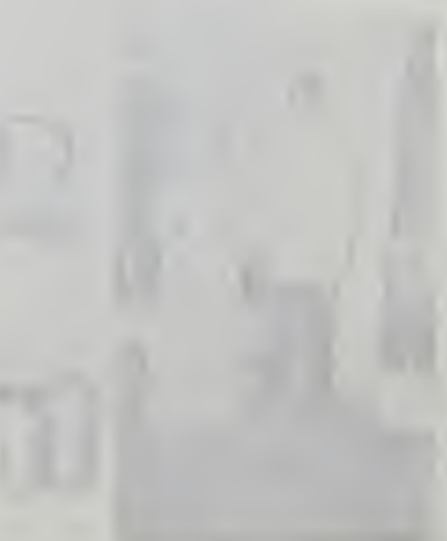
Ingvar Carlson and Helen Maday
Married in Elgin, November 20, 1926.

Ingvar Carlson repairing high pressure boiler

Above: Left, confirmation Sunday for Doris (1946). On right, Christmas 1945. The children are Doris, age 14; Keith, 6; and Alice, 8.
Below: 1961, Ingvar and Helen with children grown and married, "My, How Time Does Fly."

Robert and Doris Survant
Married April 21, 1951, at
Bethlehem Lutheran Church,
Elgin, Illinois.

Above: Doris as a sculptoress
Below: Doris and Bob dressed for the "prom"
Right: The Survants as of 1960, the children are: Laura, on left; Susan, rear center; Sallie, lower right; Jeffrey sits on mother's knee.



Below:
Doris and Robert as seniors in Elgin High School. Doris was chosen by popular vote to accompany the basketball team to Urbana. In a contest at Urbana to decide the winner of the title "Queen of the Sweet Sixteen" (16 teams in playoff), Doris became a finalist.

Doris Carlson
Employed as a fashion model
Photos on this page by
Elgin Courier-News

Left:
Bob, captain of the 1949 regional basketball championship team, accepting award of trophy in behalf of his mates. Team qualified for state contest to determine State of Illinois champion. Elgin was eliminated in the semifinal play-off.

Keith, age 4, and his sisters, Alice and Doris; it was Alice's 6th birthday, February 19, 1943.

Left: Keith and Donna dressed for the "prom"

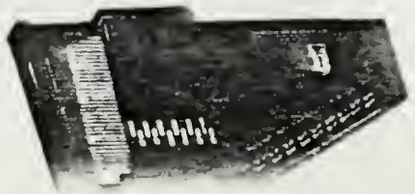
Below:
Keith Ingvar Carlson married to Donna Shabert June 25, 1960, at St. Paul's United Church of Christ. Picture at lower right is their son, Kevin Ingvar, born May 3, 1962 - a potential plumber? Kevin is the fifth generation to occupy the G. R. Carlson homestead on Ryerson Avenue in Elgin.

Below: Introducing
Master Kevin Ingvar Carlson

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Carlson

July 2, 1960. Alice Carlson and Gerald Arthur Carlson married at Bethlehem Lutheran Church of Elgin.

Alice and Jerry were classmates at Elgin High and later at the University of Illinois located at Urbana. Alice currently teaches in the local public school system. Jerry is a plasterer associated with his father in the contracting business. Jerry is a descendant of a long line of plasterers. His grandfather having performed this function for G. R. Carlson when he built the home on Ryerson Avenue in 1906.



take advantage of our "retreat," some only wanted to lounge around and gaze out over the wide expanse of cool water, others came to fish, the majority wanted to take a spin three miles down the river to St. Charles. Our son, Keith, had charge of the boating "concession," most of the time he and his friends were taking turns at water skiing. For several years, Helen's mother has lived in the cottage and acts as our custodian, she is not alone for many days at a time as relatives from Chicago frequently spend their vacations and weekends with her.

1950, I took on another young apprentice, Nathan Stephens, to learn to be a plumber, he stayed with me until just prior to my quitting business in late 1961. Nate also learned quickly and was trustworthy. Nate worked steadily through the years without missing a day, this was dictated by his growing family, by last count (latest were twins) the Stephens have 9 children, all healthy and a credit to their parents.

1951, April 21, our daughter, Doris, was married to a college student, Robert Survant. I was proud as I gave her away in a ceremony held in the old Lutheran Church on Villa Street. Later we had a reception for the newlyweds at the K. C. Hall. Doris and Bob had many friends which stemmed from their high school days, Doris had been popular among the student body and Bob was an active participant in athletics. Ernest and Evelyn with their daughter, Lois, and son-in-law, Bernon Morningstar, came to Elgin from Flint for the ceremony. Ernest's son, Richard, was there with a girl named Charlotte Stevens, whom he later married. The reception hall was filled to overflowing, everyone had a good time, several dignitaries lent "significance" to the occasion. In 1953, Doris and Bob purchased a new home which Axel had built at 215 S. Edison. They now have four children, Bob presently operates a tavern in downtown Elgin.

1955. Keith indicated that he would like to become a plumber so I registered him as an apprentice with the State Board. Keith was attending the local Community College and worked for me in spare time for his spending money. At this time I had 3 men and 4 trucks in operation. For several years, one contractor gave me the plumbing on 60 or more houses annually.

1960. Our son, Keith, was married on June 25th to Donna Shabert, a classmate at high school. A reception was given by her parents at a hall in Dundee. A week later, on July 2nd, the third and last of our offspring was married at the new Bethlehem Lutheran Church. Alice was united with Gerald Carlson and again it became my pleasant chore to escort a daughter in matrimony. The reception followed at our home which we had recently remodeled. It was a beautiful day which permitted everyone to sit at tables among the flowers in the garden, beverages were dispensed from the garage building. Gerald and Alice had been classmates at the University of Illinois. Jerry is currently associated with his father, Arthur Carlson, a well known plastering contractor in this area. Alice is a teacher of the second grade in the Lowrie School, in the same room where she had previously sat as a student.

Thus after an epoch of three decades beginning with the birth of Doris in 1931, our home is comparatively empty, most of all we miss the spontaneous strains of music and song. As was the case when I was a youngster at home in Ludington, music has played a major role in our pleasures, the contentment and togetherness it fosters cannot be minimized. I doubt that juvenile delinquency can spawn where voices blend to instrumental accompaniment. Music is more than entertainment, it is inspirational, it gives us a fuller appreciation of the finer things and we see beauty in everyday living. Even before the children came, it was customary at our home when company came, for someone to sit down at the piano and with a little urging I would tune up the fiddle and a gay song-fest was the result. My wife has been vitally interested in our children's musical education and it is mostly through her watchful persistence and encouragement that they all can play one or more instruments. Doris plays the piano and violin; Alice plays four, the organ and harp in addition to piano and violin; Keith plays only the piano.

Beginners at first do not realize the importance of music and are reluctant to practice, in my youth I wish my parents had been more vigilant and persuasive while I studied the violin, notwithstanding, it has been the source of much enjoyment. Brother Ernest was the musician in our family in Ludington, he later advanced to a semi-professional, he also played banjo and mandolin in an orchestra. I have noted in Grandfather's memoirs that he played the organ in their home in Sweden and he dwells on the many good times centered at the instrument, it was ever thus, stability of the home becomes assured. It is said, the best things in life are free, music can be inexpensive.

1961. Work had been falling off for many months due to a prolonged recession. Business conditions had been good since the start of the war 20 years ago, all the while work had been plentiful and prices received were adequate. Now after all those years of rising prices and seeming prosperity, the "bloom was off the rose" and the old disastrous underbidding and price-cutting came into vogue. At my age I did not wish to compete again for work under circumstances similar to those that prevailed in the thirties, it was time to quit.

Our son, Keith, who is now a journeyman plumber, is working steady for another contractor. I could not interest him in taking over the business. Keith is well aware that this is a grueling occupation and I would not unduly influence him to follow where I leave off. In his early twenties, not without basis, Keith believes that working for a high hourly wage is preferable to the confinement and self sacrifice demanded in direct public service. However, if one is to advance in this world, it is necessary to work long hours and be on the alert for investment opportunities, the plumbing business provided an excellent medium to obtain first hand information. It is my judgment that all my worldly possessions and moderate success have been made possible by my partnership with Axel in 1930 in the plumbing business and subsequent investments as a consequence

thereof. I feel my choice has been good, with the long and extra hours of toil there has come reward.

Not wishing to remain in business any longer, I held an auction sale on my premises August 26, 1961. For several weeks Axel and others helped me with the preparations; on a cost basis I had inventoried trucks, equipment, tools and supplies at $30,000. The weather on the day of sale was ideal, nevertheless the interested buyers were few, some came from Aurora and Joliet who helped to liven the bidding, but in general the sale was a disappointment. Our nephew, Richard, who had started in business a few years ago, purchased more than anyone else. Everything was sold except my Buick station wagon and a few personal hand tools. With the basement cleared for the first time in 30 years, it gave the illusion of being a large meeting hall.

The plumbing business was unique, monotony was nonexistent. When Axel worked with me, all jobs received our personal attention; customers appreciate having the boss on the job giving close supervision. By 1942, we had worked for most of the small building contractors and had been invited into nearly half of the homes in Elgin. Our dependability and integrity was never questioned, it was taken for granted. Our most well-to-do and esteemed customers would tell us where to find the key and where to leave it when there was no one at home. In fact we became sort of consultants on matters pertaining to real estate, building and remodeling, oftentimes volunteering architectural and layout services to the extent of our ability.

The enviable position of trust and favor accorded to us must be shared with two young men who worked for us through those lean years of the thirties. They were Edward Schroeder and Erland Carlson, the latter being a brother-in-law, married to Helen's sister, Ann. These young men in addition to being astute mechanics were also courteous, industrious and neat. Nothing is so well received and acknowledged by discriminating customers as workmen of this type who are conscientious to the degree that they will remove their coarse shoes in traversing expensive carpeting and finished floors. Unquestionably Ed and Erland aided us in selling our services more than we have credited them. These boys had no equal in that they were also gentlemen.

The decision to quit business in 1961 was made reluctantly. It seemed then as it does now that I have betrayed my clients, because there existed a mutual closeness that reached beyond our business transactions it seemed cruel to conclude such relationships with sharp finality. I feel a guilt akin to someone who has been fraudulent. I am indeed sorry but I saw no alternative. I have grown more tired as the years take their toll, I want to ease up. I thank all for their confidence and patronage.

For the past twenty years and more, Helen and I have been quite active in church affairs, Helen on numerous occasions has acted as chairman of the annual Covered Dish and Meatball suppers, I have maintained the plumbing and heating systems for years largely on a gratis basis. I have served several terms on the Board of Trustees in the administration of the physical properties. Financially, (in my estimation) we have met our responsibility liberally. I am interested in the work and growth of our church as I contend that Christian teaching is equally important to youngsters as learning the "3 R's."

On October 30, 1961, sadness struck our family. Joseph Maday, Helen's brother, died at the Veterans Hospital in Chicago. Joe had been ill for many months and the end was not unexpected, he was 43 years of age. He is survived by his mother, three sisters.... Helen, Ann and Julie, also a brother, Frank. During the past summer Joe lived with his mother at our river cottage. Again we are reminded that we do not know the number of our days, we cherish his memory.

From the time I played cowboys and Indians as a lad in the cedar swamp near our home on the edge of town at Ludington, I have loved the great outdoors. More of my most memorable events took place on farms in Minnesota where it seemed folks were so very genuine and considerate, where caring for the horses and other livestock was a pleasant chore. In seeking a reprieve from the synthetic life of the city I have many times in past years sought out fishing retreats in the backwood areas of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. In the few years that God may grant me to live hereon, I hope that I once more can recapture briefly the tranquillity and simple pleasures I have missed over the past 40 years. As I join the ranks of the retired I feel the lure of the rod and reel keenly.

After liquidating the plumbing business, my wife and I spent several weeks seeking to procure acreage near good fishing. To this end we contacted many realtors with such listings; by the process of elimination we finally decided to purchase an old fashioned farmstead situated on ten acres and located six miles from the town of Whitewater in southern Wisconsin. The property consists of a nine room house, dairy barn and several feeding sheds. A windmill (not in use), a small orchard and a silo serve to bring back memories of my youth.

From our new home it is only a five minute walk to Whitewater Lake which abounds with game fish. Pheasants, deer and other game frequent our orchard and alfalfa field. The terrain hereabouts is decidedly rolling and great expanses remain in their virgin state of woods and underbrush. Thus wild life thrives in an environment that is rarely penetrated by avid hunters. As yet we have no close "next door" neighbors although there are many homes lining the shore of the lake. However, a new community elementary school stands across the road from us a short block away, several buses bring the children.

We moved into our new home early in April of this year and immediately set about to renovate the house from basement to garret. It had not been our plan to spend any large sum in the process, but after the former owner vacated permitting us to make a better inspection we discovered that very little met the standards to which we were accustomed. At the time of this writing our task is almost complete, we have installed new plumbing, a new hot water heating system and electric wiring. In the process considerable plaster was torn off, this patch work was executed by Jerry, our son-in-law, who is in the plastering business. In this extensive improvement we made a separate apartment on the second floor which has since been rented to a young couple. The husband is a student in journalism at the college in Whitewater.

While we live only 75 miles from Elgin via good highways, we have learned dramatically that winters can be expected to be more severe, that knowledge came with almost dire consequences on a Sunday of last February. Keith had been making the trip here on many successive weekends to lend me a hand with the plumbing preparatory to our moving in. On this particular weekend (February 17-18) we were obliged to return to Elgin on Sunday by prior commitment. I personally wanted to be there in time to bowl with my team in the afternoon and also Helen and I were scheduled to join another couple on Monday morning in a drive to Florida on a three week vacation.

By 9 a.m. we were on our way, Helen and I in our pickup truck led the way, followed by Keith and his wife, Donna, in their car. We started earlier than usual as it had snowed during the night and a strong wind was causing drifts, a snow storm was brewing and we feared being snowed in. We thought that once we were on the heavy traveled highway our worries would end but this was not the case. Instead, from the outset, we found cars stalled and at one point were compelled to spend several hours in a roadside tavern waiting for a highway crew to open the road.

The storm did not abate and visibility was almost nil, in some stretches we progressed by sheer intuition, then suddenly it happened ... we came upon a stalled car and I narrowly averted a collision by veering abruptly toward the ditch. Keith and Donna were likewise blinded by the storm and could not avoid crashing into the rear of my truck. Moments later another hit Keith's. In the chain reaction irreparable damage was done to Keith's car, a tow truck was called to take it into the city of Harvard, less than a mile away.

The mishap occurred during the noon hour in front of a farm home where the owner with tractor was busily engaged in extricating stalled vehicles and pulling them onto his premises. Many cars filled the yard of this haven and we were more than glad to join a dozen other "casualties" in the house. Our predicament was heightened by our concern about Donna, Keith's wife, who was expecting to become a mother in a couple months; as the storm continued to rage we made arrangements to stay

overnight. During the evening hours there were signs of abatement and later the road was again opened whereby many of those stranded went on their way.

After being served breakfast by our benefactor we arrived in Elgin without further incident. Donna consulted her family physician and we were all relieved to learn that through this hectic ordeal, she had apparently suffered no ill effects. It was a bitter and costly episode . . . . so different from the plans we had made. Our scheduled departure for Florida with our friends was delayed one day, we left on Tuesday, after that awful nightmare of Sunday some relaxation was in order.

It was our first journey to the "state of sunshine" and we enjoyed it immensely. As is the custom of all visitors, we watched the daily papers for news of the weather at home, our contentment grew perceptively as the Wisconsin snows became deeper.

Before proceeding further in this writing, Helen and I rejoice in announcing that a baby boy came to Donna and Keith on May 3rd, he was named Kevin Ingvar. Thus it seems assured that our family name will live for at least another generation. Like Doris and Bob's children...Laura, Susan, Sallie and Jeffrey...little Kevin is also a picture of health and perfection.... indeed we are proud to be their grandparents.

Since Helen and I have moved to our farmstead, Keith and Donna have occupied our old home in Elgin. They are the fourth generation of Carlsons to live there since Gustaf Reinhold Carlson and his wife built it in 1904-05. Through recent extensive remodeling and other improvements in years past, our old homestead at 470 Ryerson Avenue is ultra modern in most aspects and after 57 years is generally in better condition today than at any previous time.

I would be remiss if in these closing paragraphs I did not pay my respects to a dear relative who recently was summoned to her reward. She is Mrs. Robert Nelson whom we fondly called Anna. She is frequently mentioned in the memoirs of our father and grandfather, they tell us Anna came to Elgin from Sweden on April 19, 1899, as a captivating miss of 16. Anna Elizabeth Torrel was a daughter of our grandmother's sister, Augusta, thus our father and Anna were first cousins.

Anna was orphaned at an early age after which she was reared by her maternal grandparents on the family farmstead known as "Alandsryd." She came to America as one of the many thousands of immigrants at the turn of the century. At Elgin, Anna married Robert Nelson in 1907, Robert later on operated a downtown grocery and market with his brothers until his passing in January of 1940. Robert was our father's closest friend and by a celestial coincidence they both were summoned to that Place of Many Mansions only two months apart.

In the twenties and before, we boys looked forward to the next visit to the Nelsons with Dad. There we were greeted with warmth and congeniality climaxed in early evening with a table setting on a grand scale ...a realm in which Anna had no peer. At the Nelson home the sun seemed to shine brighter than anywhere else and one would feel an overwhelming optimism that became contagious. Anna lived a life of service to shut-ins and those less fortunate. Possessed of many rare attributes, she was a remarkable woman whose energy as a humanitarian knew no bounds. Next to her devotion to her family, Anna will long be remembered for her dedication to church activities where she was foremost among the volunteers. Anna (Torrel) Nelson succumbed May 22, 1962, at the age of 79. We cherish her memory.

Anna and Robert Nelson are survived by two charming daughters, Mabel and Hazel, who are the image of their mother. The girls and we are second cousins but our association for the most part has been much closer. For many years Mabel was the private secretary to the president of the Elgin National Watch Company, but is now engaged as a legal stenographer in a local law office. While Mabel was employed at the Watch Company, she assisted me at regular intervals with billing and clerical work.

Hazel is now Mrs. Earl Pierson residing in Houston, Texas, where Mr. Pierson is district representative for a nationally known accounting firm. At Elgin High School, Hazel and Earl were classmates; here they distinguished themselves with four years of scholastic excellence crowned by both being awarded the coveted medal as the outstanding seniors of the Class of 1928. Earl continued his studies and became a certified accountant.

We are proud of our relationship to Mabel and Hazel; wherever their names are mentioned, we feel chesty as we hasten to offer enlightenment.

Perhaps the reader has noticed that family names have no consequence in the Ancestor Charts printed herein. The story of our lineage as received from Sweden alternates from the paternal to the maternal sides by the dictates of the records available. From a glance at the Ancestor Charts it is evident that much of the "luster" is derived from several distinguished mothers. Since we began this literary effort almost two and a half years ago, there has been an increased interest by and large in the formation of groups and organizations whose objective is the tracing of family lineage. The surge of historical enthusiasm manifest in some areas has led to public schools offering special classes of instruction in archive research as an instrument for lineage tracing.

I would suppose that it is an isolated instance when a person is found who is not proud of his parents, I would regard it as normal that everyone has wondered about his background and which countries are involved in his being. It is indeed an accomplishment when tracings can

be made to the era of 1500 A. D., even in this progressive country records are fragmentary and fade beyond 1850. In our instance some success was made possible by engaging professional services in Sweden. By the achievement of this accredited agency we have assembled authentic material which makes this family history more complete. We lay no claim to fame or superiority in seeking to preserve all pertinent material.

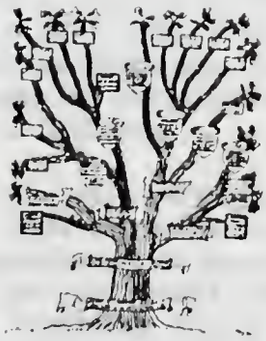
If you have seen the Ancestor Charts which begin with the introduction of Bishop Petrus Jonae in 1539..... have you thought..... how does this succession of marriages affect me and my family, do we play a part? I can only answer for myself..... I consider it a special privilege to see our name linked with the many others in the Charts. If my family makes a noteworthy contribution..... this is for others to assess. However, I prefer to believe that with the formation of every new family many desirous qualities are blended that will reinforce and beautify our banner to greater durability and luster.

As it seems a certainty our volume will be completed in early 1963, I need not repeat that this has been "quite" an experience. Once the copies have been distributed we will be confronted with the disposition of about a dozen various diaries, original manuscripts and memorandums of our father and grandfather. Most of this material is written in Swedish and it is doubtful that any of our descendants will be able to make the translation to appreciate them. In most instances, we have been able to make translations where necessary but have found that it is work for those more proficient. The problem is: if you have been primarily educated in our schools..... you will find your proficiency severely unequal in making translations to a foreign language with which you have only limited expression. It is possible that this material will be sealed in a box and stored, however, I prefer to dispose of it with an appropriate ceremony while reducing it to ashes. This final disposition by burning has been suggested at our meetings and if unanimous I intend to ask Ernest to act as master of ceremonies in the near future. With the printing of the book, we believe our father's and grandfather's hopes, ideals and aims are well on their way to realization. In reflecting back upon the stupendous task of translating executed by our father in interpreting the memoirs of his father, I feel that full recognition has not been accorded him for such an outstanding accomplishment.

My story began April 10, 1901, with my birth in Sweden, I have now reached the current date and there is little more to add unless I would speculate on the future; it is safer to delve in the past. Yesterday, on November 20th, Helen and I were married 36 years. Time seems to accelerate with each passing year and those 36 years seem much less. We have enjoyed life to its fullest, this made possible by unusual freedom thus far from infirmities, serious illnesses and crippling accidents. Our children and their offspring are also thus blessed. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day which is the most revered day of the year for us, we

have so much to be grateful for. To the future youngsters and heirs of this heritage I wish to leave this parting admonition..... take care that you are a credit to your parents..... May this lineage grow and prosper in the Ways of Righteousness.

Whitewater, Wisconsin
November 21, 1962



FOREWORD TO MY LIFE

AXEL FRITJOF CARLSON

Born June 4, 1902, in the settlement of Westra Ryd, near the city of Brakne Hoby, in the Province of Blekinge, close to the southern coast of Sweden.

Son of Carl Frank and Alfrida (Engman) Carlson
Grandson of Gustaf Reinhold and Christine (Carlson) Carlson
Grandson of Ingman and Berta (Bengtsdotter) Isaksson

Brother of Ingvar Reinhold
Brother of Ernest August
Brother of Oscar (deceased)
Brother of Ruth Ingeborg

Husband of Nadine Carlson, nee Younker

It is with enthusiasm and the contemplation of a rewarding experience that I welcome this opportunity to assist in bringing our book project to reality. I fully realize that my own literary talent leaves much to be desired, but notwithstanding, I wish to contribute a sincere effort even if it is shorn of luster, and glares with defects. If I can project my image in

an earthy, folksy manner, I shall claim a degree of success. My formal education ended with my sophomore year in high school, and while I have since attended several evening courses offered for adult education to improve myself, I must profess that I am not the studious type and all my life I have been content to make my livelihood with my hands where some creative ability and know-how have played a part. The outdoors has always claimed my interest, only once have I worked "inside," that was for a period of less than a year when I was employed in the office of the Western Electric Company in Chicago. There I designed switchboards and made apparatus layouts for installations in telephone exchanges nationally and in foreign countries.

It has been more than two years since my brothers, Ernest and Ingvar, and myself first made the bold decision to proceed with this book. We had only a passing knowledge of book composition and only a vague idea of how the finished product would appear. From this embryo our project has expanded from a veritable "mole hill to a mountain" in proportion, and I will admit at times its ramifications seemed alarming and overwhelming. However, the magnitude has served to goad us to greater determination in the belief we will not only succeed but will hand to our descendants a "family showcase" they will treasure.

Our aspirations have amplified with information received from Sweden disclosing the presence of many learned men in our lineage, two of which were honored by the Royal Family in the conferring of titles and the granting of knight status with symbolic Coat of Arms. Perhaps of more significance to future descendants is the revealing of several clerics of whom two were bishops of notable stature who at a critical time in history may conceivably have had an influence in the cause of religion beyond the shores of Scandinavia. On evaluating our heritage it is manditory to recognize that the fine men and women (all of them) seen on our ancestor chart are an integral part of us and we may well seek to emulate their accomplishments and status in our daily pursuits.

A flattering commendation concerning our Family History has come from an unexpected source. Prior to this incident our Family History had no "outside" readers and only a few close relatives knew of its existence. Those who have read it have been generous with praise which has been a determining factor in our decision to convert it from an assortment of hand and typewritten sheets to something more appealing.

To acquire ideas and possibly learn about some of the problems encountered in book publishing, we contacted an acquaintance, a Mr. Benson, who lives some seven miles north of Elgin. This man is a commercial artist and illustrator, and as expected we were given valuable information. He thumbed through the FAMILY HISTORY and commented on what a noble pursuit it was. All the while Mrs. Benson, also an artist and sculptoress, was an interested bystander. As we were leaving she asked if she may read it that evening, to which we consented.

The next morning our phone rang and a sleepy voice at the other end was that of Mrs. Benson who had stayed up all night to read our Dad and Granddad's stories from cover to cover. She called to say how captivated she had become with all the characters by the warmth they projected. Mrs. Benson had left her native Austria at the age of twelve and memories were rekindled as she started to read and could not lay it down until she came to the end. This charming lady lauded the character and integrity of our forebears to such a degree that it is regrettable we could not have made a tape recording of the conversation to enable us to quote her verbatim. Such a testimonial, coming from a stranger, was heartening and inspirational. It cemented our belief that this project was worthy of considerable effort and expenditure to bring it from obscurity to a position of justifiable prominence.

Later that day we went back to the Bensons to get our book and we discussed it over a friendly cup of coffee. The memory of Mrs. Benson was amazing, she related our own childhood, the loss of Mother and a multitude of incidents as though she were a member. Mrs. Benson laid emphasis on that which exalts all who respect virtue. The complete lack of vice and shame, and the absence of misery, violence and divorce was conspicuous. She was especially impressed with the devotion of everyone to their family, mentioning the subtle tribute paid to the dear departed, "Blessed be their Memories."

Do you know why we have so much juvenile delinquency, major crime, and notorious records of broken homes? Mrs. Benson posed that question and volunteered this answer. After reading your Grandfather's story, I am convinced that because these forebears usually had large families and the making of a livelihood demanded the full cooperation of everyone, resulting in stabilizing the home and contributing to the security of family ties.

As I have now passed my sixtieth birthday, I will divide my Life Story into four parts of fifteen years each which coincides with the "drama" as I have "played" it. The first part will include events pertaining to our happy home from 1902-17. The second...bereavement and severance of family ties as a youth, marriage, prosperity, panic and depression, 1917-32. Third part...business interests, bereavement and service in World War Two, 1932-47. Part four encompasses building construction, tours abroad and my semi-retirement, 1947-62. In relating the events of 1902-1917, I have purposely omitted a major portion to avoid duplication and repetition of accounts given by brothers Ernest and Ingvar. I feel they have treated these years thoroughly and further elaboration would serve no purpose.

St. Charles, Illinois
August 25, 1962

PART ONE

Age 0 - 15
1902 - 1917

The church records in the parish of Brakne-Hoby in that small city of the same name, state I was born on June 4, 1902, on a farm some six miles northeast of the city, the place was called Westra Ryd as there was a cluster of farms which formed a settlement. The name of Axel Fritjof was ceremoniously bestowed upon me and it has not been until recently that I learned to be more appreciative of the selection. To quote some Swedish history, we learn that Gustavus Adolphus (Gustavus II) 1594 - 1632 was not only a great ruler but a military genius.

With every great leader, there is usually at least one person who has provided the "brains" and helped to make the decisions; Gustavus Adolphus had Axel Oxenstierna, the latter name translated is Oxen-star. Axel was primarily a statesman, he accompanied GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS during his campaigns in Germany, taking charge of all diplomatic affairs. On the fall of his master at Lutzen (1632) Axel was recognized as head of the Protestant League and in 1636 returned to Sweden to become chancellor of the kingdom and as one of the five guardians of the Queen. After Axel had negotiated a favorable agreement with Denmark in 1645, Queen CHRISTINE bestowed on him the title of Count. The foregoing seems a bit out of order as it is recorded in histories, but what the books will not relate is that which concerns our forefather, Isak Rothovius, whose picture is reproduced herein, who was engaged as a private tutor in 1597 to Axel Oxenstierna and his brothers, Krister and Gabriel.

Thus we find our lineage closely linked to Oxenstierna who became ruler of the kingdom and who was acknowledged by scholars of all nations as the greatest statesman of that era. Queen Christine was frivolous and incompetent, which subsequently brought deterioration to the country's military might and loss of prestige in the eyes of the world. Before her abdication of the throne in 1654, our Swedish research collaborators tell us that in 1653 she knighted our Capt. Aron Johansson of the Viborg Castle in Finland. I will now presume that everyone is acquainted with the name Axel. That Oxenstierna was an important man, no one can dispute. The question to be resolved is . . . was Bishop Isak Rothovius really a brilliant teacher?

The name, Fritjof, poses a deeper probe and believe it is derived from Greek mythology. I have noticed that Fridjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer (1861 - 1930), had a very similar name. In dropping the topic of names, it appears that my parents had good intentions, that is all that counts. I am now prepared to tell that which has happened over the next sixty years, 1902 - 1962.

Having left Sweden at age three, in May of 1905, my recollections are too faint to be valid. My memory begins with a hole in the head received later in 1905. I was playing horse on a back porch at our first home in this country. The porch rail was some eight feet from the ground and I recall a girl was standing below me and was making motions in my direction and in trying to avoid her I loosened my hold and fell, the scar on my forehead is a visible reminder. This house still stands 57 years later, I think it was old in 1905.

Dad was employed at this time by the Star Watchcase Company in Elgin as a machinist and diemaker, this concern moved to Ludington, Michigan, in the summer of 1906. By prearrangement, Dad was obliged to move there with them. Ludington was a friendly city of 10,000 inhabitants, here father and mother made scores of friends, especially among the predominantly Scandinavian populace. If you will recall the lyrics to the popular song hit, "Dear Hearts and Gentle People," and how everyone worshipped on Sunday, you will better understand the warmth and hospitality of this community.

In reading "This Is Our Life" you will have learned that our father suffered acutely from asthma, but this did not dim his hopes for a better future. Being an optimist, he purchased a 35-acre farm about a mile and a half from the center of town. This took place in the fall of 1909, I attended the second grade in the city and now was required to transfer to a nearby country school with one room for all grades. There were 3 or 4 kids in a grade and about 20 kids in all. At the start our little farm was pretty well run down, the house was fair but other buildings were beyond repair. I will not dwell on the farm topic as I am sure my brothers will cover it quite thoroughly.

As I reminisce to 1910 when Ingvar was 9 and I was 8, we had already graduated from the ranks of frivolous childhood to the useful art of working. Accordingly, our apprenticeship in our chosen craft of later years actually began before we were ten years old; if this early training has given us an advantage over city lads is for others to decide. Perhaps I am prejudiced in this connection, but it is my conviction no one has a well rounded education without the knowledge of fundamentals gained upon a farm. I wish that every child could have an opportunity to spend several seasons on a farm to gain an A-Z education.

To attest to my love for the outdoors, I will confess I have played hooky from school a few times. There were other occasions when I slipped away to set pins in a bowling establishment to earn a few dimes. When in high school I had a season ticket for the basketball games, but I saw only a few. Most game nights I worked 3 or 4 hours at the freight house at the harbor, loading boats, this without the knowledge of my parents; I loved basketball but I needed money more.

In 1916, I was a freshman in high school and simultaneously was spending most of my evenings and spare time in memorizing the Swedish catechism. On Saturdays it was mandatory to attend confirmation class at the church annex. Also I had started with my brothers in the study of the violin, but after several months during which I progressed beyond the awful squeaky stage, I was "excused" when I complained that my fingers were too short to become proficient. My brothers continued their music lessons and later became reasonably "accomplished." While I was preparing for confirmation, Ingvar and Ernest hauled the manure from town, this was a welcome respite.

Mother at this time was not well, she had complained of arthritis and other pains since before our baby brother, Oscar, died in 1914. Mother was now expecting again, as the time approached for her entrance in the hospital, she beamed with optimism in anticipation of a daughter. Despite mild complaints of rheumatic pains, Mother's disposition was bright and sunny as we hitched up Prince to the cutter for her confinement. On April 11, 1917, a daughter was born. It would be futile for me to relate the great loss sustained two days later. Mother died suddenly, us boys being unfamiliar with her true condition, were unaware of any danger. As one of her sons, I find it impossible to eulogize her properly, adjectives seem so inadequate. I am sure us boys returned her love and affection in the best way we knew how, I recall that I caressed her often, for which I am grateful. "Blessed be her Memory."

Us boys now had a sister, she was named Ruth Ingeborg. Sister Ruth remained in the hospital while we took Mother to Elgin for burial. Baby Ruth suffered an even greater loss than us boys, she was destined to be reared in a very different environment, she could never experience the degree of warmth and affection of a mother or the togetherness of closely knit family ties which made our own childhood such a delight.

With Mother's passing came chaos and the scuttling of well intentioned plans for the future. The predicament which Dad was plunged into would certainly have caused most fathers to raise their hands in despair and beg the Father Almighty to be merciful. Possibly Dad did pray for guidance and received support. In future planning, a tiny girl and her welfare was of paramount importance; this and the many other problems confronting Dad must have seemed unsurmountable. Somehow, Dad arrived at this solution: First, sell the farm and relocate in Elgin with our grandparents; Second, Ingvar to stay at Ludington by his own insistence; Third, I was to live with my Aunt Ella on the farm at Granada, Minnesota, there I was expected to help with the farm work while continuing to go to high school. Brother Ernest and sister Ruth were to remain with Dad at grandmother's home. As related elsewhere, the farm was sold, and shortly after I had been confirmed in early June, we left Ludington and Ingvar behind, my ultimate destination was to my Aunt Ella and Uncle Vic in Minnesota.

PART TWO

Age 15-30
1917 - 1932

Two young girls in pigtails raced over the station platform at Granada, Minnesota, to scan the few passengers descending from the train; as I stepped down there was recognition as our eyes met. After an informal introduction amidst giggles and laughter there was no mistake about us being cousins. One was Mava, about my age, the other was Violet, a couple years junior. It was the 26th day of June, 1917, I had left Ludington only a week before. After a few days in Elgin, I boarded the train to my uncle's farm in southern Minnesota. This arrangement had been promoted at Mother's funeral in Elgin, where Aunt Ella and cousin Helen came to attend. I knew some sort of a deal had been made with Dad and later cousin Helen confided that they wanted me to come and stay with them. I had no choice in this matter, I was still depressed from the demise of Mother, the memory of her hung heavily. I was only fifteen and could hardly be expected to make an intelligent decision for myself. The agreement was that I would work on their farm and continue with my education. Evidently compensation had not been discussed.

Granada is in the heart of the corn belt; here in Martin County is to be found some of the most productive soil in the country. Uncle Vic's farm was exceptionally fertile and every inch was in cultivation. Uncle Vic and Aunt Ella were prominent citizens of this community, they had settled there around 1905 and purchased their farm for a few dollars per acre. Uncle Vic was known for miles around, he was active in county politics and had served on the school board of Granada for a decade. Granada was a village of some 400 inhabitants. There was a livery stable, a harness shop, restaurant, general store and among others, a pool hall, garage and farm implement sales, and a lumber yard. Several large grain elevators lined the railroad siding, close by cattle and hogs were being loaded. This was a very rich community which was attested to by the quantity of produce which was shipped daily to the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and to Chicago.

Now you have the picture. The 10:40 train had been on time, it was a bright, humid day and the rich loam soil reeked with a haze from an early morning rain. It was typical corn weather as perspiration soaked my best shirt. Here I was, in this friendly little town, anticipating the next move. Art Anderson, owner of the livery stable and cousin to the girls, came across the street to meet me and offered the use of a rig. The Anderson farm was only a short distance from the village, in fact the railroad bisected a corner of the farm as it came into Granada. We declined the horse and buggy and the girls showed the way, we trekked along the rails as the shortest route, it was only a fifteen minute walk, reaching our destination as the noon hour approached.

At noon, cousin Herbert, a tall gaunt looking fellow, came in from cultivating corn. As we sat at the table, I learned the names of my cousins. One was absent, she was Edna, the oldest, who was married to a farmer a few miles away, she was 28; Herbert, 25; Helen, a one room country school teacher, 22; Esther, a seamstress, 19; Maybell, a senior in high school, 17; Mava, 15; Violet, 13; Everel, the baby, 9. That makes 7 daughters and one son. Uncle and Auntie had 12 children in all, four sons had died in infancy. It was evident at the outset that Aunt Ella wore the britches, and her zeal in shepherding her flock was so pronounced as to approach a fault. Uncle Vic was of a sunny disposition, easy going and rather fond of sitting in the rocking chair and going to town to discuss the topics of the day, mostly about the fortunes of the war in Europe.

Herb had anticipated my arrival on this day and was prepared to make full use of my presence. After dinner, he harnessed up another team and we hitched them to a borrowed cultivator, thus began the second chapter of my life. The transition from Ludington, Michigan, to Granada, Minnesota, was now complete, there only remained the formality of becoming adjusted. This took longer than presumed due to feeling ill at ease around girls. This was an awkward situation for me, living under the same roof with six gals. However, I soon became a buddy to Mava and Violet with whom I had much in common. During the long summer evenings, mostly on Wednesdays and weekends, there was a parade of beaus to the Anderson home, some drove cars, others horse and buggy. The older girls were quite popular in the county young set, and had become rather choosy, they preferred the boys with an auto.

Every day was a holiday and life was a bowl of cherries for the gals, rugs were constantly being rolled up and if boys were not present, they danced with each other. All could play the piano and all were gay, there were few dull moments in this household. Vocalizing was the favorite pastime, I could not carry a tune, but they insisted that I take part. The popular songs of that era are the favorites yet today..."Beautiful Ohio," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Till We Meet Again," "Shine on Harvest Moon," "K-K-Katy," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "Drifting and Dreaming," and a score of others. On the lawn in front of the house, we spent other leisure hours in a "hot" game of croquet. Sometimes on Saturday night, I was invited to go along in the flivver to a dance. But my shyness concerning the opposite sex had not sufficiently subsided to give me the courage to ask a girl for a dance, I just looked on at a safe distance. Perhaps if I had been a good dancer I would not have been so bashful.

The fields of southern Minnesota were quite large, it was not unusual that they were a half mile or more in length, and larger than our entire farm in Michigan. I rather enjoyed the work, it was mostly riding. We worked in the fields about ten hours and did the barn chores in an hour in the morning before breakfast and the same after supper. The work we did on our truck and fruit farm in Michigan was 99% hand labor and of a back breaking nature. Except for a small garden, these farmers did not need to hoe.

Uncle Vic complained of a perennial backache, he would leave his rocking chair only to ride the grain-binder in harvest time when all available help was pressed into service. Then Aunt Ella also would come out to help shock the thousands of bundles of oats. Uncle Vic usually did the milking, looked after the chickens and kept a look-out for the mailman. I don't believe that anyone seriously thought he had a back injury.

One day in late August, I was plowing in a field along the road leading from town, just before noon a man came walking along it and I recognized him instantly. It was Dad, what a pleasant surprise, it had only been a few months since I left him in Elgin, he was a sight for sore eyes. I was working five horses hitched abreast and he wondered if I was man enough to handle them. Dad and I had always been buddies so it was a distinct pleasure to get together with him once again, he stayed two weeks. When leaving he asked me if I needed any money as school was about to begin, he gave me twenty dollars. Outwardly, I may not have appeared lonely or homesick, but inspite of Anderson's good intentions, memories of our home six months before would not dissipate. My new home could not compare with the one I left behind, gone was the great fun us boys used to have together.

It was only a ten minute walk to the new community school in Granada, it contained elementary grades and high school. There were no school buses in use those days, so many of the kids came from a considerable distance by foot or horseback. I think there were less than 200 kids in attendance. During the summer, I had been "kidded" that I would have to reckon with a "bully" in school by the name of Ed Lipscumb who considered himself "king of the roost." The information was partially correct, Ed was slightly belligerent but would not provoke a fight of his own accord. It was the constant needling of the other kids one day that inspired him to challenge me to put on the boxing gloves. Ed was a little taller than I, we weighed the same. On this day, we had eaten our box lunch and had a half hour to fritter away before classes started. We went to the gym in the basement, we knew no rules, and we had no referee. I thought it was only going to be a sort of friendly bout. We began by sparring and tapping lightly but as the minutes ticked off the blows became progressively harder and caution was thrown to the winds. In the middle of the contest I sprained the thumb of my left hand but I continued flailing away.

As the kids cheered it became evident some kind of an honor was to go to the victor so it was not going to be easy to accept defeat. Now, I could only strike with one hand and in return was absorbing considerable pummeling, I was wishing that something would happen to stop the fight. My hand pained me and I was getting exhausted, the fight was becoming a marathon, yet I could not quit, defeat would be extremely embarrassing. At this stage our bout had transformed into a slug-fest. Finally the point was reached where something had to give, then Ed uttered those magic words "let's quit." Ed had been hurt by a blow to the head and went home

slightly dizzy. I do not know why I mention this, I am still wondering about that honor attached to the victor. Ed was back the next day and we were friends ever after. Perhaps there is a moral here, "Don't give up, victory may be closer than you think."

This was in the fall of 1917, I was a sophomore, the courses offered at Granada were limited, those I had intended to pursue were not in the curriculum. It seemed that the only subjects taught were those the teachers were sufficiently qualified to get by with. There were no sport activities here except basketball, and little of that. When we played out of town games, we took the train possibly as far as 25 or 30 miles. Some schools had no inside gym so we played in the afternoon on a clay court and the rooting section had to stand up. I recall once there was no train for the return home, so we had rooms in which to stay overnight, this was a lot of fun.

To earn spending money in the late fall of 1917 while going to high school, I worked several Saturdays at picking corn for a farmer who lived a couple miles from Uncle Vic. Fall rains and early snow had delayed the final harvesting of the corn crop causing farmers to offer six cents a bushel to huskers. This was a new high rate and it had a lot of appeal to me. Uncle Vic loaned me two teams and two triple box wagons with bang boards and extra side boards. Aunt Ella packed a lunch the night before and I started out in the darkness of early morning. The roads were almost impassable and the gumbo filled the spokes of the wheel. The objective of the early start was to be at the field and have 6-8 bushels of corn in the wagon before daylight. It was customary to take along a shotgun to bag a few cottontails during the course of the day. As could be anticipated, the field with the poorest yield was where I was directed to work. Ordinarily, with an early start, I could have picked 100 bushels but with the small ears it was a great effort to husk 70. Before noon I usually had filled one wagon and had a good start on the second, I ate lunch with one hand while continuing to husk. As darkness was falling, I was back on the road with both wagons heaping full, heading for my employer's corncrib. As was customary, the farmer gave me supper after which I scooped off both loads and made the long drive back home after which the horses had to be properly fed and bedded down for the night. Those days were long but I did not easily tire, I had earned around $4.00 each day and Uncle Vic did not charge me for the use of the horses and wagons. To date it was the most money I had earned, it was opportune as summer months and my resources were depleted... yes, those days I loved to work... for pay.

The reader will discern that I was not completely satisfied with the arrangement Dad had made when he sent me to Minnesota. I had asked Herb for some compensation for working with him for several months, but he took the position he could not afford to pay me anything. However, Uncle Vic did give me 15 or 20 dollars with which I bought some clothes. Having now discovered that my services were held in such low esteem,

I soured on the school arrangement which had dubious value. As the school year was ending in the spring of 1918, there arose an appeal from farmers for help, wages doubled and trebled for farm hands. The older boys in school were staying home to help with the farm work, year end examinations were waived and credits were automatically given. It was in this environment that I finished the 10th grade which was ultimately my last year in school. Partially from discouragement, I had thought some of enlisting in the Army, I was only sixteen and knew this would invite the wrath of Dad so thought it best to take a job with a neighboring farmer.

Brother Ingvar at this time, in the summer of 1917, was working for Olsons, our old neighbor in Ludington. We kept a steady correspondence to boost our morale and thereby influenced him to come to Minnesota. He arrived on the last day of October and started to work the next day on the farm of Uncle Vic's oldest daughter, our cousin Edna. On the many weekends to follow, we would usually manage to meet and occasionally went hunting together. Having each other near gave us the confidence which was to play such an important role from then on. I was 16 and Ingvar was 17, hardly an age to confront exploitation and make vital decisions that were to set the course for our lives.

Herb, in the summer of 1918, could no longer escape the draft. Ingvar was then prevailed upon to help Uncle Vic operate the farm. Not mentioned previously, on leaving school, I hired out for the season to a farmer on the opposite side of town. My new employer was now unwilling to release me from our oral agreement.

The war casualty list in the daily papers continued to grow, and Uncle Vic became depressed as he thought of continuing to farm if something should happen to Herb. It was at this time that the great land boom of 1918 began in Martin County. Land that had been selling for $75.00 an acre a year before, was now being bid at $150.00 and the ante was being raised daily. There was in influx of Iowa farmers who literally came with pockets bulging from the prior sale of their farms fifty miles to the south. Here they sought to procure equally productive soil at a reduced price with the prospects of gaining a neat profit. Uncle Vic was one of the first to sell for $150. Had he waited a few weeks to permit more buyers to compete with each other, he could have demanded $250.00 per acre. By now prices of corn, hogs and cattle had also tripled. Vic. in his haste to "cash in" on the boom, had overlooked one important detail... what was Herb to do if he returned?

The Anderson farm subsequently had a new owner and the Andersons moved to a home in town, opposite the school. Then the inevitable came into sharp focus, Herb came home and wanted to farm again. Land by this time had risen until it was out of reach of those who had sold at the reduced figure. To rectify his error, Uncle Vic went about 150 miles northwest of Minneapolis, and made a down payment on a farm for Herb,

it was purchased on contract, Herb to finish the payments. This was not a farm to compare with the one in Martin county, the land was rolling and sandy, also was on the northern fringe of the corn belt and susceptible to early frosts and crop failures.

Herb had been gassed in combat and made numerous trips to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester to receive special medical attention, all without apparent benefit. Cousin Herbert married after he had "bached" it for a couple years. In the interim, Aunt Ella and the girls alternated in journeying to aid him as often as possible. Herb's health continued to worsen and he died about ten years later. Besides his widow, there were three children. Thus, five sons of my Aunt and Uncle were the first offspring to expire, their seven daughters married, five have taught school, all are living in this year, 1962.

My new employer, since the end of the school year, was Charles Entlekoffer, he was an exceptionally mild and considerate man. A month prior to my hiring to him, his wife gave birth to twins. Others in the family included a daughter, Wilhelmina, about 10, and a son, John, about 8. My new boss spent most of his time in the house assisting his wife whom I believe took undue advantage of his disposition. Charley agreed to pay me $45.00 per month but even that modest sum was beyond his means. We milked six cows, separated the milk and sold the cream, this was the only source of revenue until some animals were sold. I worked two months before I asked for the first month's salary, Charley gave me all he had... two dollars. Ordinarily two dollars would have sufficed to carry me for several weeks, but this was for a special occasion. Brother Ingvar was working for Uncle Vic at this time, when two of our cousins contrived to induce Ingvar and me to take them to see a well publicized musical stage show which was coming to Fairmont. The girls persuaded Uncle to loan them the "sanctified" Ford for transportation. The two dollars Charley gave me was all I had. Never before had I been so financially embarrassed, however, Ingvar loaned me a couple more and the predicament was resolved. Our cousins were, of course, very anxious to see the show, and under normal conditions would not have prevailed upon us. World War One was now at its height, and all the other young men with whom they had previously kept company were now in the Army. The girlie show referred to had a patriotic flavor aimed at bolstering home morale and encouraging the buying of Liberty Bonds. Featured were some fifty "cuties" in the chorus, all wearing brief costumes of Red, White and Blue stars and stripes. I enjoyed it immensely, it being my first "spectacular." However, the cost of the evening's entertainment had been "too rich for my blood." I had spent over four dollars or three days' pay and I felt like I had been rooked. The price of experience is not always cheap.

The Charley Entlekoffer farm was not large, we only had four work horses, three of them were heavy with foal. The boss having had considerable experience with brood mares asked me to favor them whenever possible in hard pulling, but admonished to keep them in the harness as

possible. I recall a day when I was harrowing, one of the mares could continue no longer. I threw off her harness and minutes later a colt was foaled. After partaking of nourishment, it was able to follow its mother to the barn. This colt and others born that summer served as a diversion to an otherwise drab employment. These playful little fellows filled the void in my social life. On Sundays when not visiting Ingvar, there was little to do. The place was overrun with gophers, so I could choose between the sport of eradicating those pests with a rifle, or ride my bicycle to town to treat myself to a dish of ice cream.

The experience that I recall most vividly from that summer with Charley was my friendship with a hermit neighbor who lived on an adjoining farm, his home was only a ten minute hike across the field. His name was Arch Handy. Archie was an eccentric type of person to say the least, he was known far and wide for his peculiarities. Archie had but few friends and not many of these had been in his home. He had known Uncle Vic over a long span of years and also was aware that I was Vic's nephew, this I believe explained his cordiality toward me. Archie owned about 200 acres of good farm land but most of it had returned to virgin sod for lack of cultivation. He farmed only a fraction with two old horses. He kept a couple cows and raised a few calves, the chickens roosted in the house.

The home of Archie was only a two room shack cluttered with old books and newspapers. Near the door stood a shotgun which I believe he would use in the event any intruders would trespass. He kept a dog to alert him at the sound of a strange noise. I would whistle loud and clear when I crawled through the fence and followed the path that led through the willow grove which secluded his abode. Archie lived as a recluse, he did not trust banks and it was evident from his actions that he had his life's savings cached somewhere in the house. Archie had been a school master as a young man, he never confided in anyone on what took place to cause him to live in this mysterious manner. According to the skuttlebutt around town, he had been disappointed in love. He told me he had not cut his hair in fifty years, it come down to his shoulders. Through the beard on his face could be seen only the tip of his nose and two beady little eyes. I asked him why he had let his hair grow, and his evasive answer was, "No one would notice me." Despite Archie's peculiarities he was mentally alert and well abreast of all politics and current events. He enjoyed playing checkers and some card games, we would on occasions such as Saturday night, play until daybreak, using a couple egg crates to sit on and a box for a table. For a midnight snack, we ate crackers with milk, this was his daily diet.

To say Archie was unconventional would be an understatement, his worst eccentricity, in my estimation, was his treatment of a horse which had never been worked and had stood in the barn for years without having been led out. This horse was almost standing on its head as Archie never removed the manure from the rear. After leaving this vicinity for more than

a year, I returned to inquire about old Arch Handy from my former boss. He related that one day during the past winter he was attracted by Archie's cattle bellowing as for water, on investigation he found Archie had been the victim of a robbery and had been shot dead, the extent of the loot was never determined. It was a tragic climax to a tortured soul.

In the fall of 1918, I helped a man who had a contract to gravel the main road through Granada. Because of the distance to haul the material, we used two wagons each, leading the extra team. We loaded the gravel by hand, then hooked on an extra pair of horses to get out of the pit. Our wagons were the ordinary type with 2 x 6 planks to form the bottom; these were turned over, one at a time, to dump the load. I received a salary plus room and board. World War I came to a successful end on November 11th. Automobiles were now in general use, most of them were model "T" Fords as they were lighter in weight than other makes, and because of the high clearance underneath they were preferred for negotiating the deep rutted roads. No trucks were seen until a year later when Army surplus dump trucks were allocated to the various governing bodies of the state.

My next job was one of the few I have held whereby I received tax money instead of paying it. I asked Uncle Vic to use his influence to get me a job graveling county roads; this he did. I joined a crew of about 20 men, we had two chuck wagons and two bunk houses on wheels. We camped near other farm buildings so that we could convert a shed for stabling the animals. On this job we used mules and dump wagons to haul the gravel. The winter weather was cold and often too stormy to work, again the chief pastime was to play checkers and read detective stories. At times when the water supply was short or frozen, we would lead the mules to a nearby pond and chop a hole in the ice. Skinning mules was new to me, they are quite different temperamentally from horses, these animals were unpredictable and vicious. A driver develops a new vocabulary associating with them, these words could not be printed. I do not believe the collars were properly fitted to these beasts as most had sores on both shoulders and on the neck. These sores could not heal due to the heavy work schedule. They would bite, strike and kick when starting to harness them in the mornings. It was several days before I learned to approach them safely.

The work was not easy, three or four men remained in the pit to help load. At times it was necessary to do extensive picking through the frost and that was truly Manual labor with a capital "M". However, we did eat well; the cook was a four star performer, he shone his brightest at making pies. I enjoyed his cooking so much that possibly I did not earn a salary. Because of the inclement weather the operation was shut down before the Christmas Holidays.

Ingvar and I decided to take a trip home to Elgin for Christmas, 1918. We had learned that it was a standard practice for anyone who ships a carload of hogs or cattle to be permitted to ride gratis in the caboose to

their destination. Ingvar was tipped off on a man who was shipping two cars and was not going to make the trip. Ingvar contacted him and paid $10 to take his place. The train made many stops to add more cattle and hogs and to drop off empty cars. We remained at a stand-still while our engine did the necessary switching. The ride took three times as long as a passenger train, and one could only wear work clothes in the grimy caboose. Home in Elgin we found brother Ernest, sister Ruth, Dad, Granddad and Grandmother glad to see us. After the holidays, Ingvar and I went to Ludington. We yearned to see the old town and our many kid friends after a year and a half absence. The town had not changed, but it seemed we could only locate a few of our old buddies, nothing there had the same appeal. We left after a week in a spirit of disappointment.

On arriving back at Granada in the middle of January, 1919, things were dull. It was necessary to help farmers merely for room and board. By now, Ingvar and I were well known and many farmers were hospitable toward us, we were invited to stay with them "gratis" when no other work was available. However, it was not long before I had more offers to work than I could take. This was in the nature of emergency "stand-in" service. The Spanish influenza epidemic had spread from states south and east leaving a wake of dead as its contagion continued unchecked. Hundreds of Army draftees died at Camp Grant in Rockford, Illinois, it was stated they died like flies. Whole families in the Granada area became afflicted with the epidemic and deaths were announced every day. However, Granada was fortunate in having a medical practitioner who was meeting with considerable success. During the months of February and March of 1919, it can be said this lone doctor did not have a full night's sleep, he drove the traditional horse and buggy and very likely slept on the return trips when the horse knew the way home. Influenza usually incapacitated the entire family, but some milder afflicted member could administer to the others, none were permitted to go outside in their weakened condition. The strong and robust were the most likely victims as they would resist calling the doctor until it was too late. In a village like Granada everyone knows each other by their first name, how the doctor knew me is a mystery, but he came after me to go with him on three of his cases, it turned out that my service was nearly as important as his. In the final analysis, it is surprising that I did not contract the disease in my many exposures.

On the last of these "mercy missions," I was hustled off to a farm 6 or 7 miles SE of Granada in what could be described as an extreme emergency. The name of these patients was Bowman, there were eight in the family, all sick. They operated a farm with about 300 head of livestock. It was noon when I arrived and many had not been watered or fed, twenty-five cows stood bawling in their stanchions and had not been milked since the night before. In addition to small calves that required special feedings of milk, there was other young stock in the feeding sheds, a dozen horses and a couple hundred hogs to attend to. As if that were not

enough, I split wood for the kitchen stove, carried in water and emptied their "slop" buckets. The cream separator was in the kitchen and it took a half hour to crank in the processing of the milk, all this added to my exposure to the disease. While working for the Bowmans, I lived with a neighbor, he would not go near the Bowman place, it was surprising that he would even let me stay with them. I worked sixteen hours a day and I never did get all the work done properly, the milking and attending to the cows would have been eight hours work. To make matters still more difficult, hay and straw in the barn had been exhausted, necessitating hauling from stacks in the field. These were frozen a foot deep and required double the effort to get a jag. After ten days, Mr. Bowman senior was permitted to go out to the barn and in another week had regained sufficient strength to take over. Perhaps I should be grateful for this opportunity to be of service to those in distress but having done the work of two men under extreme conditions rates this job as being the "worst" I have ever held. A few weeks later the Spanish Influenza disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

Dad had been keeping company with a widow and on May 1, 1919, they were married. This date is significant as it was exactly nineteen years before that Dad married our Mother. I had now gone to work for a farmer by the name of Clarence Bull about four miles east of Granada. While farming was his main livelihood, Bull had other side lines for income. Sometimes we were two and three hired hands on this farm. Bull did very little farm work himself, he was a "born trader" and spent most of his time in the saddle scouring the countryside for miles around in search of a good "deal." Cattle and horses were his specialty but he was also quick to snap a bargain in hogs and sheep.

Having mentioned sheep, brings to mind an incident. It was during the spring plowing when I saw our dog slinking across the field and heading in the general direction of the house. It had been gone for several days, but no one thought anything about it, it was not the first time it had stayed away for several days. This time it was different. Next I saw two men on horseback galloping along the main road and they pulled up in our yard. It was just before dinner. When I came in to eat I learned that many sheep had been killed on nearby farms, our dog had been caught and had been confined for a day or two and then turned loose. The men followed the dog to learn its owner so as to collect damages. After dinner I was told to destroy the dog which I did. I had never killed a dog before, nor have I since. We examined the teeth of the dog for traces of wool between them, we found none. It was claimed that there should have been wool between the teeth, had the dog been implicated. The case was settled out of court. The boss paid some money to avoid a suit.

Bull would often times saddle up a horse and be gone for a week. While he was absent, wagon loads of hogs and cattle would be delivered to our farm (animals he had purchased). It was my job to weigh these animals and issue a receipt, several times I was trusted to fill out a

previously signed check in payment. Horse buyers for the government also made Bull's farm their headquarters. Bull knew where horses were available and he received a commission for each one accepted by the buyers. The horses purchased were brought to our farm, few were gentle or well broke. Bull was a natural horseman, I doubt if a horse lived that he could not subdue and put to gainful use. He was always on the alert for a bargain in an animal that others could not manage, some were referred to as outlaws, as the owner did not dare to go near them. Some we blindfolded to be harnessed, but for the most, they were not too difficult to "indoctrinate." We had a mare that made our task quite easy, simply by hitching a bad actor and the mare to a wagon and then guide them into a large plowed field. The mare would stand for no foolishness, after a couple healthy bites into the shoulders and neck of the "outlaw," coupled with exhaustion from a fast pace in the loose plowing, and the animal had learned a very important lesson. If they were kickers, we rigged up ropes to trip them and they would go headlong into the soft ground. These were the type of horses that I worked all the while I worked for Bull. They were mostly all young and unpredictable. Many were the times when driving five and six horse teams that I could not lay the reins down for fear one or more would act up and cause all to panic and stampede. To add to my woes, when coming in at noon, a couple of my more dependable horses would be sold and I would have more green horses to work in the afternoon. I had many close shaves of being unable to control them. I had no trouble while in the seat with the reins in my hands, but there were numerous times that it was necessary to get off to make temporary repairs or adjustments on the implement or on the harnesses, if any of them should start to get fidgity or misbehave, there was not a second to lose to get control quickly to avert disaster. The main requisite was to speak to them softly, but firmly, to instill calmness.

After the government horse buyer had selected a number of our horses and had procured enough others to make a carload of twenty, we placed rope halters on all and proceeded to take them to Blue Earth, about eight miles, for shipment. To make delivery, we threw a saddle on one and I jumped on leading the first two, the others had their halter ropes braided into the tails of the one in front. Thus, I took off with a long double string of horses on the long ride to the waiting rail car. Bull drove an old topless Buick to take me back.

Bull was a tenant farmer and was soon to fall victim of the land boom. Several Iowa men bought this farm and others in the vicinity. Bull then purchased a farm about forty miles northeast, near Waseca. We had an auction sale to dispose of some livestock, tools, implements and other chattels that were badly worn or too cumbersome to move. We loaded up a train of six wagons and towed some implements. Bull picked up another man to help me on moving day; we set out long before dawn, we each drove one team and led two more. We stopped at a creek, at the halfway point, to feed and water the horses and stock. A full harvest

moon shone in the chilly sky as we finally reached our destination long after dark. A neighbor fed us that evening and gave us a bed. It had been a very rough day.

Bull cared little about farming, he was more like a professional gambler, when buying cattle or hogs on the hoof, he could guess within a few pounds of actual weight on the scales. On the new farm we had no wagon scale, so animals were purchased by estimated weight. I suspect Bull pulled many sharp deals, he was a convincing talker and a good salesman, consequently he was not compelled to work with his hands. We practiced many tricks of the trade to camouflage defects on horses to accentuate their soundness and prime of life. Bull had been a bronco buster in his youth and even now in his late thirties, he cared little whether or not a horse had been rode before. He would saddle it and be on his way, his very manner as master seemed to communicate itself to the animal. Bull had played some semipro baseball in his younger days and was still in demand to play on Sundays and holidays on various teams in neighboring towns where rivalry was rampant. I went along many times if it were possible to get back in time to milk and do the other chores. Bull played the catching position and received $10.00 per game. On other Sundays, I would take the 22 repeating rifle and do a little target shooting to pass the day, Bull would also demonstrate his marksmanship. Throwing a tin can into the air and hitting it several times was routine, tossing up a silver dollar and hitting it every time was no test either. Bull's family consisted of his wife, Agatha, and four children; Howard, the only son, was the oldest, about 13; he helped with the chores. The three girls ranged from 8 to 12.

On November 12, 1919, Ingvar and I received telegrams from Dad stating Granddad, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, had died in Elgin. We went there for the funeral, remaining only a few days before returning to our respective jobs. On the Bull farm we fed numerous cattle before shipment, they found shelter in winter around a straw stack in the barn yard. They had plenty to eat but individually we did not watch them very close, consequently several heifers had their first calves without attention. Because of severe cold or other cause, many calves were dead before being noticed. I was given these dead calves and I stored them in ice and snow beside the corncrib until spring. One Sunday I skinned about ten, salted the hides, and tied them in a bundle. These young hides are called "kips" and were relatively high priced, they brought me four dollars each. Bull paid me sixty dollars per month, the forty dollars received for the kips was my second "business" venture. I had one other previously. A neighboring farmer was going to leave for North Dakota and wanted to dispose of two stacks of oats. He was not friendly with Bull so would not sell to him. I paid him $80.00 for both stacks, intending to get them threshed somehow and sell the grain. This was complicated and after some fast talking by Bull, I sold the stacks to him for $100, realizing a profit of $20 on my first big deal.

Bull continued to buy cattle and hogs without cessation and we could not grow half of the required food, consequently we made long hauls of hay and corn purchased from other farmers. It was a continuous process of buying, feeding, finishing and marketing. The cattle were driven on the hoof and herded on horse back to the shipping yards five miles distant. The hogs had to be hauled, Bull enlisted the aid of neighbors to complete the haul in one day. Bull was among the first to own a tractor, they had not yet been perfected and were a constant source of trouble. I used this tractor only two days at plowing when it broke down, their main use at this time was to supply belt power for corn shelling and shredding.

In the middle of the summer of 1920, Bull hired another young man to help me with the farm work and extra activities. Bull now decided to drain many of the pot holes in the fields where water remained late in the spring from heavy rains. He gave a contract to a tiling contractor in Janesville. We hauled the tile from town and strung them out for the men. There were no ditching or trenching machines in use yet in these parts, so this trenching was done by manual labor. Four men were doing the job and they were given room and board. They were paid on a piece work basis, the harder they worked, the more they earned. We had supper about 6 p. m. and these men would go out again and work till dark. When I had finished my chores, I would go out to chat with them, take a spade and dig for a half hour to be sociable.

This was a decisive point in my life. Perhaps I should never have picked up that spade, but then who knows what our destinies are to be. In the half hour that I helped these men, I found that I had earned almost a dollar (for them) and my eyes opened as to the potential for a full day. Bull awakened me at four a. m. and we were rarely through with the feeding and bedding of the last animal until 8 p. m., then it was time to hit the hay. At the time I started working for Bull a year and a half before, he had a notorious reputation for his treatment of hired hands, I suspect none had stayed as long as I, and my termination was not far off. However, to quit was not going to be easy, I had fell for the gag that he would pay me 6% for the use of the wages I had earned, I had drawn but little. I had some $400 coming, not including interest, and I had been concerned for some time of his full settlement if I would quit. I was now 18 and beginning to use better judgment, I was strong physically and suddenly found a lot of confidence as I realized I could do as well as those tile men. As a "show-off" I had demonstrated my strength when loading cattle cars, often times the car had to be moved a short distance on the track, to a point opposite the loading chute. In competition with others, I could start them and keep them rolling by pushing. As related, I had been reluctant to quit because I was worried about collecting the accumulated back pay, but the opportunity came sooner than expected and in an advantageous manner. We had all been to a ball game on a Sunday afternoon, and arrived back home late with all the evening chores waiting to be done. The oldest boy, Howard, and I began by milking the

ten cows, Howard usually milked only 3 or four, this time I told him to milk two more, so that I could proceed with other work. Howard said nothing, although I believe he cried, which was unusual. When the work was done, Bull noticed the lad had been in tears. There had been no argument, at the most the incident was so minor as to rate no recognition. Bull became belligerent, shook his fist at me and bellered out, "If you don't quit fighting with Howard, your money is waiting for you." Fate had played right into my hand, he had threatened me by waving his fist menacingly and secondly had presented the opportunity to quit. My reply was a hasty "I will take it." But he did not pay me.

I had previously purchased an old motorcycle from Ingvar and within the hour I had packed and was on my way to Janesville where the aforementioned tiling contractor lived. I went to work for him the next morning but not on the Bull farm. Later, I consulted a lawyer about the $400 plus interest that was due me, after a month I received $350, the lawyer took the balance, I am not sure he collected it all. I was glad to be away from such an employer, I had been only a step better than a slave. That was truly a "school of hard knocks" and the lessons learned have paid off throughout my life. Bull owes me nothing.

Porter was the name of the tiling contractor by whom I was employed. We had several large farm jobs where we received room and board, sometimes our bed was in the hay-mow. I earned as much as $10.00 some days in soft digging, and seldom less than $4.00. We also put in a main sewer extension in Janesville which was twenty feet deep in places. The cold weather shut down all digging about the middle of December. I went to Granada to visit Ingvar and we both left together for Elgin to spend Christmas, 1920. After a couple weeks, we returned to Granada. I earned very little for the next two months, I worked mostly for room and board.

It appeared to Dad at this time, in early 1921, that it was likely Ingvar and I would continue to work on farms. Dad was wondering about the prospects of buying some land reasonable to get us started on our own. Land in Canada was highly advertised. Railroads there had been granted alternate sections of land for 10 miles on each side of new laid tracks, now they wanted settlers to populate these virgin territories. It was one of these ads that Dad asked me to answer, he said he would pay the transportation if I wanted to investigate.

I wrote the Canadian Pacific Railroad office at Winnepeg and was informed that I should be there on April 5th. At Granada, spring was nearly gone, I had helped several farmers get their seeding done. When I arrived in Winnepeg, it was still winter, snow and water covered the southern plains of Manitoba. I was told at the local office to proceed to the regional office in Saskatoon some 1500 miles north. As a guest of the RR, I traveled at a reduced rate of one cent per mile. The ride to Saskatoon was slow, along the route the snow became deeper and less land was in cultivation with each passing mile. In the corners of many fields, I did

not like what I saw, there were mountainous piles of field stones of all sizes, I could visualize the tedious labor connected with picking such huge accumulations. I arrived in Saskatoon on a Sunday evening.

The following morning I reported at the local Canadian Pacific office and was surprised to meet a party of twenty men and women who had come from western United States via Vancouver, all had a single purpose...to see the land offered by the company. It had been my impression that the land was close to Saskatoon, a thriving city of some 6000 inhabitants, but I was mistaken. At noon, we all boarded the only train of the day for North Battleford some 150 miles northwest. This was the end of the line, this was a frontier town with a half dozen stores and a hotel. The next day we left the hotel in two bobsleds; some of the ladies became faint hearted and remained in their rooms. There were no fences and we headed out across the snow covered prairie, it was a winding trail leading to several settlers. The morning passed with the miles and we stopped for dinner at the only homestead we had seen, in the afternoon we passed two more. Our drivers dropped off some packages for each. About six o'clock we reached our objective.....or did we?

Here was a small general store and a house. The few ladies with us were given beds to sleep in, but we men slept on the floor. After breakfast, we sauntered over to the store and were "greeted" by several settlers. Most wore fur caps and caribou coats, it was evident that big game was plentiful. News had been relayed that a party had arrived seeking investment in land. These men at the store had a single purpose ...they wished to sell and get out. Meeting these pioneers was depressing, none had been here more than 5 years, and had endured the most difficult years, yet they wished to leave. In those five years, it can be assumed they had been able to bring perhaps 25 - 50 acres under the plow. They had built some kind of pole and straw shelter for their livestock and had a sod shack or perhaps something better to live in. They had dug a well for water and had weathered the rigors and frustrations of beginning from scratch. Why should they want to sell so desperately?

The answer to the afore-going question obviously was DISILLUSIONMENT. Income did not compensate for the effort, and sacrifices had little reward. The land we had come so far to see was some five miles from this outpost. Again we took off across the prairie, this time in only one bobsled, less than half of the original party had the fortitude to make the final lap. Along these last miles, here and there some scrubby trees stood in the swales of the rolling terrain. However, there was no mistaking the presence of stones and large boulders which protruded above the crusted snow. We returned to the store by midafternoon, we had not observed a homestead on the trip, it had been a desolate ride. In the interim, other settlers had come to the store to bargain with us, if any in our party made a deal, I was not aware of it. These farmers were too far from town to grow crops that had to be hauled. They were limited to cattle raising, which could be driven on the hoof. I was told that only oats and potatoes

could be relied upon as crops because of the short growing season. On the following day, we returned to the hotel in North Battleford. I sat in my room for several hours to write a long letter to Dad on my impression of the glowing opportunities in Canada.

A week had elapsed since coming to Saskatoon, it was Sunday again when I came back to civilization. I had no definite plans for the immediate future except that I would look around and possibly take a job for a few months. This was the spring of 1921, I was almost nineteen and very confident and unafraid. My leisure time in Saskatoon was destined to be short. On Monday morning I sauntered along the main street and stumbled unintentionally upon the government employment office, the place was congested with men, many wore long hair and shaggy beards and were of many "breeds." The front window and walls inside were placarded with "Help Wanted" posters, jobs were available in every category one could think of from cooks to bushmen. It was obvious no one was accepting employment. I realized as I entered that clerks at the desks took notice of me. I had not been in the smoke filled room ten minutes when a well dressed man came in and inquired from the clerk if certain help was available. He was given a negative nod of the head and then I heard the clerk say, "Try that fellow over there," indicating me. The stranger introduced himself as Mr. Westby, a Norwegian clergyman, who traveled throughout the Province of Saskatchewan on church matters and was seldom at home. He asked a few questions and offered me $75.00 per month. As I didn't want to spend my hard earned money for a hotel room and eats, I accepted. His farm was near a little town by the name of Renoun, hardly more than a stop on the Canadian Pacific some 150 miles south of Saskatoon. This was in the general direction of the States so without even inquiring about other jobs, I agreed to take this one....for a preacher.

That night I stayed in Saskatoon preparatory to meeting Westby the next day at the depot for the trip to Renoun. Saskatoon was the last large town between "civilization" and the great wide open spaces that stretched to the barren wastes of the Artic. From out beyond, came the lumberjacks from the bush country. It was common knowledge when they came in, they would be carrying their entire earnings for the season. Between "wine, women and song," they were fleeced in short order. I remember our lecture from Dad on the subject of "birds, bees and bad women" when I was around fourteen years of age, so was on my guard. We arrived at Renoun the following afternoon. Westby had been expected and we were met with a team and wagon driven by his eldest son, about 17. In addition to Mrs. Westby, there was a daughter, 14, and two younger boys in the family. It was now the middle of May and the snow was almost gone, water flooded the fields and covered long stretches of the dirt road making it necessary to detour out into the plowed fields and prairie in many places.

This was wheat country and the farms were large. Westby only had 640 acres and half of this had not been broke. When I arrived the Westbys had a hired girl and another hired man, this couple married shortly after I

1920: Axel Carlson draining swamps and pot-holes of water to create fertile productive acres on farms near Janesville, Minnesota. Most digging was done on a "piece work" basis, that is by the rod (16-1/2 ft.), price varied with number of spades wide and deep; machines for this type of work were unheard of at this time. Tiling crew was boarded by the farmer, sleeping in the barn was not unusual. At times complaints had to be registered when food was inadequate for the husky appetites.

Clarence Bull, farmer and stock-buyer; employer of Axel Carlson, standing in midst of load of shoats.

"Playmates"

Hauling wheat to storage elevator on railroad siding;
loaded wagon weighed three ton, roads were almost non-existent.

One of two threshing rigs incapacitated by fall rains and early snow.

Cutting and binding the standing grain

Wheat on the Mogen farm near Saskatoon, Saskatewan, Canada.
The afternoon sky darkened as clouds of ducks and geese came to feed.

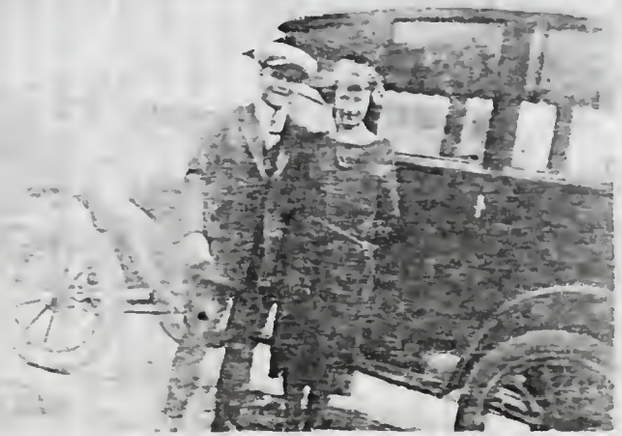
"No Limit" Luck was no factor
A Sportsman's Paradise

Axel Carlson summer-fallowing

Sod shack built by pioneer homesteaders
to live in while qualifying for ownership.

1924 - Chicago Loop:
On top the Morrison (48 floors) then touted as the world's tallest hotel. Axel is kneeling at left in front row.

1923 - Chicago West Side:
Hoisting pipe to elevated water tank over Motor Coach Company garage. Busses were now coming into use in the Chicago Transit system.
Right:
1924, plumbers and helpers on Morrison job. Axel is now a journeyman and is standing at right. Man second from left with arms folded is Ole Olson, plumbing foreman.



1924 - Peoria, Illinois: Nadine Younker, "hello-girl" employed by the telephone company, shown with her suitor. Nadine and Axel were married December 23, 1925, at the parsonage of the Bethlehem Lutheran Church at Elgin. In center above, the couple is on a belated (1953) "honeymoon" to Europe aboard the Norwegian liner Oslefjord.

came, their plans were to go north to take up a government claim. Because they were leaving was the reason for hiring me. This other man, whose name escapes me, and his wife were also Norwegians. He had accumulated several farm implements and various other tools, also a couple cows, horses and pigs, chickens, etc. He kept them at the Westby farm. A few weeks later the time came to load two freight cars with all his possessions. I worked with him for several days to load all the seed, machinery, stock and a thousand miscellaneous items. The freight cars were a veritable Noah's Ark, I heard they reached their destination but we never corresponded. It would have been enlightening to have looked them up ten years later to learn how this intrepid couple fared. I trust they were happier than those men we met in the store.

When I went to work for Westby, I did so with some reservations. I asked the preacher if he had any stones on his farm, he replied (falsely), they had been picked. Had I known that I was to spend the next two weeks with a team and stoneboat (sled) gathering and digging stones, it is a certainty I would not have went with him. One other reservation was, I would only stay three months. While picking stones I noticed a family of Indians living in a temporary shack on an adjoining farm, I now learned how those huge piles of stone were gathered. Indians were paid by the cord and whole families worked at it as a livelihood. When the grain had been sown there came a lull in the work, this was the time for breaking virgin sod. Because of the toughness and hard pulling, a specially built single mouldboard breaking plow was used with six horses. I did a terrible job of plowing, there were so many boulders, I had the plow out of the ground more than it was down. At Westbys' I had no other chores, I worked ten hours in the field. Lunch was brought out in the middle of the morning as well as in the afternoon. This was an old tradition of Scandinavia which had not been discarded as yet. There were no fences in these parts. After harvest horses were turned loose to graze on the open range, some strayed too far and were lost or stolen. Westbys were missing several horses, during my leisure time on Sundays, I would ride in different directions in a search for them. When Mr. Westby was home on Sundays, a church service was held at the one room school during the afternoon, folks came for long distances to attend. All farmers in these parts were in financial difficulties, there had not been a good yield for several years and most farmers were borrowing money at the bank by mortgaging the crop they expected to harvest. Westby was in dire financial straights too, but he had the advantage of a payment of $150.00 per month for his supervisory services in the Lutheran Synod. As my three months were nearing an end, I gave Westby advance notice of my intention to leave. In the meantime I became acquainted at a church service with another Norwegian farmer who was a big operator in the area, he had heard that I was leaving and asked me to help him. His name was Henry Mogen.

I had worked for Mogen several weeks when Westby paid me in full. Mogen farmed about 3500 acres. We were five hired hands and slept in a

bunk-house. There were three Mogen brothers, Henry was married and apparently the sole owner. A brother, Stenner, only ran errands with the Ford and did no work in the field; Albert, about 25, had recently come from their former home in Minnesota. Albert was of the athletic type and claimed to have held a professional middle weight championship in wrestling. We were several young fellows in this crew and it was natural for us to scuffle around in spare times. Albert taught us fellows some holds and we grappled at every opportunity. I was dubious if Albert was a champion as I gave him a good workout when we tangled and many times got the best of him.

It was in the middle of the summer of 1921, that I went to work for Mogen. He had two tractors but they were used only for threshing. We worked in the field with the pick of 30 horses. It was customary in these parts to take one third of the land out of production each year; this land was plowed and let lay idle for early sowing the following spring. We plowed with five outfits, usually the length of the field was one mile, five round trips were made in a half day.

The plowing was discontinued in early August as the grain was ripening. At the beginning of harvest, we had five binders in the field, after a couple weeks we were only two. All available hands were needed to shock the bundles and to operate the threshing rig later. I continued to ride the binder for a full month until the cutting was finished. Then, the second threshing rig was brought out, but it was only for a couple weeks, soon the fall rains were to halt the threshing and the snows followed. There was neither time, men or horses available to haul the grain from the thresher. Most of the grain was shunted into portable bins that were skidded to the settings, surplus wheat was spilled upon the ground and protected, this had been a bumper crop.

The threshing operation ended about the middle of September, 25% of the crop was still in the shock, these were placed in stacks and fenced in so that livestock could be turned out to forage for themselves. After threshing another fellow and myself began hauling the wheat to the elevator some six miles distant. After loading a hundred bushels, there remained only time for one trip each day. The fall rains had softened the dirt roads and again water covered big areas. The loads weighed three ton and at times it was too much for four horses to pull in the muddy going. On these long hauls I memorized Robert W. Service's book "Songs of a Sourdough." On one occasion this extra curricular activity caused me some humiliation and extra toil. On that trip I was so engrossed with my book I did not realize I had reached an almost impassable section in the road. I should have rested the teams prior to putting them into a run to gain speed to carry through the axle deep ruts obscured by the murky water. Without the necessary momentum I was doomed in the middle. My predicament could have been much worse, but I found a plausible solution. The other driver was ahead of me, and would be returning in an hour. I scooped half the load into his box as he pulled along side,

then we pulled out of the mire, emptied the other wagon into mine and was on my way. No one ever found out about Robert W. Service's poems.

The snow and cold came with the abbreviated days. After the first of October, there were only four or five hours of daylight. Several times we went hunting for ducks and prairie chickens, both were plentiful. During the summer, all the pot holes that held water, were populated with wild ducks, later hundreds of the young swam about. When nearly grown, all congregated at a nearby lake, the accumulation of ducks here swelled into the millions. This was truly the heart of the duck nesting country. In the late fall when the shocks of grain were yet standing in the fields, clouds of ducks would come to feed on them as the sun was setting. They were so numerous that they literally blotted out the sinking sun.

By late October and early November winter had definitely set in, the cold winds whipped the snow into high drifts and at times the thermometer tumbled to 40 and 50 below. The cold alone was tolerable, but combined with a strong wind it was unbearable. I continued to haul wheat on the more agreeable days, I still wonder how the horses stood it. As the days grew shorter and the nights longer, we ate only two meals a day. After the evening meal, we played cards, this included Mrs. Mogen and the hired girl. We were one large congenial family, they treated me very well and tried to persuade me to stay.

My low fare round trip ticket had a time limit of six months and it was a bonifide excuse to insist that I must leave prior to expiration. I stayed on as long as I could to aid with the wheat hauling, but the day finally came when I must bid adieu. The trek to Watrous was fourteen miles, half of it over the virgin prairie. Henry Mogen went along in the bobsled, he had to make arrangements at the bank to obtain cash to pay me. Those lean years had played havoc with the finances of these hardy farmers. It was now apparent that I had actually been working for the bank. Two hours later yours truly was on board a Canadian Pacific train ....destination, United States of America.

Perhaps it was on those long hauls of wheat from the field to the elevator that gave me time for sober thought or maybe it was during those twenty miles each day at summer "fallowing" that provided time to muse. The conclusions seemed to have a common denominator....better try something else.

I spent the last weeks of 1921 at Granada, Minnesota. As the holidays approached, I gathered my few possessions and prepared to say farewell to farming. Ingvar and I went together to Elgin that Christmas, I stayed in Elgin, but Ingvar returned to Minnesota. I now lived with Dad, he had married the second time to a widow lady named Sigrid Swanson; living with them were Sigrid's daughter, Dorothy, and her aged mother, Mrs. Moren. Stepsister Dorothy and brother Ernest were the same age.

Our stepmother was an understanding person, sympathetic and willing, never cross, nor did I ever hear her complain about the extra work we boys thrust upon her. Dad used the upstairs rooms and one room on the first floor. Grandmother and sister Ruth utilized most of the main floor. During that winter of 1921-22, Ernest and I earned our spending money by harvesting ice on the Fox River above Kimball Street bridge at 25 cents per hour.

In the early months of 1922, I worked on construction projects as a laborer, then I answered a "help wanted" ad for telephone switchboard installers. My new employer was the Western Electric Company, a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. After a three week training course, I was sent with a crew to the Pullman Exchange on the far south side of Chicago. This revision of existing manual equipment was completed in a couple months. We then were transferred to Peoria, Illinois.

One day while working on the cables within the main switchboard, I was attracted to a blonde gal with personality "plus," she worked at a position a few chairs away. It was late in the afternoon, some fifty or sixty girls filled the positions and the din of "number please" was at its height. Normal conversation could not be heard above the monotones of the "hub-bub," and in addition the girls wore head sets which made other hearing difficult. The blonde gal was very busy, but not so preoccupied that she could not sandwich in a glance now and then in my direction. I was conscious of being watched by her and when I nonchalantly looked at her, she wore a winning smile. This posed the problem....how to get acquainted, it was impossible to whisper, so I scribbled a note with something like....how about a movie tonight?

The message had to be passed by several girls to reach the blonde, however, it stopped short of its objective, at a brunette who sat at the next position adjacent to "the apple of my eye." Somehow the brunette had mistaken my interest in the blonde for her. The thought never occurred to me, here was an opportunity to play at the girls own game of "hard to get." Bitter words passed between the girls, and the sharp remarks became audible for a considerable distance beyond the aspirants. The two girls were summoned before the chief supervisor and lectured. I met my tenacious blonde after quitting time and that evening we attended a movie.

My date was Nadine Younker, she lived with an aunt and uncle, her parents were deceased. To impress Nadine, I was careful to only expose my better side when out together, then and later, and we got along famously, so well in fact that after a couple years, we were wed. Strange, is it not, that lifetime romances can have such insignificant beginnings as a winning smile? Nadine was of the mild and even-tempered type, that brunette was something resembling a tigress.

The equipment changes at the Peoria Telephone Exchange were completed in a few months, our crew was then shifted back to Chicago, where we went to the north side exchange of Edgewater Beach. Here, too, were many eligible girls, but love is blind and none could compare with my Peoria blonde. With a girl on my mind, I saw little future in the transient work I had been doing and asked to be transferred to the Cable Layout Engineering Department of the manufacturing division in Cicero, Illinois. Training for my next job required six weeks, this included study of the functions of switchboard apparatus and their relative positions in the board. The work was interesting, but the salary was only $20.00 per week, moreover the prospect of reasonable salary increases was remote. This white collar job was not for me, while I was classed as an engineer, no job has security if a new man can be trained to replace you in a few months time.

I quit the Western Electric in the summer of 1923, during these months I commuted to Elgin to live at home. Prior to this time, Ingvar had also given up farm life and had come back to Elgin. He had started to work for a mason contractor in Elgin but work was not steady and he quit. Ingvar and Ernest both began working for the Western Electric Co., so during the summer of 1923, we all worked at the same place and lived at home. Building construction was now in the midst of a mild boom in Chicago, tradesmen were in short supply. Ads appeared in the newspapers "apprentices wanted" in various crafts. A school for training had been established to meet the demands of employers, I applied and was immediately accepted to learn the Plumbing Trade. The only reason I can give for choosing plumbing as a career is it had mechanical appeal. I was not a green novice at construction work. As a kid of about twelve, I had helped grandfather with the building activities on the farm at Ludington, later while at Uncle Vic's, he contracted to have a man build a big barn and again I helped. On the Mogen farm in Canada, I helped with an addition to the present barn. Working on a farm, picking up experience on repairs to buildings and machinery provides the ideal background for an apprenticeship in the building trades. Plumbing especially is a challenge to creative ability, ingenuity and natural talent are never more pronounced than in a plumbing installation. Few things are more beautiful to behold or appreciated more than a superbly designed colored bathroom, symetrically laid out with appointments to match.

Trucks were now in general use in Chicago, however, there were no machines to dig trenches or break concrete walls or paving. I worked for a large firm in the loop which employed gangs of Italians and Irishmen to perform the laboring chores for the plumbers. On a Transit Company garage, on the west side of Chicago, we were about 20 plumbers and laborers in the crew; besides myself, there was another apprentice called "Slim." Slim was tall, wore thick glasses and gave evidence of being slightly neurotic. We worked a 5-1/2 day week and were paid on Saturday noon, Slim made the trip to the loop office on the street cars to bring out our checks. Then came a Saturday noon and no Slim, he had

forged the checks and absconded. Six months later I accidently met Slim in the foyer of the YMCA Hotel on Wabash Avenue where I was staying. We talked a few minutes, then Slim changed the conversation to, "I suppose you are going to turn me in." I replied, "You better get out of here, Slim, that man over there is a house detective." Slim had been a good worker and we had been buddies on the job, he was now being hunted by the law.... What would you have done?

In 1924, I worked on a 48 story addition to the Morrison Hotel in the Chicago loop, this building was then touted to be the world's tallest hostelry. I recall that over the Memorial Day weekend, the plumbing boss, Ole Olson, and myself were selected to test out the new plumbing in a ten floor section and to make necessary repairs to pass city inspection after the holiday. We worked the entire 72 hours without sleep but the seriousness of our dedication was somewhat disrupted by a series of distracting amorous rendezvous. Holiday guests staying at the hotel came to their rooms and became so oblivious in their affections toward each other that they neglected to pull the shades. Their rooms were across a small open court, each time a room lighted, Olson and I did the gentlemanly thing and "looked the other way." Notwithstanding some interruption in our work, we finished our designated task on time. The holiday weekend had been profitable, financially and "culturally."

My boss, Olson, often spoke of his daughters and invited me to visit his home, I was suspicious of his true objective. Each time I fabricated alibis but once I could not escape. Olsons lived on the far north west side in a modest home, they had three children. Margaret was the oldest, about 19 or 20, and fair of face and form. We went out together only once, Margie was a desirable companion and I could have "fallen" for her if I had not already had a sweetheart in Peoria. While on this hotel job I purchased my first car, a used 1923 model "T" Ford two door sedan, it was tall resembling a stage coach. It was in poor mechanical condition so I prevailed on Dad and Ingvar to overhaul it for me at home. I made frequent trips to my "heroine" friend in Peoria who was still working for the telephone company. About this time, I passed the city and state Journeyman Plumber examinations, I had been forewarned that the joint wiping would be the most critical part. In preparation I set up practice joints at home in Elgin and worked diligently with the hot solder on every available weekend. I was worried about getting my license as I had not served the minimum time in apprenticeship and was keenly aware that I was not a competent plumber as yet. However, I passed the examinations and I began to draw journeyman's pay of $1.25 per hour at once.

By this time Ingvar also had quit the Western Electric Co. and wanted to be a plumber, he followed the same course as I. He worked briefly in Chicago, but quit to work for firms in Elgin and Aurora. Ernest continued at the Cicero plant of Western Electric Company, he was taking a training course in tool making.

Now things were getting serious between my blonde friend in Peoria and myself. To dispense with the long drives and with bothersome writing, I moved to Peoria in the fall of 1924. I transferred to the Peoria plumber's union and immediately had several opportunities to work. In the late winter work became slack, for two months I drove 44 miles one way (88 miles per day) to Bloomington, Ill. Here, I did nothing but lead wiping on a hotel job. After this, I worked on the Marquette Hotel in Peoria which work lasted until the summer of 1926. This ended my work in Peoria.

Let us back up to Christmas week, 1925. On a Saturday morning, Nadine and I, without formal announcement, drove in the model "T" to Elgin; on the way we stopped at the Courthouse in Geneva for a license, and were married a few hours later in Elgin at the parsonage of the Lutheran pastor, his wife and a neighbor lady were witnesses. We had no honeymoon, on Christmas day we returned to Peoria, where we had an apartment upstairs at Nadine's folks.

Nadine worked at the telephone company only a few weeks after our marriage. Work was not plentiful, I thought job opportunities would be better near Elgin so we left Peoria in the summer of 1926, and moved into the upstairs apartment at Grandma's in Elgin. Dad and Stepmother lived on the first floor as Grandma had been seriously ill for several months, she succumbed on December 3, 1926.

When I came from Minnesota at Christmas time, 1921, I had saved $1500. The first dollars came from picking strawberries in Michigan at a penny a quart, next I worked in Minnesota for room and board, working extra for neighbors to earn spending money. With more age and experience I was able to demand 15 - 45 dollars per month. Because I had been so sacrificing in accumulating these first dollars, I was loathe to spend it unwisely. Hence in 1922, when Dad first tried to interest me in the investment of stocks, I was fearful of possible loss.

In the early twenties, Father became a student of the stock market. He diagnosed proposed legislation pending in Washington and consulted diverse economy graphs for trends, plus manufacturing and production indexes as a barometer to the future. He subscribed to a Wall Street telegraph service and always acted with an assurance that his moves had good potentialities. Hunches played no part in his selections.

By the year 1923, at the age of 21, I had a $2500 bank account and Dad made me the proposition that if I would follow his advice in buying a couple stocks, he would guarantee that I would suffer no loss. I bought 20 shares of White Motor Truck with his approval, I sold it a month later at a $300 profit. This initial success led to a sequence of transactions with relative profits. During this time the entire Wall Street listing was experiencing an extended "bull" market, quotations rose progressively week after week with only minor stabilizing setbacks.

Dad had a few hundred shares of Cities Service, it was "performing" better than most others. The company had a convenient plan whereby stockholders could add to their holdings by buying more shares as funds became available. I bought heavily of this stock and for many years invested every surplus dollar. With quarterly stock dividends, and periodical stock splits, my holdings pyramided rapidly in a manner that subsequently led to having too many eggs in one basket. Thus frugality inculcated as a youngster was instrumental in my amassing a small fortune of more than $25,000 at the age of twenty-seven. Then came the 1929 collapse of the stock market which induced millionaires on Wall Street to take their lives by jumping from windows of tall buildings. Stocks listed at $100 before the crash, were quoted at $10 a few weeks later. Shares of the Elgin National Watch Company and Cities Service, to mention two examples, burst like a balloon, plummeting from highs of around $100 to $4.00 per share. Ironically, I was reduced to the level of those who had been careless and had spent their every cent. I salvaged less than a thousand dollars from my investments. I did not greatly mind the loss of paper profits, but this wiped out many years of toil at low wages, it was a staggering blow. However, I had gambled and lost.

The stock market crash did not only affect investors, but subsequently paralized the national economy. Factories closed, jobs became non-existent and long lines formed for welfare assistance. This condition did not ease for nearly three years. Building construction came to a standstill in 1930 and I could find no work which induced me to start my own plumbing business. Work was scarce at first but I managed to eke out a living. However, each job led to another and in six months I was busy most of the time. I recall Thanksgiving Day, 1930, I installed a deep sewer from the street into a new house, the digging was sandy and the walls of the ditch would not stand long without caving in. To speed the operation, Nadine worked as my helper by lowering the materials to me with a rope. Soon after this job, I took a partner. Ingvar had worked but a few days in several months and I offered him a 50% interest in my enterprise. Thereafter the business name was changed to Carlson Brothers Plumbing and Heating.... thirty years later the same name stood.

The half way point has now been reached in my story. The years 1917 - 1932 had been hectic, what memories they hold. It seems that the next fifteen years could not present so many hurdles.

PART THREE

Age 30 - 45
1932 - 1947

Dad was living in retirement in California, he too sustained severe losses, especially in the curtailment of dividend income, however, he was more fortunate than most investors. He could recall the recession of 1893 when he was nearly penniless and without a job while living in Chicago. He and a friend frequented saloons, bought a nickel beer and then proceeded to make a meal on the free lunch, finally becoming so destitute that both walked home to Elgin, a distance of almost forty miles. He often admonished during the lush twenties, "be careful, these times cannot last."

When the bubble burst on Wall Street, Dad had turned conservative. For diversification, he had switched most of his portfolio into high grade bonds and preferred stocks, I would estimate that less than half of his holdings were in common stocks, in the latter he was heavy with Elgin Watch and Cities Service. I have mentioned these companies before and told how they floundered like a pierced balloon. While dividend and interest payments were greatly reduced or canceled by all companies, Dad received sufficient income from this source to weather the storm.

In 1930, when Ingvar and I began our business, Ingvar was 29 and I was 28. At the end of the first year we owned an old Model "T" Ford pick-up truck, a few tools and a very small stock of supplies. We had no capital other than our life insurance policies which we both had taken out with New York Life while working on farms near Granada in 1919, on these we borrowed the limit. Ingvar had natural talent as a salesman and our business grew progressively. I found myself a better collector of delinquent accounts which is a wholly disagreeable task. The course we had chosen was extremely rugged, we sacrificed our best years to get started. Reward came when we had won many customers among the prominent families of the city who owned considerable property. In 1938, as partners, Ingvar and I "branched out" by purchasing our first apartment building. After attaining moderate success we plunged deeper into more real estate investments and in most instances our judgment was good. Ingvar has related our joint ventures in real estate so I will not repeat our "shoe string" financing and further sacrifices.

In December of 1939, my wife and I made plans to visit Dad for a week, then make a circuitous tour through Mexico before returning home to Elgin. Before Christmas, we purchased a 16 mm movie camera and took considerable footage around home of the families of Ingvar and Ernest. In one scene we all stood in a group with hands waving to indicate a salutary greeting to Dad, Nadine and I took this film along to show him.

In company with Dad in California, we made additional footage of color movies, we visited Forest Lawn and several parks where cactus and poinsettia plants were in bloom. Considering that this was my first attempt at movie making, these shots were excellent. I rented a projector and with a "packed house" at Ruth and Orland's, we put on a show. Home movies were an innovation at this early date so it was a "ball" for everyone to see themselves "alive" on the screen. Dad was especially elated with the film from Elgin. I had done some editing on it and titled it "Dedicated to Dad." For extra effect I had spliced in some footage of Dad's portrait when a young man. By coincidence or Divine decree, these movies, made two weeks before father's demise, are now the most treasured pictures we have.

In California, we spent a busy week with Dad, Sigrid, and sister Ruth. Dad was living temporarily at Seal Beach. On our last morning there, Dad and I took a walk on the ocean pier. In the past Dad had made no secret of the fact that he feared the powerful drug he was using for relief from asthmatic attacks, that one day it would affect his heart. On this walk, something troubled Dad and he wanted to tell me about it. Perhaps he had a premonition of a fatal attack. He had been very active that week in showing us places of interest and may have been feeling tired and weak. He started to tell me about his condition, but I would not let him finish, I said, "You're OK, Dad, you're good for many years yet." When we embraced on departing, he wished we would not go on to Mexico. For a man who had been so active and in such good spirits during our stay, we could not comprehend that the end was so near. In Mexico City, a week later, we received the heart rendering telegram of his fatal attack. Dad was right, we should not have driven into Mexico. I drove the entire distance of 2400 miles stopping only once to sleep. He died February 13, 1940, my brothers have written more, to this you are referred.

It has been stated by the Greek philosopher Epictetus..."It is unreasonable to be grieved at things which happen from the necessity of nature." Wise as that statement may be, it does not stem the tears when I think of the devotion and sacrifices Dad made for his children. Father has now been gone 22 years, yet in my memory, his stature continues to grow. Of my parents I wish to relate.... your intentions were so grand .... I trust you would not be disappointed .... I am proud of the heritage you have given me .... Blessed be your Memory.

In 1942, all men 17-45 were required to register with their draft board. I was 39 and the possibility of being drafted was imminent. In the spring of 1942, the government created a new branch of the Navy, called Construction Battalions, abbreviated to "C Bees", these to be comparable to the Army Engineering Corps. The "C Bees" had special appeal to me and I enlisted on May 27th with the rating of Ship-fitter, first class. I was assigned to the 22nd Battalion and ordered to report to Norfolk, Virginia, for boot training. After five weeks, the battalion was shipped across country to California. The 1100 men were placed on three trains, for security reasons each train took a different route to the west coast.

At various checkpoints, women worked in the railroad yards, they attended to many jobs normally done by men. Our destination was Port Hueneme, an advanced training base for C Bees. Port Hueneme was ideally located for the "liberty hounds," liberty was granted for half of the battalion each weekend, it was about forty miles south to Los Angeles and an equal distance north to Santa Barbara. Hollywood, Santa Monica, Oxnard and Ventura were in between, these cities held many attractions for our boys. It was now definite that our tour of service would be in the Pacific Theater, where was the big question.

After about two months in California, most of the boys had seen enough of that state and were anxious for a change of scenery. Then came the issue of winter gear and it was obvious we would be shipped north, this prospect was not popular with a large segment of the "liberty hounds" but the majority of the lads were pleased to get a change of any kind to break the monotony. We left California aboard two troop trains which threaded their way north through numerous tunnels and along winding streams in the gorges between tall mountain sides. We skirted around beautiful snow covered Mount Shasta and after a couple days ended up in embarkation barracks at Seattle, Washington. Speculation ran rampant as to our ultimate destination, a dozen places were prominently mentioned, none were correct. We spent Thanksgiving Day at Seattle and many of the boys feasted as guests of sympathetic families who had forwarded invitations to the battalion Commander. It rained almost every day while here and the boys again preferred action to restriction to the embarkation area. Finally an Alaskan steamer took half of the battalion out and returned ten days later for the remainder, I was in the latter half. At Ketchikan, we were taken on a march down the short main street to stretch the legs, after another couple days through the Alaskan inner passage, we passed Juneau and were landed at the little city of Sitka on Baronoff Island. The scenery had been breath-taking on the entire voyage, streams cascaded down the timbered mountain slopes and deer grazed unmolested along the shore as we passed them by.

Sitka was formerly the provincial capitol of Alaska when owned by Russia prior to 1867. When alighting from the ship onto the quay at Sitka, one first sees an imposing modern building at the foot of the main street, over the portal reads "Alaska Pioneer Home." A block further at a fork in the rutted street, stood an old wood Russian Orthodox Church with the familiar onion shaped spire. When we disembarked there were no trucks at the dock to haul our gear, we carried our duffel bags and rifles on our backs to the barracks more than a mile beyond the town. It was an exhausted shipload of men that dropped their gear at the camp area.

After the first week at Sitka, I had the singular honor of being the first man in the battalion to be raised in rank, I was promoted to Chief Petty Officer. For this advancement I was indebted to my company commander, Lt. William O'Leary. In civilian life, Mr. O'Leary had been superintendent of public works in New York City, from which he had been

granted a leave. He was an engineer and administrator familiar with municipal sewer and water installations. It was natural that all pipe line work should be allocated to my C. O. and his company, we subsequently learned this was the main purpose for being sent here. Power equipment was practically non-existent, and in some instances would have been useless for digging trenches down the rocky side slopes and through the spongy muskeg of the watery lowlands. Most of the trenching was done by manual labor, of which we had a good supply, however, the boys did not take kindly to it. They vented their displeasure by putting their thoughts into songs uncomplimentary to Lt. O'Leary. Entertainment on the island and in camp left much to be desired and these songs conjured up a bit of hilarity that became a welcome morale lifter. The lyrics referred to their shovels as "idiot sticks and goon spoons," and factiously congratulated "Jovial Bill" for having been awarded these war winning contracts. Lt. O'Leary was dedicated to the war effort and would tolerate very little "goldbricking." He usually appeared sober and stern which netted him the nickname of "Jovial Bill." Unquestionably, Lt. O'Leary had held an important civilian position which was reflected in his orders.

By tradition, Navy officers have segregated quarters, also the chiefs live and dine separate from the enlisted men. This class distinction is dictated by the necessity for prompt execution of commands and the countering of disrespect through familiarity. "Jovial Bill," regardless of this inference, commanded the admiration of his company. He and I were on the best of terms, I was invited to have coffee with him on several occasions. Among the chief petty officers, there were those who had falsified or exaggerated their qualifications and were incompetent and unreliable, Jovial Bill was aware of this almost from the outset. Important jobs demanding experience were mine. After the first few weeks, I had chosen about ten boys to work permanently with me, they were aggressive and obedient. Our work was exacting and oftentimes hazardous but by following instructions and despite their youth, we never had an injury. Periodically, ratings for raises in rank and pay were allocated to deserving men, it was then a pleasure for me to intercede for my boys. It was my contention that my boys should have priority over others less aggressive or productive, consequently my detail was the envy of the battalion.

Our battalion had several assignments at Sitka and the islands in the proximity. We primarily were here to finish the uncompleted contracts of the large peacetime contractor, Siems-Drake Co. They had dozens of government contracts on the coast of Alaska and the Aleutian chain. But due to isolation, desolation and the weather, there had been a continuous cycle of men coming and going, progress had been very slow. Men used to the environment of the States would not long endure the rigors of this frontier, it was reported that compensation was double, yet few were enticed. The Siems-Drake Co. used old passenger liners as floating hotels to house and feed their men, one such ship was tied to the dock at Sitka. Geographically, Alaska proper was not in a war zone, but nevertheless, we received extra "overseas pay." It is my observation that the

government took advantage of our military status to finish critical defense contracts. Thus for the next seven months we executed work that had been impractical with civilian employees.

Sunday held no special consideration on the Navy calendar, every day was the same and soon the boys lost all count of the days. In 1942, we worked as usual on Christmas and New Year's Day. Toward the end of the duty here, we received liberty one day in eight. The town was small so only a few hundred men could be permitted daily to frequent the few haunts. Many of the boys privileged to go out, chose to go fishing or just laid in the "sack." In Sitka, gambling was the chief pastime, at the smoke filled "Silver Foam" and other bars the chairs at the tables seldom cooled. I had my own pastime.... that of taking pictures. It was not cold here, but there was little sun, it rained or snowed about every day. It was very disagreeable to almost continuously work in the rain, we wore four buckle artics and rubberized pants and jackets for the duration.

Our main project here was to finish building a dam in the mountains about four miles from town and run a 12 inch wood pipe line to connect with the municipal water system of Sitka, which in turn supplied water to the SITKA NAVAL AIR BASE which was located across the bay on another island called Japonsky. Facilities there were expanding necessitating additional water especially for fire protection. I had little to do with the installation of the 12" wood line from the dam. My detail was engaged in welding fittings for changes in direction, and to make service branches, tees, valves and bypasses. Also, we acted as trouble shooters in the repair of leaks and replacement of defective sections of pipe.

Sitka, like all cities near camps, had its "off limit" for military personnel, in this instance it was the native section. The native girls were called "Klutches," some of these were a thorn in the side of our "brass." Our camp area was close to town and did not have any fence surrounding it, it was restricted to all civilians, any visitor would have to be logged in at the O.D.'s office (officer of the day). However, the Klutches bypassed this formality and infiltrated almost at will. It was one of these females that caused me to acquire some premature grey hair in a later episode.

In a few months the new water line from the dam was complete except for the "tie-in" to the Sitka water system which also served the Air Base across the bay. My detail was awaiting a rise in temperature to make this final connection. It was a critical job in that all water supplies to both islands would be shut off for five hours, from midnight to 5 a.m. Except for one elevated storage tank, there was no fire protection. My men and I rehearsed our routine, the excavation was complete, necessary pipe, valves, fittings and equipment were in readiness. We laid in the sack on the day of the night ordeal to be well rested. The timetable called for all valves to be closed at midnight and five minutes thereafter the drain line into the bay would be opened to allow us to go to work. Each man

knew precisely what to do, all were to report at the excavation at 0015. Jovial Bill displayed apprehension when he queried, "Chief, are you sure the water will be turned on in time?" I had no illusions about having no time to spare but I assured him that all risks had been calculated and that we would meet the deadline. At that moment I had underestimated one thing... the designs of a Klutch.

On the night of the "tie-in," I dispatched men to their designated valves on the two islands in ample time, the scene of our work was an excavation in the street at the dividing line between the native section and adjoining white population. One of the valves was located down the street at the other extreme of the Indian quarter, I loaned my Jeep to a fellow called Russel to expedite the closing of that valve. All was going as per plan and we all anticipated being back in camp early, with possibly a day of liberty as a bonus. At this point it was apparent that a supply valve was not holding tight as there was no decrease in distance the drain water was shooting out into the bay. Another fifteen precious minutes passed, all the boys were accounted for except Rusty. It was evident that he had met with difficulty and I became concerned. It was a half mile to where he had gone and I ran all the way. I found my Jeep and in the moonlight stood a Klutch, she was conversing with someone down in the manhole. Rusty was in the pit struggling feebly with the wheel of the valve. I cannot be sure of what had transpired but Russel was almost demobilized by liquor and I had to boost him out of the hole, he did not know which way to turn the valve. The hour lost was a critical one and from that time on, it was a race against the clock.

It was 15 minutes beyond the appointed hour of five when the valves were reopened and the new source filled the mains. Back in camp I reported to Lt. O'Leary that the job had been "secured" but he was not in a jovial mood. After five a.m. (0500), he had been besieged with angry phone calls from city officials and the Island Commands demanding an explanation for the lack of water and emphasizing the fire hazard involved. I did not report Russel, he was not a regular member of my crew and was a sort of irresponsible young man. Possibly he should not have been entrusted with such an "intricate" job as closing a valve. However, Russel can be grateful to me for not having to spend the next 30 days in solitary confinement or worse for his consortation.

Like in a barrel of apples, in a battalion of 1100 men hastily indoctrinated, many bad specimens will be found. Ever since boot camp in Virginia where most of the misfits were culled out and sent home, there had been a continuous separation of undesirables. At Sitka, six months after activation, dozens of men were returned to the States and replacements received in due time. Many of the men had criminal records which precluded their services as enlisted men. The Navy has been traditionally intolerant of tainted enlistees, that one bad apple will contaminate another.

I was involved indirectly in a very serious wartime crime at Sitka that may be worth relating. All chiefs took their turn at night in the O.D.'s office as "Officer of the Day." The duty consisted mainly of answering the phone, logging in and out those who had been granted passes, record reports from the shore patrol and oversee the change of guards. Fighting, drunkenness, and trespassing in "off limit" zones by boys on liberty made up the bulk of the entries. Reports had to be accurately entered as the log book was used in meting out punishment by the constabulary. One night, close to 2400, "Jovial Bill" went to the dam to check on a night crew. As he neared the dam he found a guard house on fire, he investigated and found an Army lad drunk and lying on the floor, Jovial Bill dragged him to safety but his rifle and other articles were consumed. The report was quite lengthy. Destruction of government property is in itself a grave offense. According to the Articles of War, to be intoxicated while on guard duty thereby jeopardizing the safety of thousands of men is punishable by death before a firing squad. The court martial came up two months later, the Army boy was dishonorably discharged and sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth in Kansas.

Our work at Sitka was subsequently "secured" but this was no respite, with the easing of the work schedule came the resumption of "push-ups," close order drill and hikes with light pack to remote parts of the island. The boys disliked these maneuvers more than work. However, they should have imbibed lustily of the beauties of nature here and of the scant luxuries and entertainment afforded at the Sitka Naval Air Station. Our unit was soon to depart for a place with neither trees or habitation.

On Baranoff Island there was an abundance of scenic beauty. When the sun shone on the flake laden branches of the bountiful fir trees and the swift streams flowed almost concealed beneath a mantle of snow, nature was at its magnificent peak, it was indeed.... pretty as a Christmas post card. The main street of Sitka at the far extreme, ended at the gateway to the Sitka National Forest, near the entrance stood dozens of giant totem poles, the forest within was perpetually dark and hordes of king size mosquitoes infested the soggy confines.

Lumbering and fishing were the chief industries of Baronoff Island. All the hundreds of islands off the mainland of Alaska are rich in timber, lumber known to the trade as "Sitka Spruce" is produced here. Rafts of these logs cluttered the labyrinth of island channels, awaiting towing to the mill at Sitka. Halibut claimed the attention of the stateside gamblers. Most of these fishermen did not own a boat, five or six men would form a partnership and charter a vessel at Seattle. With a bit of luck, each, in the course of a few weeks, could "net" 5,000 dollars, however, there were other years of varying success.

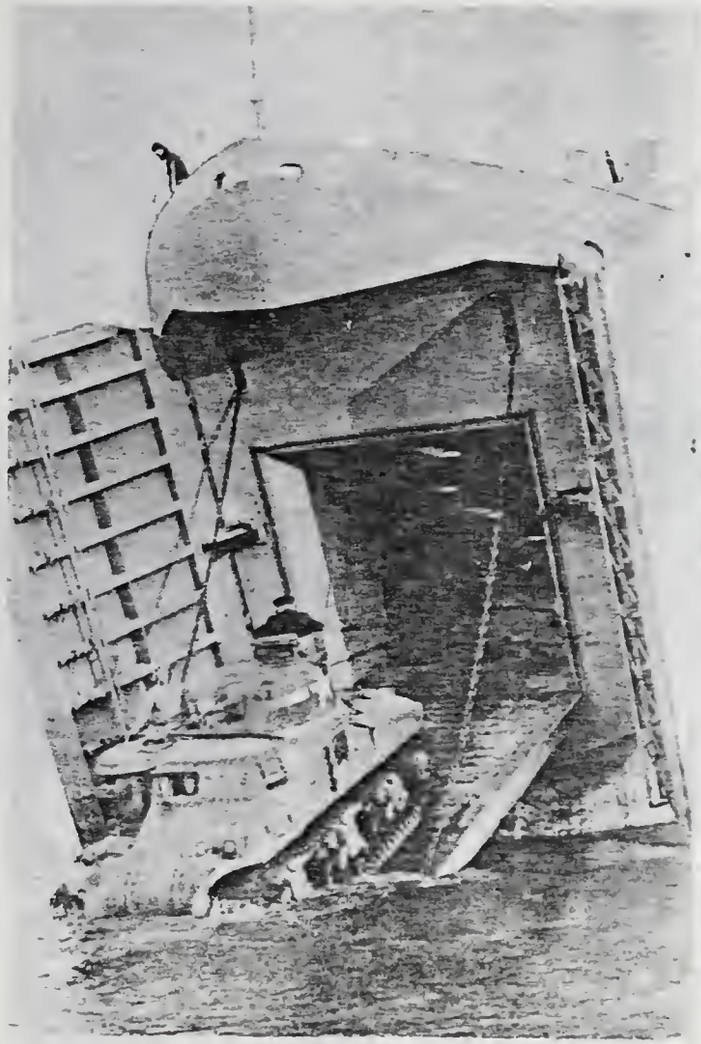
By June of 1943, our projects were finished. Scuttle-butt had it that we were going to head back to the States, heavy betting took place based on hope and wild fabrications. At this time I had been asked by

Above left: One of many Totem Poles in Sitka National Forest
Above right: Chief Shipfitter A. F. Carlson #611-26-50

Residential area of white population in city of Sitka on the island of Baranof, city was formerly provincial capitol when Alaska was owned by Russia.

Above left: "Dependable Mates"
Above right: Company "B" commander, Lt. O'Leary, posing with Chief Carlson and his "trouble shooters."

Left: Bringing the pipe line from Cascade Dam through housing area of civilians employed on the Sitka Naval Base.
Right: The "goon-spoon" crew (a name coined by mates). Detail was comprised of several hundred individuals of every type and age their former occupation was not important. Condemnation of officers and higher "brass" was a favorite pastime for the disillusioned youngsters who thought machines should take the place of manual labor. Poems deriding their superiors and songs such as the "Muskeg Blues" became morale boosters.

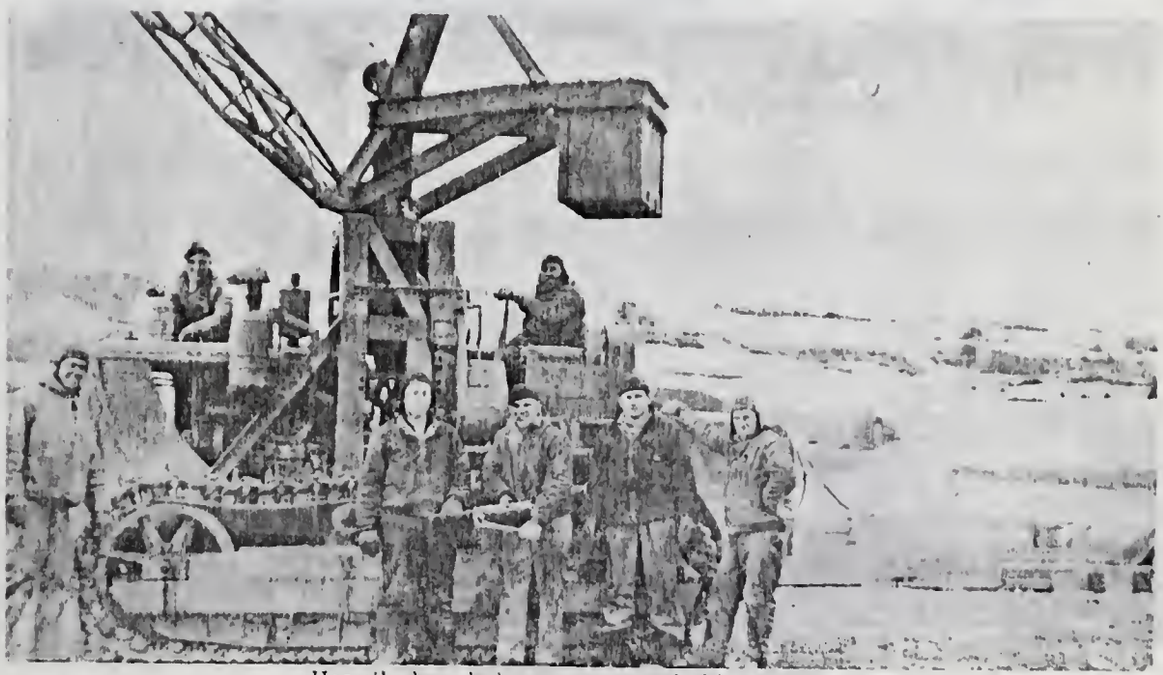


Beach landing by Army on Attu
June 1943

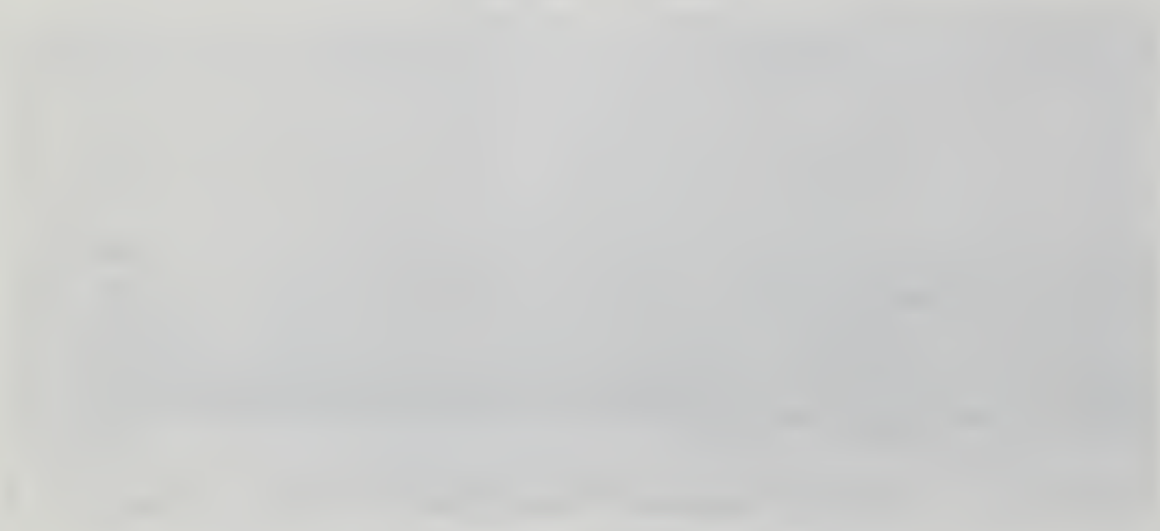
Initial landing of troops and equipment to wrest island from Japanese forces. Attu is located at the end of the Alaska Aluetian chain, it lies beyond the 180th meridian in the Eastern Hemisphere some 350 miles from the Kamchatka Peninsula of Russian Siberia.

Shipload of wood pipe

Camp area of 22nd Construction Battalion



Heavily bearded operator was bald on top



"All the comforts of home"

Prime objective was construction of a complete airport

One of eight hangers to adjoin the runways

To the interested reader:

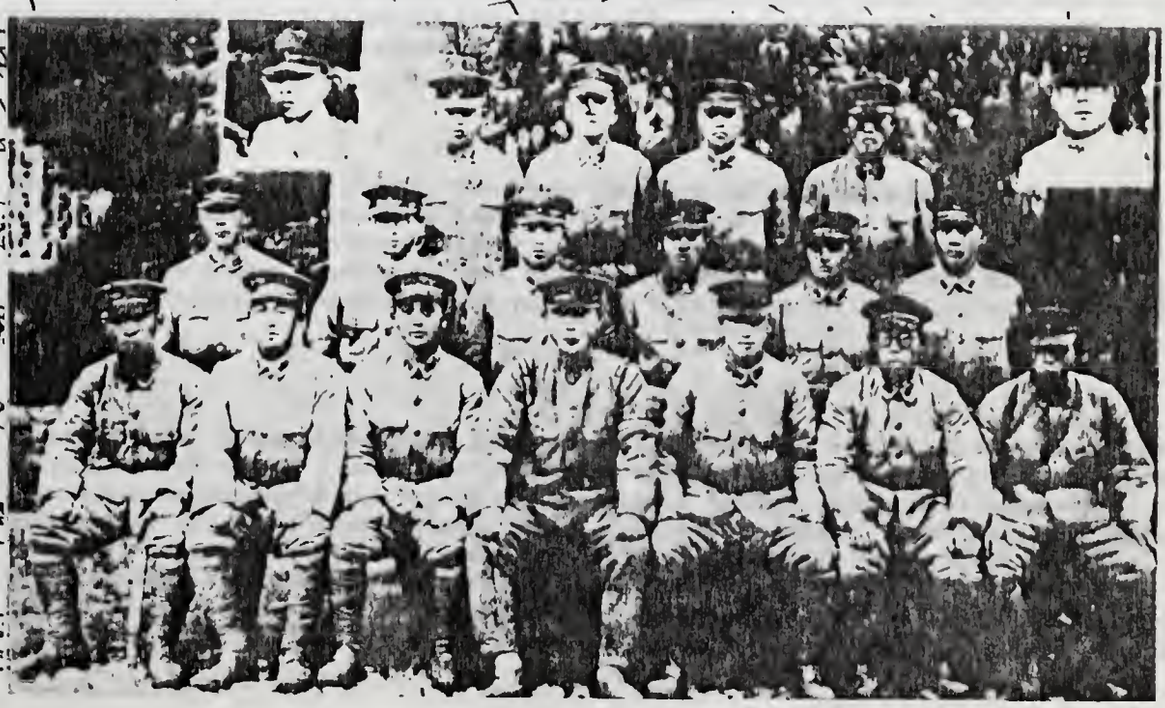
Recognizing that the contents of this book are for family reading, the military pictures entered herein have been selected for being devoid of offensiveness and impropriety. Some of these pictures and many others taken by the writer can be found in the files of the Navy Bureau of Yards and Docks.

The next three pages have been included herein only after all pros and cons had been carefully weighed. Perhaps at no time heretofore has such a document as this ever been reproduced having such a climatic ending, and it has not been without some risk of being summoned before the Mast that I have secreted this information from our Military Intelligence Department. However, its content was not known until recent years and it is to be supposed that it would have divulged little of military value except to corroborate that which they already knew.

As everyone must know, souvenir hunting is the chief pastime of the victors wherever the enemy is engaged and annihilated. Items most commonly found were 25 caliber rifles and an occasional officer's sword and national flags of the "rising sun," also highly treasured (and salable) were watches, cameras and binoculars. Perhaps the rarest find of all would be a diary, for two reasons: first, because it is usually forbidden to entertain one in wartime; and secondly, such a person would normally destroy it to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. In this instance it can be assumed that the officer intended that it be found and that somehow his loved ones would learn of his last thoughts.

The Japanese headquarters for the Attu campaign was on the sandy beach at Chicagof Harbor on the opposite side of the island from Massacre Bay which was the main port (had deeper water). Their command-post at Chicagof was a number of small rooms or excavations dug down in the sand so that only a hatchway opening in the roof or ceiling was visible and even that was camouflaged. With flashlight in hand I descended into the dark interior of these caves where many bodies lay in a uniform row as if the mass suicide had been carried through according to a plan.

At the side of one of the officers, covered with litter, I found the aforementioned pocket diary and a picture; for fear of confiscation I did not mention it to anyone during the war and it was not until 1955 that an educated man of Japanese descent was recommended to me for the translation of my prize. He was an office employee in the export division of the International Harvester Company in Chicago; his work is reproduced on the following pages as received. It is my fervent hope that my Jap collaborator has since contacted the medic's family.



ATTU ISLAND, JUNE 3, 1943 - The Japanese doctor left behind two documents; a personal history and a diary. The former showed that he graduated March 6, 1929, from Koryo Middle School prefecture of Hirashime and from the Framier English Academy at the same time. From September 16, 1929, to May 22, 1932, he attended Pacific Union College Medical Department at Agwin, California. From September, 1933, until June, 1937, he attended the college of the Medical Evangelist (location not known). He was licensed to practice Medicine in California, September 8, 1936. On January 10, 1941, he was inducted into the first Imperial Infantry Regiment and three days later became a part of that Regiment. On May 1, 1941, he was made a private first class and sent to Officer Candidate school. After being promoted to superior private and corporal he entered the army Medical school September 1st and graduated October 24th. Seven days later he was promoted to Sergeant Major in the Medical Corps and made a Provisional Officer. Since December 1, 1941, he has been an acting Officer. Excerpts from the Officer's diary during the last few days of his life:

The U. S. forces landed at Shiba Dia and Massacre Bay. The enemy has advanced to the bottom of Nisumi Yamma from Shiba Dai, and we have engaged them. Massacre Bay is defended by only one platoon and we have withdrawn. In night attack we have captured 20 enemy rifles. There is a tremendous amount of enemy artillery gun firing. Approximately 15 patients came into the field hospital.

3 ems (indicated another day's entry)

Our two submarines from Kiska assisting us have greatly damaged two enemy ships. First Lieut. Suyuki died from shots from a rifle. Continuous flow of wounded in the field hospital. In the evening U. S. forces used gas but no damage was done on acoount of the strong wind. Took refuge in the trenches in the day time and took care of patients during bombardment. Our defense is holding up well.

3 ems

Continuous flow of casualties to our field hospital caused by the fierce bombardment of the enemy land and naval forces. The enemy has a great number of Negroes and Indians. The west arm units have withdrawn to near Shitahata Dai. In a raid I was ordered to west arm unit but it was called off. Just lay down from fatigue in barracks. Facial expression of soldiers back from west are tense. They all went back to the firing line soon.

3 ems

If Shitagata Dai is occupied by the enemy the fate of the east arm is decided. So burnt documents and prepared to destroy the patients. At that moment there was an order from the headquarters of sector unit. At one in the morning patients from Ind. Inf. was lost. Accompanied the patients. There was an air raid so took refuge in former field hospital cave. The guns from a lockheed spitted fire and flew past our cave.

3 ems

At night under cover of darkness left cave. The stretcher went up over muddy roads, steep hills of no man's land. No matter how much we went we did not get to the pass. Was rather irritated in the fog by the thought of getting lost. Went down after every 20 or 30 steps. Would sleep, dream, wake and go again. Same thing over again. After all effort, met the Sector Command, Colonel Yamasaki. The patient on the stretcher who does not move is frost bitten. The pass is a straight line without any width and a steep incline toward Chicagof harbor. Sitting on the butt and lifting the feet I slide very smoothly and change direction to a new field hospital. Walking

is now extremely difficult from the left knee rhoumatism which reaccurred on the pass.

3 oms

The Yonegawn detachment abandoned east and west arms and withdrew to Umanose. About 60 wounded came to the field hospital. I had to care for all of them by myself through the night. Everybody did combat preparation and waited. Had two grenades ready. Second Lt. Omura left for the front line at Hokuchin-Yama. He said farewell. At night a patient came in who had engaged a friendly unit by mistake and who had received a wound on the wrist. The counter sign is Isshi Hoku.

3 ems

Went into Attu Village church - felt liko someone's homc. Some blankets were scattered around. Was taken to translate a field order presumed to have been dropped by an enemy officer in Massacre Bay. Was ordered to evaluate a detail map sketch which was in the possession of an American Officer. Got tired and went to sleep.

3 ems

The hard fighting of our 303 battalion in Massacre Bay is fierce and to our advantage. Have captured enemy weapon, have used that to fight with. Mowed down ten enemy closing in under fog. Five of our men and one medical non-com officer have died. Heard enemy pilot faces can be soen around Umanose. The enemy gun firing near our hospital ward is fierce - drops 20 meters away.

3 ems

Was strafed while amputating a patients arm. It is the first time since moving from Chicago harbor that I went in an air raid shelter. Enemy plane is a Martin. (Note: No Martins were used.) Nervousness of the Cura-Commanding Officer is severe and he has said his last word to his officers and noncommissioned officers that he will die tomorrow. Nasty chap, this fellow. He has given all his articles away. The officers on the front are doing a fine job. Everyone who heard this about Cura C.O. became desperato and things became disorderly.

3 ems

6:00 A.M. Air raid again. Strafing killed one medical man. Another wounded in right arm and thigh. Mortar shell during night came closo.

3 ems

From 2:00 in the morning until about 4:00 in the afternoon stayed in foxholes. Days rations are gone, five shaker (about one and ono-half pounds of rice). Nothing else. Officers and men alike frostbitten. Everybody looked around for food and filched everything that they could find.

3 ems

It sleeted and was extremely cold. Stayed at Misumi barracks alone. A great amount of shells were dropped and rocks and mud fall all around tho road and falls in around us. In a foxhole five yards away a medical man died instantly by a penetration of shrapnel through the heart.

Heavy gun firing, aerial bombardment, trench warfare and the worst is yet to come. The enemy is constructing their positions. The battalion Commander died. At Umanose they cannot accommodate all the patients. Am suffering from diarrhea and feel dizzy.

3 ems

By heavy gun firing it felt like the Misumi barracks blew up and things shook tremendously. Consciousness becomes vague. One tent burned down from incendiary bombs. Strafing planes hit the rest-rooms. My room looks like an awful mess from the sand and pebbles that came down from the roof. First Lieut. Horose, also from the medical corps, is wounded. There was ceremony of granting Imperial Edict. The last line of Umanose was broken through. No hope for reinforcements. Will die for cause of the Imperial Edict.

3 ems

Diarrhea continues. Pain is severe. Took everything from pills, opium, morphine, then slept pretty well. Strafing by planes. Roof broke through. Wounded from coast defense unit, field headquarters hospital, field post office. The rest are on the front lines.

3 ems

The remaining rations are for only two days. There is sound of trench morters, also A A gun. The company on the bottom of Attu Fuji has been completely destroyed except for one. I wonder if the Commander Yenegawa and some of the men are still living. Other companies have been completely annihilated, except one or two. 303rd battalion has been defeated. Yenegawa battalion is still holding Uminose. Continuous cases of suicide. Half of the sector headquarters was blown away. Heard they gave 400 shots of morphine to seriously wounded and killed them. Ate half-fried thistle. It is the first time I have eaten something fresh in months. It is a delicacy. Order from the Sector to move the field hospital to the Island is called off.

3 ems

Today at 8:00 P.M. we assembled in the front of headquarters. The field hospital took part too. The last assault is to be carried out. All the patients in the hospital were made to commit suicide. Only 33 years of living and I am to die here. I have no regrets. Banzai to Emperor. I am grateful that I have kept the peace in my soul which Ehkist bestowed upon me. At 6:00 took care of all the patients with grenades. (I.E. Armed them with grenades.) Goodby Taeko, my beloved wife who loved me to the last. Until we meet again, God speed. Misaka, who just became four years old, will grow up unhindered. I feel sorry for you, Tokiko, born February this year and gone without seeing your father. Well, be good Matsue (brother), Keohan, Sukechan, Casachan, Kittichen, goodby. (Omitted this portion.) The number participating in this attack is a little over 1,000 to take the enemy artillery position. It seems that the enemy is expecting an all out attack tomorrow.

End

"Jovial Bill" to itemize a list of materials for water, sewer, laundry and head facilities for an area to accommodote a battalion. "Jovial Bill" inadvertently tipped me off to where our next operation would be, it spelled Attu. The boys knew the C.O. and I were working closely and they were constantly querying about the latest scuttle-butt. Movement of troops was a top drawer secret, this knowledge was restricted to the shiniest of the top brass, however, the uncertainty was soon dispelled and my calculation proved correct.

On July 4, 1943, a troop transport tied up across the channel at Japonski. Our boys worked in shifts for the next three days to load our gear, equipment and material. Simultaneously an order had been issued to send all cameras, radios and electric razors home, thus I was deprived of continuing my hobby of picture taking, or was I? As we leave this "metropolitan community" of Sitka, one cannot easily forget the grandeur of this frontier land of the midnight sun.

Three days later we came to Dutch Harbor and tied up adjacent to another Siems-Drake floating hotel, here we were issued sleeping bags and candles. Five days later we anchored in Massacre Bay, Attu. We scampered down the Jacobs ladder to lighters below and with our gear were transported to shore, then trucked to our campsite. We began pitching our tents on the tundra and soon everyone was out scouting for boards and cartons of every description which we needed for a floor. The tundra was like a sponge, when you made a step, your foot would sink several inches and the water oozed over the shoe tops. When we set up our folding cots, the legs sank so deeply that one found himself lying in wet grass. I recall that we ate "K" rations for several days before the mess hall was in operation. We had no use for the candles issued at Dutch Harbor, it seemed that there was no night, one could read by natural light all night. Perhaps some of the younger men relished this experience but I was not enthused, lugging our gear for long distances through the spongy tundra brought nostalgic memories of "state side duty."

Our departure from Sitka was coincidental with the final mopping up of Jap remnants on Attu. As we were transported to our campsite, we passed a prisoner of war compound where several hundred Nipponese were confined. Attu is the most distant island on the Aleutian chain, it is mountainous and volcanic in origin. Except for the spongy turf of tundra and a sprinkling of wild flowers, there was no other vegetation. The fierce gales reaching hurricane proportions made the climate inhospitable for the existence of trees. A dozen families of Aleuts had inhabited the island prior to the invasion by the Japs but these were assumed to have been massacred. Due to the storms, the Aleuts had lived in burrows, their building materials were mostly gleaned from flotsam or salvage from the many ship wrecks strewn along the rocky shore. Fishing was excellent in the streams but other forms of life were scarce, our boys captured baby seals for sport, and a few blue foxes frequented our camp area.

Attu is located some 350 miles from the Russian Kamchatka Peninsula and was within easy bombing range of the Japanese Kurile Islands. This proximity evidently lended strategic importance to this remote base of operations for which so many lives had been expended in redemption. Attu is situated on the most direct air route to the Orient and now offers emergency facilities, however, its greatest asset may be as a weather observation station.

Upon this speck in the northern Pacific, we were assigned to build a military base. Because of the inclement weather and the sudden envelopment by heavy fogs in season, one wonders how to assess the wisdom of this venture. The gales reached a velocity of 150 knots, in freezing temperatures the wind would pick up the ocean spray and propel it like buckshot. After the first month, most of us were moved into quonset huts dug partially into the hillsides, even then for added structural strength, bulk heads were reinforced. All the elements for weather making are here, like a giant incubator that is hatching night and day. This weather factory was to be our home from July, 1943, to March, 1944.

One other battalion had preceded us to Attu and another came later as a stevedoring unit. After building permanent facilities for our 22nd battalion, our specific major assignment was.... to build an airport complete with two runways at cross angles, each to be one mile in length and a system of taxiways, revetments and eight hangers. The project was essentially one for earth moving machines. Scores of inexperienced boys were trained to drive trucks, others learned to operate cats and to manipulate the twenty yard carry-all scrapers. The first phase in building the runways was to remove several feet of tundra to solid bottom, millions of yards of material for filling to grade was blasted loose on higher elevations. The machines roared daily and around the clock for many months, stopping only for fuel, lubrication or repairs. On completion of grading, a perforated steel matting was laid.

After a few weeks, those of us who were not working on the air strip were granted an occasional day of liberty, the only attraction was to go souvenir hunting on the opposite side of the island where the heaviest fighting had taken place. By Island Command everyone was required to carry a firearm at all times as Japs had retreated into the mountains. I was spared the lugging of a rifle, chiefs were privileged to carry side arms. On approaching the opposite side, Jap bodies lay scattered on the mountain slope down to the sandy beach where the invasion had taken place.

Contrary to implications, Attu is not always the land of storms and fog, many times it became pleasant and beautiful. A sunset here is an exquisite sight to witness, the sky seems to become aflame with an amalgamation of rainbows. Situated as Attu is, astride the International Date Line, the twilight was verily a blending of the west and far east.

By September of 1943, life on the island had fell into a definite routine, Liberty freighters could unload at the new dock, a Ship's Store and a large theater served the needs of all the various outfits. Life no longer was drab, no less personages than Errol Flynn, Martha O'Driscoll and troupe came to entertain us. Shortly before Christmas the boys received a slight inspiration by the sight of women for the first time in six months. They were a contingent of Navy Nurses reporting for duty. Because they carry an officers rating, the boys could not fraternize with the girls. However, this did not deter some of the boys from stealing some of the gal's undies. The battalion commander took a dim view of this persistence which resulted in many of the lads being penalized by hours of extra duty. It is superfluous to narrate that the pantie raids subsided and the unmentionables were categorically recognized as untouchables.

In September, 1943, a small Navy Trainer was the first plane to set down on the nearly completed air strips. The landing caused a thrill throughout the island personnel, it meant that soon we were to receive fast air mail service from the States. Indeed we had come a long way since that day in July when we disembarked into the lighters while anchored in Massacre Bay. Ironically, the news of our progress had also reached Tokyo. In October of 1943, our serenity was blasted from the sky. We were raided by eight Nipponese Mitsubishi bombers. Excitement ran high, but there had been no casualties. Tranquillity soon was restored, it was the only attack upon Attu while we were based there. However, the necessity of always being on the alert was brought into sharp perspective. Fox holes and air raid drills were a constant reminder that a war was going on.

After finishing with the water supply system, I was relieved from further construction duties, my new assignment was battalion movie photographer, it happened this way. Our only entertainment on Attu had been the showing of movies nightly in our mess hall. One evening pictures were shown of the construction activities of a neighboring battalion, our top brass recognized many of the scenes as being of our men working on our own projects. It was evident that others were taking credit for work not performed by them. Our battalion photographer specialist had been occupied with his still cameras and admitted a dislike for movie taking, this phase of his duties had been neglected. The movies I had taken at Sitka had been shown several times and I had received favorable comment on their excellence. This latest turn of events prompted "Jovial Bill" to send me to the battalion photographer with instructions to appropriate the necessary equipment and film to make our own progress film. For the next two months I roamed wherever work was being done to procure "progress pictures," I liked the job for two reasons, I was given a Jeep and automatically admitted wherever I chose to go, and secondly, there was a surplus of film all becoming overage, which permitted me to shoot considerable footage for my own personal use.

After the holidays of December, 1943, the new year broke with a rash of scuttle-butt.... we were scheduled to leave for the States very soon. Weeks dragged into months, morale sank to successive lows as prospective troop transports moved in to remove other personnel with longer seniority. The airport was now in operation and our lads were in daily contact with the pilots to learn if there had been any ships spotted in their reconnaissance flights. The waiting was aggravating and I suspect there was no one in the battalion who was thinking and acting rationally. Minds began to warp and there were reports of some men going berserk, in connotation some would gesticulate pointing out to the open sea with bent finger and meekly exclaim..... bo-bo-at.....bo-bo-at. Finally we received word our ship would arrive on March 9th, and we would embark on the 11th. That day we vacated our camp in a willi-waw that was subsequently to become one of the worst experienced on this island. Attu did not have a snug land locked harbor as a haven for ships. For four days we remained lashed to the dock and the question arose if the piling was of sufficient length to hold us securely. On the fifth day the storm abated briefly and there was jubilation as the moorings were cast off and tensions relaxed. Attu became a ghostly memory as our ship headed in a SE direction.

The voyage to Seattle was only slightly less hectic as new gales buffeted our Liberty transport. If there had been trouble, we would have been doomed. We were quartered in the hold in rows of bunks five high, because of the congestion most of the boys laid in the sack to avoid stepping on one another. During one day and night the converted Liberty freighter rolled and pitched perilously and we were conscious of creaks and groans of twisting metal in the welded hull. These strains precipitated accounts by the boys of previous Liberty disasters. To ride out the high seas, progress was slow, however, if there had been any danger, no one was apprised of it.

On the tenth day from Attu, the waters became placid and the boys were on top-side early to await the rising of the warm sun, on this the last day of our Alaskan tour of duty. We moved into Pudget Sound and shortly thereafter were tied to the dock at Seattle. The next day we boarded trains to Camp Parks near San Francisco.

It was the first week in April and Easter time that I again stepped over our threshold in Elgin. During my absence Nadine had spent some time as a volunteer Liberty Bond salesman and had been quite successful, enough to merit a citation later. More recently she had been employed in the household of a gentleman farmer, she had worked there for several months but had kept it as a surprise for me. Besides earning spending money, she liked the new experience for other reasons. The rigid rationing of meat and butter held no inconvenience for producers.

According to plan, I drove my car on the return trip to Camp Parks, my wife went along. From previous experience I learned it was an aggra-

vating handicap to be stationed for months in one place without your own transportation. Public transportation was sorely inadequate to accommodate the thousands of men stationed in the many camps along the length and breadth of California, hence near camps, the highways were congested with hitch-hikers. On the way back to Parks, we stopped at Kansas City to pick up one of my boys, Eddie Waddell, and his wife, Virginia. We reached camp a few days early to permit time to find a place to live. We knew this was going to be difficult but had confidence that some sort of accommodation would be available in one of the small towns in the proximity. We searched fruitlessly for two days. In desperation we looked for tumble-down shacks off the road. Then the thought occurred to me that we may have overlooked a possibility.

On the main highway about two miles from camp, there was a dilapidated house on a hill overlooking the countryside with a view of our camp in the distance. I mentioned to my companions, that while a car was parked alongside the shack, I believed the place was vacant. To investigate, we drove in the entrance and circled up a steep grade. The place was deserted and the car had been abandoned as junk. We peered through the windows and saw a sink, an old fashioned wood cook stove and cooking utensils in the kitchen. Bedsteads remained in the two bedrooms, in the corner of the larger room stood an old console radio. This was what we wanted, not very pretentious but more than adequate.... now to find the owner!

The closest neighbor informed us that a certain real estate man in Oakland was trying to sell the property. We hustled some ten miles to Oakland where the realter informed us of a man who was acting as trustee or custodian of the property. It seems that the legal owners had been incarcerated for fraudulent sale of worthless bonds in some hospital promotional scheme, these inmates were desirous of disposing of the property. The name of the trustee was a Mr. Severs who also lived in Oakland.

It was supper time when we called upon Mr. Severs, in explaining our plight, I noticed that he was active in Masonry and we talked some of our affiliations, soon we received our answer.... "you are welcome to use this property gratis, I consider it advantageous to have you live in it, rather than let it remain vacant and subject to vandalism." I regard this as one of the more fortunate events that has happened to me. At a time when black-marketeering was rampant, with profiteering and gouging being foremost in men's minds, it was refreshing to meet an individual without mercenary inclinations. I have been a Mason for many years, but have no knowledge of it having been influential in receiving favors, and I cannot be sure that it was the motivating medium with Brother Severs.

On the following day, I ordered the electricity turned on and behold the lights lit up and the radio played "Home Sweet Home." Eddie scrubbed the interior of the elevated storage tank, I oiled the windmill and packed the pump, minutes later water was running at our kitchen sink. Virginia

dubbed our new abode "The Last Straw." Our neighbor was a retired couple who kept a couple cows, they supplied us with milk and liberal cuts of venison. Many deer roamed the hills and at night would frequently forage in this neighbor's garden. I suspect that during this period of meat rationing, deer were poached as a common practice and our neighbor had kept well stocked.

We were content at "The Last Straw," we lived in comfort with no rent to pay, our good fortune was obviously too good to last. Late run movies were shown nightly at camp and our girls shared in other social activities, especially did they enjoy USO stage shows presented with big name Hollywood personalities.

While based on the islands of Baronoff and Attu, I had taken numerous postcard sized pictures of interest to the men in my battalion. When home in Elgin, I had 3000 prints made which I assembled into sets of fifteen. The venture was speculative as I was not certain of disposal, however, this concern was dispelled soon after returning to Camp Parks. The boys were so eager to buy these momentos of our Alaskan tour that my supply had to be replenished several times. I profited on this enterprise but I had also rendered a service for which the mates were grateful. In the years to come, I venture to say that these boys, most of whom were unmarried, will display these pictures to their children and grandchildren and proudly relate, "that's me swinging the ram in the ditch, driving home that length of wood pipe." Many of the mates will shake their heads and wonder anew.... can the buildings we left behind on Attu still withstand the Willi-waws, and did our deprivation forge an important link in the chain of national defense. I believe all will be content to only wonder. Possibly civilian workmen can now be induced to expand our installations.

After a few weeks at Camp Parks, we learned that our "famous" 22nd Battalion was slated for demobilization, the 1100 men were to be used as replacements in other units.

For two months we lived at "The Last Straw" before the order was given to prepare for further duty overseas. Nadine does not drive a car so we faced the decision of what to do with our Nash. I could have set it on blocks and left it with our hospitable neighbor until my return, and this would have been by far the most practical solution had I known the duration of hostilities. But instead, I chose to sell it to a dealer at the prescribed "ceiling quotation," which was only about half of what may have been realized from a private "under the table" deal. Subsequently a group of us were hauled to Treasure Island Naval Station at San Francisco to await a troop transport. Nadine came on a Greyhound Bus to visit with me on the final Sunday. Visitors were not permitted into my area but she would not accept "no" at the "O. D.'s" office and by her persistence she was finally admitted. Nadine stayed at "The Last Straw" a few more weeks, then went to live with the Gottardies (sister Ruth) at Los Angeles, remaining there until I returned from overseas, a year later.

After a week at Treasure Island Naval Base, we were shipped to Honolulu, arriving there on a Sunday morning. With our gear we were trucked to a compound which included men from all subdivisions of the military. Here the noon day sun beat down while everyone speculated on what would happen next. It was obvious that we had landed on the wrong day and little "business" was being transacted on Sunday. However, about suppertime a truck picked me up along with several others. I was now attached to the 101 Construction Battalion.

This outfit had recently come from Port Hueneme and had as yet seen no overseas duty. Currently it was marking time in readiness to be shipped to the south Pacific. As the battalion was on a stand-by basis, I had liberty every day. I had three cameras with me and was fortunate that unlimited quantities of film could be purchased at various "ship stores." The swank hotel "Royal Hawaiian" on Waikiki Beach had been leased by the Navy and this proved to be a popular headquarters for snacks, "hula" entertainment and to watch the surfboard riding. I was on Oahu Island for three weeks, the weather was ideal and the tropical scenery magnificent, I ventured far and wide in search of exotic scenes to film. At Pearl Harbor, I saw the sunken hull of the battleship, Arizona, which was the victim of the first bombs dropped on that fateful Sunday, December 7, 1941, entombed are 1102 crewmen. In taking pictures, care had to be exercised in avoiding shots that revealed ships at sea or at anchor. All movie film was processed by the local Eastman Kodak Laboratory and was government censored there.

The island of Oahu was a huge staging area for all the armed services. The narrow sidewalks were jambed with service personnel, more walked in the street, possibly a half million men were awaiting transportation. When our order came to board ship, I made a hasty departure to the submarine base for a stock of film. Our transport was of Dutch ownership with a Javanese crew, none spoke English. Our destination was unknown but scuttlebutt favored Saipan in the Mariana Island group. The Japs had been extricated from New Guinea, the Marshalls, Solomons, Admiralty and Caroline Islands that lay north of Australia and currently heavy fighting was taking place at Saipan. Subsequently the supposition was proven correct.

On leaving Honolulu, "Diamond Head" and Waikiki Beach, we headed in a southwesterly direction. With each passing day the sun brought added misery. The old ship had no mechanical air conditioning and on the bunks and bulkheads a film of filth was forming. Heat combined with perspiration and foul odors rendered the sleeping quarters untenable, consequently all but a few of the men stayed on top side. Space to lay down was at a premium, some boys were lucky to find room to squat and play cards, to create some shade they stretched their ponchos overhead. As the sun beat mercilessly, I thought of my previous Alaskan duty and I began to think that I should have requested reassignment to that theater. It appeared very much like I could not adapt to this tropical

zone, but at this stage there was no choice but to sweat it out somehow.

On the third day out of Honolulu, we overtook our lumbering L-S-T's which had an advance start with our heavy equipment. At the end of ten days, we anchored at Eniwetok Atoll. The Atoll was hardly more than a series of lagoons and sand bars with a few pitched tents. Anchored around us were 30 or 40 ships of all descriptions including tankers and supply vessels, it was apparent now that a task force was being assembled here at the Marshall Islands. We lay at anchor for three days, time dragged heavily as monotony and congestion added to the discomfort. In the interim, more Troop Transports plus other L-S-T's swelled the force to above fifty. When the ships weighed anchor, we picked up an escort of a half dozen light destroyers which sped ahead and skirted far to the sides in an effort to detect submarines and intercept enemy planes. Our speed was impeded by the progress of the L-S-T's but at the end of 6 days from Eniwetok, our convoy ended in the harbor at Saipan. We went ashore via a temporary wharf and causeway that had been improvised from an assembly of pontoons.

Saipan had been the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the Pacific, the heavy Naval shelling was now over and the enemy had been thoroughly annihilated. However, large remnants of Jap defenders had found refuge in the hundreds of coral caves secluded in the dense undergrowth. The beach-head had been made where we disembarked, there the waters of the bay were strewn with disabled amphibious equipment including half submerged L-S-T's and Jap sampans. On the shore was a Jap Midjet, two man submarine from which the batteries had been removed.

We climbed aboard trucks for our bivouac site, along the road were numerous disabled armored tanks, the majority were Jap. These tanks looked as though they had been on fire or subjected to Flame Throwers, I later inspected them and found the Nipponese crews therein were very dead. The ride to our area was about three miles, it had rained and the red coral soil was sticky. It was mid-afternoon when our gear was thrown off at the side of the main road. The rain continued lightly as I pitched my pup tent and dug a small trench around to intercept the water. From the time we jumped off the trucks I had detected the unmistakable odor of decomposing human flesh to which I was initiated on Attu. A "grass shack" nearby, obscured by palms and banana trees, was the obvious source. I later sauntered over to investigate and found the bodies of several men, women and children on the floor, in a room adjoining lay several dead goats. That night I crawled into my pup tent and ate a package of "K" rations. With a rain filtering out much of the stench, I tried to sleep but that was impossible as miniature streams of water took direct course through my shelter.

The first "cat" off the L-S-T's on the following morning was used to bulldoze down the "grass shack" and heap several feet of earth upon the "tomb." It was obvious that the Jap military operated much differently

than our own, their men had their families with them, their home was a guard post. In the days following, thousands of Jap bodies were noticed everywhere and we paid no attention to them. As a precaution against the spread of pestilence and disease, the corpse were being "limed" where they fell by Marine decontamination squads who were busy after we came. No effort was made to bury the Japs, some lay in cart trails and were run over. The island was composed of coral rock and had very little top soil. Some bodies had been dozed over with sand along the beach but this later proved to have been unwise as power shovels were moved into the area to load sand for making concrete. Sacrilegious as it was, many a Jap anatomy was inadvertently dumped into mixer hoppers, I saw no one bother to cast them aside.

Saipan and surrounding islands in peace time played a major role in the Japanese home economy. It was populated only by Chamorra natives while under the control of Germany before World War One. After the armistice the Mariana group were mandated to Japan. For the next twenty-five years the Japs developed the agricultural potentialities into an important source of supply, sugar and copra were the chief products. A sugar refinery was built and a narrow gauge railroad circled the island to transport the cane to the mill. Garapan was the only city, it had a peacetime population of twenty thousand. After the last Naval gun had been fired, the sugar mill was a shambles and the city of Garapan was reduced to rubble.

Not far from our camp and well secluded behind dense growth at the foot of a perpendicular bluff, was a reinforced concrete pill box. It was large enough to accommodate a hundred or more people, slits in the thick concrete wall commanded a view of the sea. Some big guns had been fixed within but had been removed. There were several of these combination air raid shelters and pill box installations. I took pictures at the closest one, it had been pin pointed by a shell, and the floor within was covered with corpse, many were women and children.

To orient the reader, the island of Saipan is about the same size as Attu, approximately twelve miles long and four wide. Our camp area was near the north end, at the south end was the B-29 bomber base. Half way between the two was the afore-mentioned harbor. Lying just south of the harbor was the ruins of the typically oriental city of Garapan. Between Garapan and the bomber base stood the sugar refinery in a settlement called Charon-Kanoa. A black-top road ran the full length of the island connecting all installations with the Island Command Headquarters at the harbor. Charon-Kanoa was restored as a native compound, some three thousand Chamorres and civilian Japs were "housed" in its confines. This compound was like a self contained community, the natives elected officers and recruited a police guard to patrol the perimeter of their stockade. Each day groups of women and families were taken in trucks to various fields to work. Groups of able-bodied men were employed by our military at 35 cents per day, one such group labored with us.

Two chief petty officers in our battalion were assigned to assist the Chamorras in improving their facilities, thus they were admitted into this restricted area without challenge. One Sunday I rode with one of the Chiefs into the area for the express purpose of obtaining pictures. The compound was a conglomeration of corrugated tin hovels. At the several communal wells, men and women stood naked in the process of bathing or washing clothes. As we were leaving, several truck loads of dunnage lumber arrived, it was salvaged from ships after cargoes were removed, this was dumped within the stockade. Old women and young girls hastened to the task, gathered the boards into bundles, rested them on their heads and hurried off to their quarters. A cocky bandy-legged little man carrying a rifle and resembling a Jap officer was in charge of the distribution.

The bomber base was a beehive of activity day and night. That which fascinated me most seemed to be an artistic rivalry between the numerous crews. On the sides of their ships they had painted all types of characters, from those in the comic strips to stripped dancers. One I remember well was a scrawney "Tokyo Rose" talking into a microphone, another was "Dauntless Dottie" which later dropped the atomic bomb "coup de grace" on Nagasaki. Servicing the planes and replenishing the bombs was a continuous process at the base while the flight crews gained a respite. Some forays were made to the Japan home islands, but most of the bombing was concentrated on Iwo Jima and the Philippines. It was apparent that the latter was being "softened" for recapture by General MacArthur. I took many pictures of the "works of art" on the planes, but as always the inclusion of radar or armament was to be avoided.

To retard operations from our base at Saipan, we were subjected to months of almost nightly assaults of bomber raids, perhaps half of the enemy craft were detected by radar and intercepted before reaching us but a considerable number were able to slip through to dump their lethal loads. On the sound of the air raid alert, it was mandatory for us to vacate the barracks on the double and head for slit trenches prepared in a nearby cane field. It was not unusual to stand in these trench shelters most of the night as a series of enemy planes came over. However, our end of the island was not the prime target. The Japs were mostly interested in destroying our bomber base. There they made repeated "banzai" attacks, none of these planes returned to their base.

The 101st Construction Battalion was not blessed with the same high caliber of personnel as in my old 22nd unit. Perhaps an allowance should be made for the difference in climate, at Saipan it was enervating. The crisp invigorating air of the northern climes and "can-do" spirit, was replaced with an atmosphere akin to "mannana" or why not let some of the work go till tomorrow. I attribute some of my own lethargy to the type of assignments handed to me at the outset. At one time, I supervised a detail of mates which included a dozen native Chamorros, we called them goots. On that project we were engaged in putting on the finishing touches to the earth cover over newly constructed ammunition dumps, our part was

done by hand labor. The ammunition dumps were a heavy gauge type of quonset hut which was partially dug into the side of a hill for concealment, one end was exposed to accommodate loading and unloading of trucks. Approximately 50 of these magazines were erected and filled with ammunition as fast as completions permitted, they were placed some 150 yards apart as a precaution in the event of a direct hit by enemy fire.

While I was camouflaging the top of the magazines, my counterpart Chiefs were assigned to harness a spring high in the jungle a couple miles from camp. Their project included a wood pipe line to supply our area with water. When the water was turned into the line, none appeared at our end, all leaked out due to defective installation. My attachment to this 101st battalion had been recent but I was not long in detecting that some animosities were prevalent among cliques of chiefs, I discovered a few were seeking to discredit others in an effort to receive recognition and advancement to "gold braid." In consequence of this dissension, I was lost in the shuffle and I was content to remain obscure. I had no personal ambitions other than to stick it out, I knew nothing about the other chiefs' qualifications and I could not have cared less.

One other mate came with me from the old 22nd as a replacement, his name was Kammer. Kammer had the rating of yeoman 1st class and worked in the battalion headquarters office. Kammer and I had been closely associated since the days of boot camp at Norfolk, Virginia, and he was familiar with my duties heretofore. He mentioned my pipe line experience to the senior officer in charge of the ship-fitter department, which subsequently resulted in yours truly being called in as a trouble shooter on our water supply. I had listened to the boys in my barrack discuss their woes on the water detail so I was fully cognizant of their many errors. However, with a few of the lads, we tightened the wood line and the storage tanks in our camp began to fill.

About this time, with top priority, an all out effort was being made to prepare for casualties expected from the impending attack on the Philippines. To secure the beachhead and sustain the invasion, hundreds of ships of all types had assembled over a period of weeks in the waters beyond our harbor. While the various ships lay at anchor, some simulated their landing techniques using amphibious craft to "close in" on our area. Possibly the number of ships reached a thousand when the aggregation left to bolster the attack on the enemy. On Saipan, emergency orders were received to press every available man into the construction of hospital facilities, casualties were to be flown here. New temporary convalescent areas were constructed and the present emergency hospital was to be enlarged. The Army engineers were charged with the responsibility for erecting a water storage tank on a bluff to the rear of the hospital and install a wood pipe line to supply water under pressure to the expanded facilities. The Army lads immediately stumbled into difficulties on the line installation and again "Doc" Carlson was summoned. I worked with the Army for the next month, it would have been

unnecessary to have worked with them that long had these boys been more dedicated to their assigned task. They were a worn out aggregation and morale was low, they had been overseas for more than two years and had little enthusiasm for further work. A rotation system had been inaugurated to permit a few men at a time to have furloughs to the States and return, who would be next was their only concern.

On October 20, 1944, Gen. MacArthur captured the Island of Leyte, in the Philippines. The stream of casualties to our 48th general hospital coincided with the first wave of men that stormed the Leyte beach. Probably I would have stayed with the Army longer if another emergency had not risen.

A Jeep was dispatched for me and I was hauled off to do the plumbing on a pretentious Fleet Officers Lounge. Concrete floors were being poured on this project on the day I was brought in, and none of the plumbing had been roughed-in. A "ruhbarb" had transpired between a brother chief who had begun the job and our immediate superior officer. While working on this glorified club-house on this remote island, I sandwiched in other critical "tie-in" jobs on the other side of the island, in my specialty, that of cutting in valves and tees on wood pipe lines, this water to supply the new convalescent area. In relating these events, perhaps I could be more modest, but I wish to adhere to the facts, possibly I would not have been selected for many of these installations had my cohorts displayed their qualifications to better advantage by being cooperative instead of jockeying for position on the "promotional springboard."

In peacetime all projects near and far are let by contract and the work is executed by various skilled civilian tradesmen. This is especially true of the more technical and complicated mechanical installations in building construction. It was one of the latter that was charged to me on Saipan. I was handed the mechanical plans for a 15,000 man laundry to be operated by the native Chamorras. Since then I have reviewed the records of other battalions and inquired about the installations by the Army Engineering Corps and I have reached the conclusion that this laundry job represented the largest single mechanical installation attempted by service personnel in World War Two.

On Sundays, the chief activity of the mates was to search for Jap rifles and other mementoes. I did very little souvenir hunting, I was usually on the prowl for pictures. With my post card camera I had taken many shots of unusual scenes, these I sent to Eastman Kodak at Honolulu and ordered many thousand prints made of those passed by the government censor. When a shipment arrived, I enlisted the aid of a couple mates, we would spend several nights putting the prints into sets. Many lads came from other outfits, even merchant seamen from supply ships in the harbor were directed to me for pictures. It was a moderately lucrative hobby, however, I believe my greatest benefit was not financial but psychological, it kept me so engaged that I had no time to become depressed.

A path was literally beat to my bunk by those inquiring.... when are the pictures coming.... or, will you put me down for a set? Yes indeed, I had gained considerable popularity.

On April 12, 1945, our flag was flown at half mast, our Commander in Chief and President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died; Harry S. Truman, Vice-President, succeeded him. By this date our work on Saipan was drawing to a close, the Iwo Jima and Philippine beach-heads had been "secured." The laundry job was finished and scuttlebutt was circulating that my battalion would soon move to Okinawa, it was the only remaining hop before invading the Jap home island of Honshu. As we marked time, interspersed with push-ups and hikes, I was granted permission to go fishing with the "goots".

Two sampans set out to sea daily in the quest for fish. We started out this day before 0400, the crew consisted of eight civilian Japs, none could speak English, we conversed exclusively with gestures. On the opposite side of the island a long net was eased into the water to procure bait. A couple of the boys jumped into the water and pulled the net around in a circle, after repeating the operation twice an ample supply of bait was placed in a tank. We proceeded out to sea and a half hour later a school of bonita was sighted. One man continuously threw buckets of minnows into the water, other crewmen manned the fishpoles, no bait was used on the hooks. The bonita became delirious at the sight of minnows and struck at the shiny hooks. The fishing lasted about twenty minutes, all the while a perforated pipe on the side of the sampan sprayed a mist that obscured the boat as the men stood at the gunwhale. In that brief time the bait was exhausted and we had a ton of fish. On the return the boys made breakfast aboard, it consisted of eating the fish raw with a black sauce. The fishermen persuaded me to sample a piece, I gulped one down, my reaction was.... I prefer my fish to be cooked.

June 6, 1944, was invasion day on the beaches of Normandy in Europe. On May 7, 1945, a German delegation signed the instrument of unconditional surrender. In the Pacific theater too, the day of capitulation by the Japs was only a matter of weeks as President Truman ordered the use of the atomic bomb. Coincidently, plans were being devised by the Navy for demobilization of personnel, priority to be given to men who had completed three years of service. I grasped this opportunity to apply for discharge as the battalion began loading L-S-T's for extended duty at Okinawa. About a dozen of us old timers were eligible to go home. A farewell party was given in our honor on the final night on Saipan, many extolling speeches were made and replies were made in kind. I do not recall what I said, the officers and men were generous with praise, momentarily I regretted that we must part. However, the war had been fought and the end was at hand, there could be no good reason for me to remain. Waiting for a troop transport for months at Attu had taught me to seize the first opportunity to leave.

On leaving Saipan, our ship stopped at Guam to take on more veterans eligible for discharge, then began the long ride that lasted almost a month, every hour of the day seemed to be two. The voyage was extremely monotonous. I thought of the entertainment we had back in Saipan, and of our outdoor theater which was located on a side hill. A thousand sand bags formed seats in many tiers, here we sat many times with panchos tightly drawn about the neck as the clouds burst and the sand bags became saturated beneath us.

Never will I forget the sight of the scorched armored tanks with their semi-cremated crews, most vivid is the imprint of the U. S. Marine Cemetery with its row upon row of neat white crosses. Ten thousand "tar heels" gave their lives here in what has been described as the bloodiest campaign of the Pacific. The casualties on the island including those of the Army, surpass those of the entire Korean conflict which followed the Jap armistice. Two weeks had passed when we entered Pearl Harbor to reprovision the ship. We berthed only a stones throw from the ill fated, half submerged, Arizona. On again heading for the States, that memorial to the conflict of the Pacific theater serves as the final vestige of my Naval career. I now prefer to forget it all. In another week, the voyage ended where it had begun a year before, Treasure Island Naval Station, San Francisco.

Nadine, who had spent the past year at Los Angeles with my sister and family, now came to San Francisco to join me on the journey to "home sweet home." Our immediate destination was the Navy Pier Separation Center at Chicago. My Discharge Certificate gives the following information: Serial number 611-26-50, service May 27, 1942, to July 11, 1945, three years - one month - fifteen days. Rating: Chief Ship-fitter, permanent appointment. Thus as we said in the service when a task was completed "Job is Secured." Yes, after more than three years, it was time to secure... hitch completed.

It was now the middle of July, 1945. My first endeavor at home was to purchase some kind of transportation. This was destined to be very difficult, no automobiles had been manufactured since the start of the war and no one was inclined to sell one when no others were available. However, I watched the newspaper ads and finally procured an old Chrysler which under normal circumstances would have been junked. I paid the prescribed ceiling price which was three times more than the condition of the car warranted, however, it did run and was better than nothing.

When I went into the service in May, 1942, Ingvar and I were contemplating getting into the residential construction field on a speculative basis of building and selling. We owned some thirty-five lots at this time. My plans had not been altered by the war and I was determined to proceed. Ingvar decided against joining me so I was obliged to go it

alone. I sold Ingvar my share of the plumbing business and he became sole owner. He retained the name of Carlson Brothers.

The obstacles to building were many, worst of all during 1945-46 was the priority system for procurement of building materials. Veterans were granted some preferences which aided me in getting started. However, such items as cement, nails and rocklath had been "cornered" and were only available at black market prices. As I prepared to excavate for my first basement, the war ended. It was on August 14, 1945, that the Japs accepted the allied terms of surrender. It was several months before all the men could be transported home, I had been fortunate in receiving my discharge earlier.

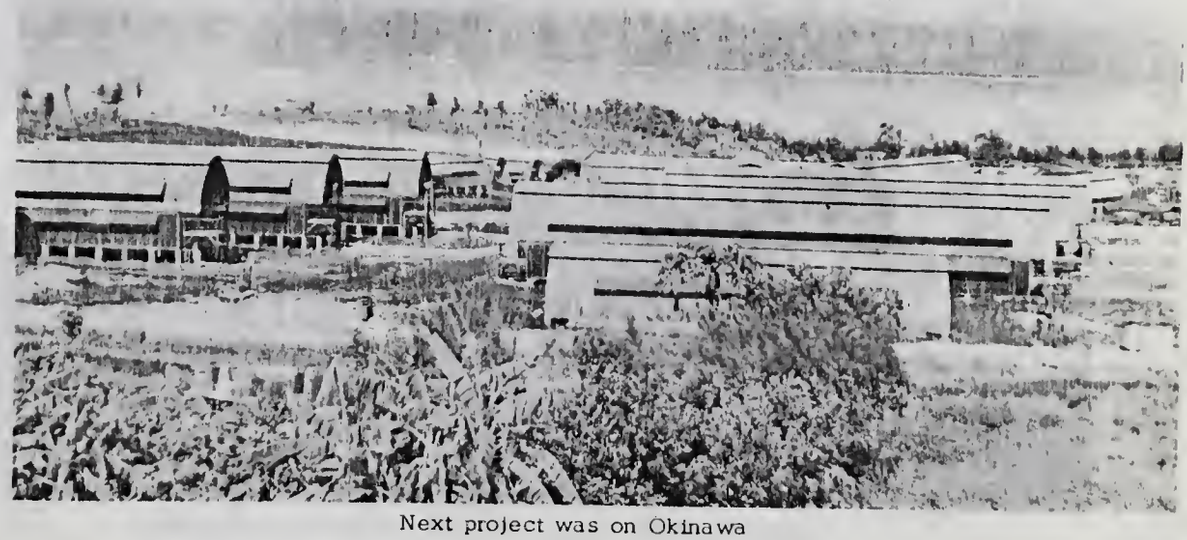
My first house was built on Virgil Avenue at the eastern edge of Elgin, I employed a minimum of craftsmen, Nadine assisted me wherever she could and by the end of 1945, we succeeded in having it enclosed for the winter. In the spring of 1946, I engaged a semi-retired bricklayer who promised to veneer the house with myself as tender. He became ill and in consequence, I laid the brick.

With the boys now returning from military service, a dire housing shortage developed. Older homes doubled in price as buyers far outnumbered the sellers. My first house was a financial success which added fuel to my determination to continue. In 1946-47, I built two more homes with comparable results. However, I was not long in learning that my physical stamina was waning and I could no longer endure the extra hours beyond a normal day. In continuing it was necessary to hire more tradesmen.

This third chapter saw many extremes, it began in the depths of the depression in 1933 amid destitution, bank failures and greatly deflated currency, at a time when jobs could not be "bought." My chapter ends in 1947 on a crest of prosperity, with prices and wages having doubled in the interim. The fifteen year period had been a difficult one, with a global war upsetting the equilibrium. The elaboration on my stint with Uncle Sam has been extensive, it is intended to enlighten the uninitiated on the home front of the grim realities of warfare.

"Home was never like this"

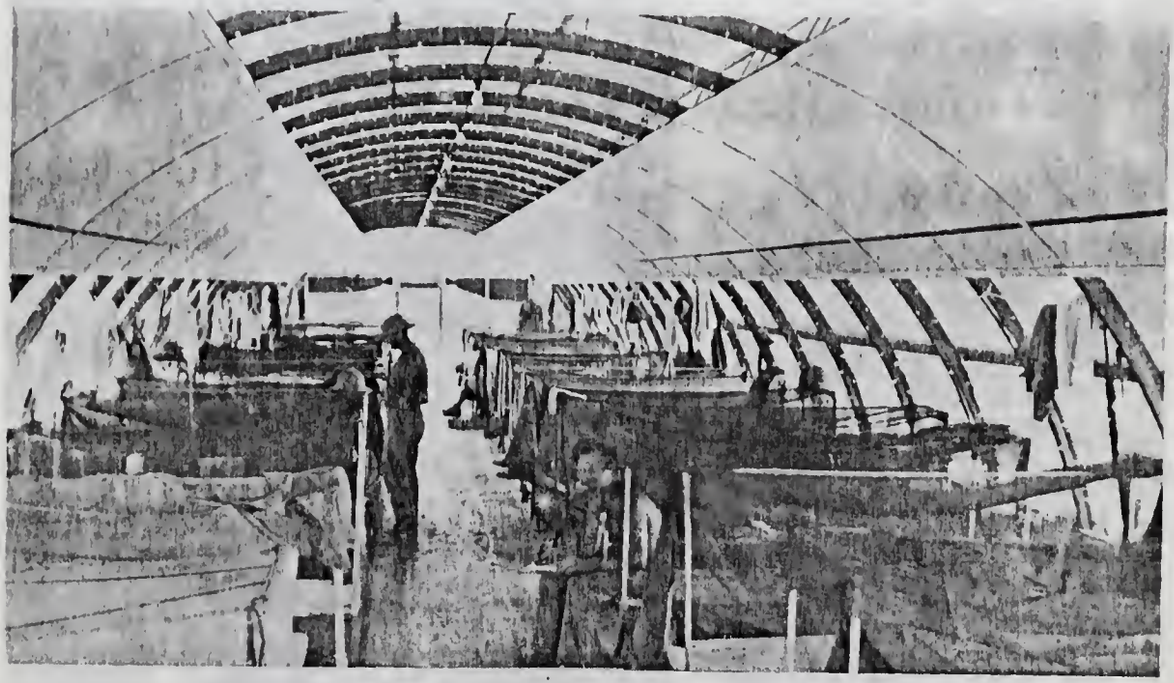
"Chowtime" the rain diluted the soup



Next project was on Okinawa

Contingent of Marines are encamped on the hill

Hills were infested with Japs living in vine covered caves



Many of the boys had stems of bananas at their bunks

Homeless Waifs
casualties of the campaign on Saipan

The ox and cart are typical of the wooden plow and primitive tools used by the natives.

Putting the native Chamorros (goots) to work at 30 cents per day

Disabled tanks, Jap on left, American Amphibious on right

Saipan, victory cost 25,000 lives

PART FOUR

Age 45 - 60
1947 - 1962

In 1948, Ingvar and I sold the State Street apartments, the last of our joint ventures which began with the plumbing partnership in 1930. I continued with my residential construction which I had followed since discharge from the Navy in July of 1945. I had built and sold six houses to this time and decided that the seventh would be for ourselves. Our new home was located at 182 S. Alfred, we moved in for Christmas of 1948. In the spring of 1950, we purchased 2-1/2 acres on the highway, eight miles from Elgin, and built there our present home which we call IDOL WYLD. We have a small model barn and a poultry house, and have in the past kept a cow, chickens, ducks, geese and Pea Fowl.

December 23, 1950, was our 25th wedding anniversary and while we expected Ernest and wife, Evelyn, to visit us during the evening, we were later flabbergasted by the appearance of Ingvar and Helen and a half dozen couples of close friends. Nadine and I were presented with a handsome silver service, something we would need if we were to do more entertaining in our new home. We are appreciative of our friends for aiding us to celebrate this auspicious occasion in this striking manner.

Actually the "fiesta" had triple significance, in addition to being our silver anniversary, it was Ernest's birthday and a house warming. Yes, we lived it up a bit "extra special" that evening.

In 1953, we hurriedly completed the house under construction to take a voyage to Sweden with tours to Rome, Turkey, Palestine and many countries in between. Incidently, we sold the house to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Survant, Mrs. Survant is Doris, Ingvar and Helen's eldest daughter. In making our first trip to Europe we were primarily interested in visiting two places, the birth place of Christ in the Holy Land and that of my brothers and myself in Sweden. The trip began on the Norwegian motorship, the "Oslofjord," sailing from New York and continued by taking a train from Oslo, Norway, to Gotenberg, Sweden. For convenience of transportation in Sweden, I rented a compact car and started south, driving on the "wrong" side of the road. Our destination was a small settlement (four corners) called Westra Ryd located some 6 miles from the little city of Brakne Hoby. It was on a farmstead at Westra Ryd where we brothers were born and I had taken a generous supply of movie film to record what I saw. Our mother and her seven sisters also had been born in this same house which made this trip of historical importance. Also, I had been informed by our cousin, Otto Olson in Elgin, that other relatives lived close by and it was our hope to see all, if possible.

It was only a short day's drive from Gotenberg to Brakne Hoby where we checked in at the only hostelry, a two story frame building. On making some inquiries of the proprietor, we were advised to contact the bishop of the diocese who lived in an "estate setting" across the street from the state church. The bishop and his wife were exceedingly cordial, he could speak understandable English which made our visit pleasant, his wife invited us to sit in the garden for coffee and cakes. In a vault in his home were kept all district records for the past hundred years, he explained that older records were to be found in the archives at Lund. In Sweden, all vital statistics concerning births, marriages and deaths are kept by the officers of the state churches. It was a routine matter for our host to look up dates of our births and baptisms, he told us when grandfather Isaksson and wife had come to Westra Ryd, the number of their children, and those who had emigrated. To further aid us, he used the phone to learn that a cousin, Joel Peterson, had died a year before, that his widow lived in an apartment in nearby Ronneby and a daughter was employed there in a bank. He called the latter at the bank and we were invited to have dinner with them that evening. From the daughter, the bishop also received the information that a cousin, Bertil, still lived at Westra Ryd, and to further assist us, this clergyman insisted on taking us in his car that afternoon to Westra Ryd to meet the Bertil Petersons.

The first three miles were over a well traveled highway. Then we veered off to the right on a narrow winding road that led over two streams called Stora (big) Silpinge and Lila (little) Silpinge. Here the water was used for power and is where Bror Peterson, our uncle, operated a grist mill. Currently a saw mill was in operation as we passed enroute to Westra Ryd. On arrival there we found "Fru" Peterson at home, in the front part of their home they conducted a grocery and supplies for children attending a nearby school. Bertil was employed at a utensil enameling factory in the vicinity and we were invited to come back for supper, this was impossible to accept because of the prior commitment, but we did promise to come later in the evening.

Fru Ingeborg Peterson and daughter were charming hosts, however I felt uneasy from the outset. Their apartment was immaculate in every detail, the table was set as if entertaining dignitaries and I was conscious of committing many errors in etiquette. All the while I tried to act casual and relaxed but the truth was I felt like a fish out of water, as soon as possible I begged to be excused to visit with Cousin Bertil. I do not believe that we have ever dined before or since under such elegance.

We were at Bertil's until after midnight, we had much in common to talk about and only little could be covered in one evening. I asked about the store business and was told that they had operated it for many years, it had been a source of good income but business of late had fell off with the establishment of a direct service refrigerated truck route into the area which now presented a competitive problem. When leaving Bertils that evening (it was morning) Fru Peterson gave us a remembrance from the home

of our Grandparents. It was a soup dish, on it is a picture of Carl Johans Street, the main business section in Christiana, now Oslo. At the time it was bought by Grandma, it is safe to assume Norway and Sweden were united as one nation, this was a very kind gesture on the part of Fru Peterson.

Westra Ryd was actually only a cross-road. A couple hundred yards from Cousin Bertil's store, was our old farm. We came back to the store on the following morning and picked up Fru Peterson who then guided us around our former property and introduced us to the present owners, named Hokanson. We discovered that the old house where we were born had been torn down and a modern home was built nearby. Next, my interest centered on the barn, Dad had often mentioned the barn he had built and I was curious to see the inside. Farm work was done here with tractors, a well fed horse stood by the gate in a pasture across the road. My impression of our former property was that it was a good farm, half of the land was low fertile soil, the remainder was hilly, wooded and rocky, fit only for pasturing.

Judging from the number of milk cans setting on a loading platform at the side of the road, it must be assumed that dairying was the chief income producer. From the appearance of the premises in general, it was apparent that the owner was prosperous. I talked with him and he recalled when Dad built the barn and remembered us kids. To set foot once again on the place of our birth was a grand experience, before leaving I shot considerable footage of film. We took Fru Peterson back to the store where we had coffee, we learned there were two more brothers and a sister to Bertil living in towns nearby, cousins which we would be unable to see at this time. We were scheduled to ride the Gota Kanal to Stockholm and begin a bus tour of continental Europe from there in a few days.

On driving back to Brakne Hoby, we called on the bishop once again to extend our sincere thanks and to make a donation to the church missionary fund. Before leaving, he escorted us across the road and through the ornamental iron gateway leading into the church yard. In the church we were shown the baptismal fount from which us boys were baptized, the fount was hewn from a single stone and was declared to be 600 years old, dating from early Christianity, when Catholicism was the only accepted religion. It had been resurrected from another edifice that had been built on this site. In conjunction with the church was a cemetery that has served the community for several centuries, here we were escorted to the graves of our relatives, all were neatly attended. There was no grass, instead, freshly crushed granite chips covered the plots. On leaving Brakne Hoby and the home town of our mother, we intended to stop at Gamleby and environs where Dad lived as a youth, but we became confused in our directions and had gone too far to turn back. We reasoned that inasmuch as we did not know of any living descendants, there was no urgency.

After a 300 mile trip via a linked waterway of lakes, rivers and cnals that crossed a mountain range to Stockholm from Gotenberg, we were ready to begin our bus ride which terminated in Rome. While in Rome we took the various sightseeing tours of the city, on one side trip we rode in a caravan of buses to Castel Gondolfe, the summer home of the pope, located some 40 miles from the city. We and thousands more elbowed our way into a crowded courtyard to await the pope's presence on a second floor balcony. On his appearance there was near hysteria among the jammed assemblage. The pope spoke in seven languages during his recognition of various groups who had made this pilgrimage. We went away very much perplexed, his words electrified the audience, a woman standing next to us opened a box, exposing several religious trinkets, these were consecrated along with those of thousands of others by the utterance of a few words and gestures. I was confounded how this ordinary appearing man of flesh and blood could exercise super human powers.

At Nazareth and Jerusalem we tread in the Master's footsteps in a week of traveling the length and breadth of Israel. I will not elaborate as His story is well known to every child who has attended Sunday School. Upon bidding farewell to Palestine, we boarded a Scandinavian Air Lines plane and as we were airborne, Nadine remarked..... in this wide world there are so many lands with hospitable soil and climate, where vegetation is lush and people thrive with a minimum of effort..... why were not one of them chosen as the Holy Land? Instead we must look long and far to find a more unlikely place to call the cradle of Christianity.

After our two month tour, I continued to build more houses but the market had leveled off due to a balance of supply and demand. In 1956, I felt that it would be best to discontinue building, also Nadine and I wanted to go to Europe again to renew friendships of the 1953 trip. In the course of visiting Bertil Peterson and his wife at Westra Ryd, we stopped at the church cemetery at Brakne Hoby to place flowers on grandfather and grandmother Isaksson's grave and others. By coincidence, it was May 30th, our Decoration Day.

From Brakne Hoby we intended to go to Vername some 75 miles north on the same day, this haste proved to be unwise. We arrived at Vername, the home town of our paternal grandmother, in the dusk of early evening, by the time we found "Alandsryd," the old farmstead, about two miles out, it was almost dark. We chatted with several relatives for about an hour during the course of which it was almost impossible to establish lines of descent. Two older women were not at home, they no doubt had the key to the puzzle. Some understanding on lines of descent were arrived at and on leaving I regretted I was not better prepared with a list of grandmother's sisters and brothers. There still remains some unfinished business at "Alandsryd" and we have been invited to return.

The apex of this European trip was a visit to Soviet Russia. Through a series of frustrations in obtaining visas from Washington, we were on the verge of accepting defeat when we finally managed at Stockholm to get our credentials cleared. The next day we joined a Swedish group on a chartered ship that took us to Leningrad, later we boarded a train for Moscow. It proved to be a very enlightening experience and well worth the torment of uncertainties. We were in Russia two weeks, while there I exposed 2000 feet of film which I have shown several times to church gatherings and others, I also took footage on the previous Palestine tour, these have caused me some vexation sometimes when I have shown them gratis, it is necessary to park my car blocks away and then proceed to carry the equipment to the hall and up several flights of stairs. Also many times in winter the weather was bad but I have always been willing to sacrifice for a good cause.

In July, 1957, we had the pleasure of a visit from sister, Ruth, and daughter, Orlene, of Los Angeles. Because of the miles between us, we seldom have a reunion. The years have been kind to Ruth, at the age of forty, she appeared girlish in "figure" and radiant of complexion. Orlene at fourteen, was bubbling with a vibrant charm which brought new life into our home. Together, we spent several days at sight-seeing in Chicago, then began a memorable trip around Lake Michigan to our old stamping grounds at Ludington, later we drove to Flint to visit Ernest and Evelyn.

From a glance of the ancestor-tables it will be noted that our heritage is studded with learned men who held positions of trust, this background of intellect could well extend back into the dark ages and beyond. Our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, has stated that our forebears could read and write for centuries before him, and that he delighted in looking at pictures in his grandfather's Bible which was over 200 years old. Even in this modern age I have known those who had little or no "schooling," it was not deemed essential to performing the majority of jobs available in my childhood. When I went to high school it was presumed that the student was studying for a profession. I have only completed two years of high school but in later years I have taken numerous evening adult courses which I believe have increased my education somewhat beyond the 12th grade. In striving to acquire a degree of financial independence I attribute my modest success to my early basic training on farms which has equipped me with fundamental values that cannot be obtained in the classroom. Throughout my working days I have felt a certain confidence which I believe has given me an advantage over my competitor.

As my productive days are now behind me, I can reflect on those sixty years. My health has been my greatest asset, I have not consulted a doctor for illness in my first 55 years, not even at my birth was there one in attendance. Neither have I lost any work due to accidents. My father attributed this unusual record to the large portions of oatmeal and

milk we were served for breakfast every day for many years as a child. Of equal portent to the economic station achieved since marriage has been the assistance and moral support of my wife. Nadine and I have been married almost 37 years during which we have experienced many pitfalls, but these only served to spur us on. The loss of a small fortune after the stock market crash in 1929 was undoubtedly the most depressing when 28 years of scratching and economizing evaporated in a few months time. The weathering of many storms can be attributed to full cooperation from Nadine. We tackled every job with a vengeance and entered into every venture in unison, I do not hesitate to relate that only by this harmony has our modest success been possible. Nadine is of the reserved type who would rather remain silent than bewail or accuse, and is normally of a compromising and optimistic disposition. She has complained of late of chronic ailments, but I hope a new "hairdo" will cure this. On handing my wife another bouquet, I will say... it is her many virtues which have offset my short-comings that has made our marriage exemplary.

Inasmuch as Nadine and I have been denied the responsibilities and pleasures of parenthood, we have had a keen interest in the growth and development of our nieces and nephews. Consequently, when the children were small and we lived adjoining, Nadine was at the beck and call of anyone in need of assistance, this she volunteered with anxiousness and anticipation.

We have watched our nieces and nephews grow into womanhood and manhood while displaying sterling qualities of character. Of that generation, all are married as will be noted on the "family tree" with the exception of Ruth's daughter, Orlene, who will be 19 next January. We have been informed by Ruth that a wedding is planned for next year and we are all asked to come to California to attend.

Currently, a new generation is forming, the eldest is 10 years of age and the youngest is 4 months, the total count is 11, it is my hope that the number will eventually exceed 20. In assessing their qualities to predict the future of these youngsters, I become very optimistic, they all seem so well equipped mentally and physically that they should excel in their chosen vocations. They will reflect the examples set by their parents and mirror the effects of firm discipline. As an interested bystander, I have noted that the most devastating handicap some children must hurdle is to be raised in the "lap of luxury," it would be a grave error for any of our youngsters not to learn how to work so that he or she may fully appreciate the fruits of labor.

In writing my story I have sought to be objective but realize that editorializing is commonplace. In asserting my views and opinions crudely, I may have tread upon some "toes," in that event I hasten to add that no offense was intended, notwithstanding, I do not choose to appease anyone. Throughout my life I have not been subjective to the degree of being a rubber stamp when it was more popular to do so. It is

my philosophy that it is better to assume an unyielding attitude in controversial matters if your convictions are well founded. I subscribe to a well known saying, "I would rather be right than president," that some rebellion in all of us is preferable to none at all. Some would typify myself as being plain stubborn.

When the subject of printing our family history in book form was first broached, I will confess that I had no idea of its magnitude. Almost three years will have elapsed in this effort, the work if it may be considered as such, has been satisfying and rewarding. It has been a grand experience to add my life herein, much of the satisfaction is derived from the knowledge gained of being a descendant of an illustrious lineage.

From the drama of my life as written herein, you are now more or less familiar with the first four periods. The fifth act, age 60 to 75, I begin with some apprehension.....having the knowledge it can quickly be abbreviated to conform with averages in life expectancy charts. The sands in our "hourglass" commence to diminish when we are born, I regard it as fortunate that some yet remains in mine. On judging the years gone by, I find nothing of which to complain. My life has been blessed with good health and an abundance of happiness. In appreciation I need not be reminded that these precious possessions are GOD GIVEN, perhaps the most important endowment to me is a splendid heritage shared with my good brothers and sister. Moreover, my further well-being of the last 37 years is crowned by the love and affection of a faithful wife. If someone would ask.... what changes would you make if you could relive your 60 years? That question would be superfluous.... I have been granted the greatest possible wealth.... materialistic "wherewithal" can only be regarded as an accessory after the fact.

As I close my contribution to this book in August of this year, 1962, the main topic of the day is Rocket Boosters and the probing of outer space, accomplishments thus far dramatically focus attention on the magnitude of the UNIVERSE. At a time when a population explosion and air travel have combined to shrink our sphere to diminutive proportions, we may well turn back the pages of history to the discovery of our own "new world." In the years of yore, we learn of the early VIKINGS who plied the seven seas and settled our continent, but laudatory as their feats were, their grandeur is diminutive as compared to the seas of space now challenging the ingenuity of scientists.

Fantastic and incredible as it all appears, plans are now being formulated to link many of the Celestial Bodies with a vast system of "highways" contemplating an interchange of commerce. If I would be granted the opportunity to emigrate to this new frontier, "my cup would overfloweth." However, after a realistic self analysis, I am resigned to give priority to the dynamic determination of new generations of VIKINGS. I yield in favor of the infinite number of fine Sons and Daughters who will enrich our lineage in the many tomorrows to come.

"IDOL WYLD" home of Mr. and Mrs. Axel Carlson near St. Charles, Ill.

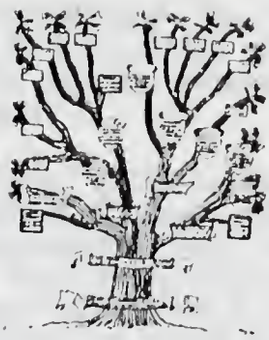
Who will hazard a guess:
rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief;
doctor, lawyer, Indian chief?

In the spirit of this occasion I drink a toast to future members wherever they are, "may they be as proud of their ancestry as I."

I am confident our descendants will represent this lineage honorably and carry it in noble pursuits to unchartered heights..... even into the Galaxy of the Heavens..... Yea, some may DWELL AMONG THE STARS.

August 25, 1962
St. Charles, Illinois

1915. The Frank Carlson family at their farm home, included in group is G. R. Carlson and wife, Christine. The elder father has now finished building the new barn and is about to return to Elgin.



FOREWORD TO MY LIFE

I am ERNEST AUGUST, third son of Carl Frank and Alfrida (Engman) Carlson, born December 23, 1904, at Westra Ryd, Blekinge Province, Sweden.

Grandson of Gustaf Reinhold and Elisa Christine (Carlson) Carlson
Grandson of Ingman and Berta (Bengtsdotter) Isaksson

Brother of Ingvar Reinhold Carlson
Brother of Axel Fritjof Carlson
Brother of Oscar Carlson (deceased)
Brother of Ruth Ingeborg (Carlson) Gottardi

Husband of Evelyn Mary Ella (Beyer) Carlson
Father of Richard Allan Carlson
Father of Lois Jeannine (Carlson) Morningstar

THIS RECORD, STARTED BY MY FATHER, IS THE MOST VALUABLE THING HE COULD POSSIBLY HAND DOWN TO HIS DESCENDANTS. I VALUE IT MORE THAN IF FATHER HAD LEFT ME A FORTUNE, AND MONEY CANNOT BUY IT. I REGARD IT AS A FAMILY TREASURE. I THOUGHT IF I DID NOT TRANSLATE THIS GRAND WORK IT WOULD BE LOST. IT IS BY FAR TOO VALUABLE TO BE LAID AWAY AND I PRAY WITH MY FATHER BEFORE ME ---- EXTEND, EXPAND AND TREASURE THIS RECORD, IF POSSIBLE, TO THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

Thus wrote our father, CARL FRANK CARLSON, in the foreword of his autobiography as he proceeded to translate from Swedish to English the previous work of his father, GUSTAF REINHOLD CARLSON.

I share with my brothers the belief that the continuous recording of our Genealogy has great promise. Currently our Genealogy clearly indicates it is charged with a principle similar to "gravitation" in that it assures accelerated worth through the ages. In cooperation with my brothers, I heartily enter into the spirit of this objective..... to aid in projecting it into the far beyond, where momentum will hold it in "orbit" for future generations.

From the aforementioned excerpt and after reading the autobiography of grandfather Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, the originator, it is evident that he had visions of many printed volumes, each succeeding one complimenting the one before. This book being volume number one lends inspiration to make this a "pilot-model" which we hope and pray will be a spur to volume number two. However, it is not our intention to set a standard for future procedures, it is presumed better ideas from descendants will prevail when the next volume is desired.

It is with humble devotion that I make my contribution by endeavoring to depict an image for descendants present and future, especially in the immediate branches of our daughter Lois and son Richard. The decision to print this first volume germinated from a set of circumstances. First, the old record book used by our father was coming apart in the binding; second, the writing was in long hand and not conducive of easy reading; third, we wanted an attractive book that would compliment its context. We hope to produce a book of "earthy" candor that will hold a place of prominence in the living room and when other conversation becomes dull, attention may be focused on "This Is Our Life." It is our desire to make this book a conversation piece treasured by all members of this heritage. Succeeding in this, perpetuity will be assured and this volume will never be found in a catchall attic or musty basement.

There was a fourth and more compelling factor instrumental in the ultimate decision to print a book; specifically, information coming from Sweden concerning our ancestry. This part of our story began in 1953 when Axel and his wife were touring Europe with a group of people from Sweden, Axel met a couple by the name of Nilson who lived in Malmo. On another trip to Sweden in 1956, Axel and Nadine visited the Nilsons in their home. While guests of the Nilsons they admired a painting hanging on the wall depicting Mrs. Nilson's lineage, it was in the form of a tree which included branches of royalty in the resplendent past.

This manifestation of interest by brother Axel, led Mrs. Nilson to subsequently send us brochures from an agency in Malmo which specialized in this type of work. It is called "Arkiv For Svensk Slaktferskning," by translation it would be "Documentary Swedish Genealogical Research."

While some thought had been given to the extension of our old record book heretofore, subsequent correspondence in 1960 with a Mr. Brenner of the above accredited agency caused us to put a new appraisal on our lineage. Mention is made on other pages of an enriched lineage in the form of ancestor-tables and a lineage story embodying details furnished by Mr. Brenner.

I wish to call your attention to the "Family Tree" reproduced herein. It was drawn by brother Axel and was sketched from a large oak tree which grows in front of his home "Idol Wyld" at St. Charles, Illinois. The low heavy section of the trunk near the ground depicts the start about one hundred years ago. This genealogical tree begins with the marriage in 1872 of GUSTAF REINHOLD and ELISA CHRISTINE CARLSON, our grandfather and grandmother. From that marriage we can trace branches and offspring to July, 1962. It will be noted some branches are stunted and lack growth while others show virility by the presence of leaves and shoots. Names on the acorns are of one generation, the rectangular identifications are a new generation, all cousins. This family tree contains most of the vital statistics we need to establish our relationship.

MY LIFE

In relating my life story, the events transpiring prior to June of 1917 coincide with those written by my brothers and father, and these are applicable to each of us to varying degrees. During those days there were few episodes in which I was not involved with Ingvar and Axel. I was the youngest, but it does not necessarily follow that I was less active in our many activities and escapades. Therefore, to be spared the act of repetition I must refer you in many instances to the accounts made by Ingvar and Axel for these years when we lived together on the farm before leaving Ludington.

Elsewhere in this book you will have learned of the marriage of my parents in 1900 at Geneva, Illinois, and of their honeymoon voyage that began as a five month visit to mother's parents on the farm in Sweden and culminated five years later in possession of the farm and the begetting of three sons. I was the youngest of them, my birth took place on December 23, 1904, with a midwife in attendance. In connection with her service when Ingvar was born, Dad wrote in the history..... he was extremely worried about mother's prolonged laboring and intimated to the midwife he thought it best to drive six miles to town and fetch a doctor..... the midwife interpreted the remark as a reflection upon her qualifications and threatened to leave. In relating this event to our cousin, Otto Olson, he said, "At that time midwives had always been relied upon to perform this function and were paid the standard fee of one half-crown or about fifteen cents." It would seem that after my father had had experience with medical charges in this country prior to 1900, he would have license to be skeptical of any service as low as the price of a couple cigars.

The farm where I was born, nested with a half dozen more in a settlement called Westra Ryd, the closest town was Brakne Hoby, six miles distant, which currently boasts of about 2000 population. At the Lutheran Church in this little city I was baptized, Ernest August, on January 27, 1905. In early 1905, Dad sold the farm and returned to the United States, Mother was to follow later in warmer weather. As a babe in arms I was brought by Mother to a new home prepared for us on Wing Street in Elgin, brother Axel was with me on this May crossing, Ingvar had gone with Dad some three months earlier.

My early life remained a "blank" until one day in 1907 when I had a rude awakening. I was cut on the head by an object thrown by a playmate, I was about age three and am told I bled profusely. Mother rushed me into the house to wash the dirt and blood from my hair and dress the wound. The confusion incidental to this event left a lasting impression with me. I think my problems and struggle for a "place in the sun" stems from this period and sets the stage for the actual curtain opening to my story. The locale is the State of Michigan.

We are living in the city of Ludington, Dad is employed at the Star Watch Case Company which moved here in 1906, my brothers have begun their schooling and Mother has her hands full in managing a pesky brood. To be practical, I will skip the next three years when I was little during which we lived in the city and commence with the purchase of our 35 acre farm on the outskirts of town in 1909. I recollect it as a very "homey" place with a picket fence in front covered with rambling vines of roses. In addition to the well constructed house, there was a barn and other farm buildings that badly needed paint, most were beyond repair. North of the house, several hundred fruit trees were in their prime. Half of our farm was in forest where many beech, oak and pine trees provided a haven for wild life, flowers and berries grew wild almost everywhere. In this poetic environment we lived 1909 - 1917.

My formal education began in 1910 by attending kindergarten in the country school about one-third mile away. Only grades through the fifth were taught, after that the pupils who wished to continue their education went to school in the city, some two miles by road and sidewalk. Via a path through the woods the distance was a half mile less, we preferred this short cut when our bicycles were broke down.

The country school was named Wing School and was only one room, the total attendance was about 20. Some of the older boys were as big as the lady teacher. The teacher usually made her own fires on cold mornings, but I recall when the weather was severe she paid one of the boys 25 cents a week to have the room warm on her arrival. Wood was plentiful and inexpensive in this timber country and was the only fuel used. The older boys were assigned to "fetching" the wood and to aid in stoking the fire, possibly these lads did not advance as per the time table due to these extra time consuming activities.

In going to school at Wing, I remember best the deep ditches filled with water in the spring months and how minnows found their way into them from the ditch's confluence with the Pere Marquette River a mile away. Along the road, we watched with keen interest the spawning of the jelly-like frog eggs until we barely missed being marked "tardy." Each day the tadpoles or polliwogs multiplied and grew until the water became almost black. This is where I received my first lessons in biology, seems the old one room school did have a "superiority" over city schools in some ways. This was the time when playing marbles was at its height and no day was long enough to satisfy our passion for play and fun.

Our parents were exponents of "spare the rod and spoil the child." I can now appreciate the concern every parent shares in the guidance of their offspring along the paths of right and wrong. In this moulding of character our parents' aims were lofty. Our associates were picked with care and attendance at Sunday School was of utmost importance, they attempted to shield us from evil and temptation wherever it may lurk.

Indelible upon my memory is one offensive weekly chore. After we moved to the farm, Dad sought all the barn manure he could find to aid in vitalizing the soil, in this pursuit he contacted many of the merchants in the city who maintained a delivery service. In consequence thereof, we boys hauled one or two loads of horse manure from town every Saturday throughout the years on the farm. I was too young to be of much help, but with few exceptions, I went with either Ingvar or Axel each Saturday to help raise the heavy hinged covers on the enclosed manure boxes. When the wagon or bobsled was getting full, it was my task to distribute and stack the stuff as high as possible especially if it had been a "heavy week."

It was on one of these hauling expeditions that Ingvar and I noticed a peddler's wagon standing in an adjacent barn, we recognized it as belonging to a man who came to our house many times to sell products such as coffee, spices and chocolate. We took a look in the merchant wagon, and, as anticipated, we saw the chocolate and took two or three bars. The following Saturday it was Axel's turn to haul fertilizer, he too wanted a couple bars. However, the owner was waiting and caught Axel in the act. Dad reimbursed the man and we feared the worst, but instead, Dad chose to lecture us. I am ashamed to mention it but you can be sure those well chosen words cured any larcenous tendencies that may have lurked in our young minds. I would judge that the money paid for the chocolate was one of Dad's best investments.

We committed other "tricks" that were not very commendable, such as when the hens would lay eggs in nests hidden in the barn or under the buggy seat, we kids would claim them as ours. Mother knew nothing about this but every week we would accumulate a couple dozen of these "stray" eggs which we claimed by right of discovery. When we hauled manure from town on Saturday, we sold them, netting perhaps 20 or 30 cents. We pooled our money until it would amount to several dollars, this financed the purchase of a catcher's mitt or mask, or maybe an extra ball and bat. During these first years on the farm it was rare to be given a nickel or two for "foolishness." However, in later years when our own farm work was under control, we were permitted to go over to our neighbor, the Olsons, to pick strawberries, some days we each earned 50 cents at the rate of a penny a quart.

The national pastime of baseball was our chief recreation as kids. We loved to play at it and in later years I think we were beginning to excel. If there was a spare moment in summer, we would be found throwing a ball, our addiction was a constant problem to Mother as we would not take time to eat properly. In school it was more of the same, we had an obsession for competitive sports. For playing we had energy unlimited, but for chores at home we tired very easily. One day while playing catch, an unfortunate incident occurred, Mother was struck in the face with a ball and a gold crown flew from her mouth into the grass, luckily the accident was not more serious. The crown was found a year later.

Most of the time we did not own a good ball such as one purchased from a store, usually we improvised our own by winding grocery string over a rubber ball in the center. The cover was often made of friction tape which would only survive a week of ordinary use. To make a cover which was more durable we began to use the soft leather from shoe tops; this was a decided improvement but with it developed a scarcity of acceptable material. To maintain a small stock of suitable leather we were obliged to scour the alleys in town and ask our friends to be on the alert for discarded shoes.

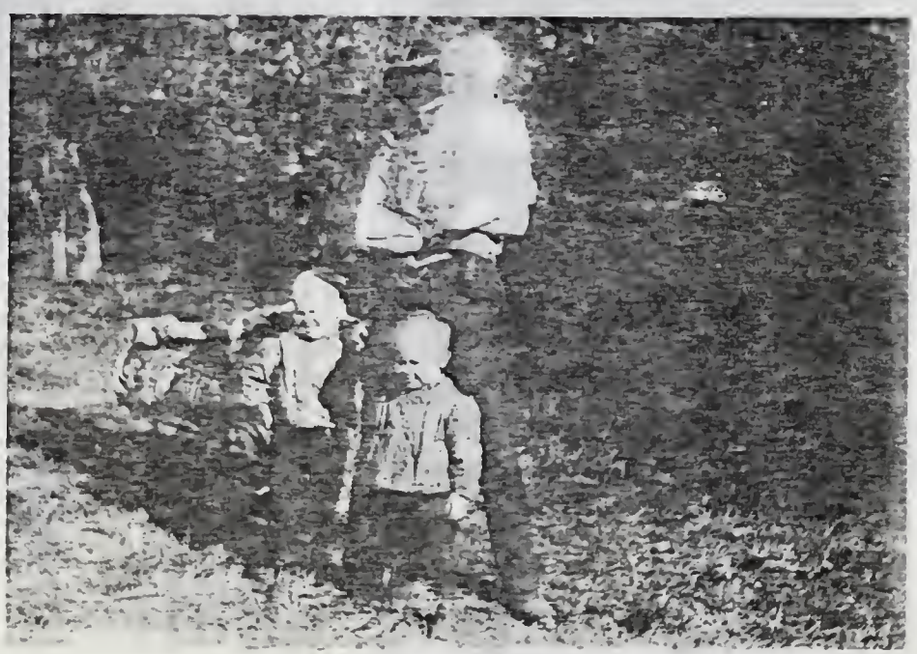
Football also claimed our attention although it was not a major sport in this small city. Nevertheless, the kicking of the pigskin for long yardage and the returning of punts was especially exhilarating. As with playing baseball, the lack of funds compelled us to improvise our equipment. Rubber bladders deteriorated posing a problem to keep the ball inflated; to remedy this we begged Dad and neighbors to save the bladders for us when butchering hogs. To blow up a pig organ by mouth does not sound very appetizing but to us kids it was the means to an end and the hygienical aspects were secondary.

We also built our own bobsleds, some long enough to hold a half dozen kids, this was a great winter sport along with ice skating. However, it remained for skiing to provide the most spills and thrills. We never owned any factory made skis, ours were barrel staves. Once Dad made a fine long pair from select wood and we boys aided him in steaming and turning up the ends. Dad, being a machinist, was very versatile, his knowledge of mechanics was reflected in all his work. It would seem that inasmuch as we were partners in all our ventures that most assuredly some of his talent and techniques were transferable and that we boys should have profited from our close observations.

Throughout the years on the farm and as far back as I can remember, Dad suffered from asthmatic attacks. In winter they were more acute, to forestall a coughing spell we would hitch up the horse to take him to the shop and pick him up at night. Dad consulted many doctors and specialists with little or no relief, nevertheless, he would participate with us in every type game we could conjure. Ours was a life of contesting, mostly in the form of bicycle racing, running, swimming and skating. At playing ball, father was not so adept, this required a sychronization that can only be acquired when young. While Dad worked in the factory, he received wages of 30 - 40 cents per hour, this rated him an upper bracket as contrasted to the average wage of 15 - 20 cents. Despite these good wages, Dad was frugal in everything, for instance, every year he waited until the January clearance sales to buy us kids our annual supply of clothes. We kids would each get a suit of clothes (knicker-bocker pants) and at least two pairs of high-top button shoes. For the household, he mail-ordered flour by the barrel and oatmeal by the 90 lb. sack, also other staples in large amounts.

Klar och varm dag. Ingen ting uträttat.
Fått brev från Alfrida. Hon lemnade
hem den 11, och bliste således nu vara på
oceanen ombord i Teutonic, och vi vänta
henne här nästa torsdag. Fått aflöning
för veckan med $17.75. MAY 20, 1905

Above: Excerpt from diary of G. R. Carlson dated May 20, 1905, to wit: Clear and warm day, nothing accomplished. Received letter from Alfrida, she left home on the 11th and evidently are now on the ocean on board the "Tuetonic," we expect them here next Thursday. Received compensation for work last week with payment of $17.75.
Below: Carlson reunion, on left G. R. Carlson, and grandchildren on right.



Above: Carlson boys and friends. On extreme right is lad who later in 1917 borrowed $5 from Ernest Carlson and proved the adage, this is the way friendship often ceases. The other boys are the Martin Olsons, former neighbors while living in Ludington.

Left: "After the work is o'er." Frank Carlson at leisure reading the Sunday paper after the bicycles are "fixed."

Left: After a dip in Lake Michigan. Boy second from left is Alvin Lidberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hjalmar Lidberg, a fellow employee of the Star Watch Case Company. Hjalmar, before marriage, shared the G. R. Carlson home in Elgin for six years. Alvin died two years after this picture was taken from appendectomy complications. He was survived by a brother, Walter, and a sister, Helen, in addition to his parents.

Above: Sunday sport on the farm
Below: "The Builders" after having cleared entrance to "club-house"

1915 Hauling fertilizer from barns in Ludington

1915 On Lake Michigan

1915 Winter scene at Carlson home

Cutover land in the process of being "cleared" on Rasmussen farm

Enjoying a sociable Sunday with a neighbor, the Will Rasmussens.

Standing in the Black Currant section of Carlson farm

Above: Carlson boys and their mother and father
Below: WONDERFUL NEIGHBORS. Bernt Johnson, a widower, on the right. The others are part of the Olson family shown here with their four youngest daughters, three older members not at home.

Because we kids were never sick, Dad attributed this to the big bowl of hot oatmeal we ate every morning for breakfast. I do not recall that we ever had hot cakes, fried eggs, bacon, toast or sweet rolls for breakfast on the farm. Possibly the oatmeal did rate high as a nutrient but Dad would never get us to admit it.

During these first summers on the farm there was a breed of itinerant peddlers who called quite often at our home with their covered wagons, among other articles, they carried bolts of dress goods including silks and satins. Mother usually bought percales and ginghams for herself and possibly some material for her sons' clothes.

Half of our farm was wooded and hilly, that was our pasture. In the warm weather the grazing was insufficient for our six cows and heifers so we would take them a short distance up the road and allow them to forage in the open forests. During these first years on the farm, two of us kids were usually assigned to watch the cows to make sure they did not roam too far. This job might be classified as "feather-bedding" by many readers, but I assure you it was monotonous and confining if not strenuous. One of the cows wore a big bell, but even this did not prevent them from getting lost. On one occasion the herd disappeared and we excitedly scoured the woods for about a half mile radius without sighting them, finally having to go home and report that we had lost the cows. A short while later, a neighbor living about a mile away phoned to report our cows were in his corn field. Admittedly, we had been careless and anticipated a threshing but this was not forthcoming. In compensating the farmer for the damage to his corn crop, Dad took all our savings of about three dollars and handed it to him. This was a terrific blow, that money constituted a whole summer of earning for Axel and I.

I assume it is customary for the normal boy to want to build a "clubhouse" in the woods where he and his friends can fraternize and dream plans of gigantic scope. We boys built such a "dream-house" in our woods, we located it at the foot of a steep hill where we skied and sledded in winter whenever there was an opportunity. We had a membership fee, secret passwords and correspondence in code. When our kid friends came out to the farm we kindled a fire in the stove, made burnt sugar candy, fried potatoes and boiled a few eggs. These were the formative years which seem to imply they serve a definite purpose---anyway, we coughed and tears ran down our cheeks, as the improvised stove belched smoke and our tongues blistered from the hot coffee. Nevertheless, these were the days to be cherished on our calendar of memories.

The picture reproduced herein, our father and we boys standing on a large pine stump, was taken at the top of the hill near our clubhouse, it was near this stump that most of our "formative" years took place. In this locale we caught the squirrels and chipmunks that spun in the wheel

on the side of their cage. Near here we picked Mayflowers, violets, jack-in-the-pulpit, and feasted on wintergreen berries, sassafras roots, sweet acorns, beechnuts, wild strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, choke-cherries and blueberries which abounded near this retreat.

The picture herein referred to was taken about 1915, 22 years later in 1937, we all went again to this site on the farm to take a similar photo, but to our disappointment, there was very little of the stump remaining. Time takes its toll of everything, all things return to the soil from which they originated.

In 1910, I remember Dad pointing out Halley's Comet in the sky to us boys, I understand it will reappear in 1985. It was about this time that I was introduced to Sunday School at the Swedish Lutheran Church in Ludington. The instruction and preaching was in Swedish and did not make for easy consumption. It took me many years to realize the value of knowing a foreign language to a conversant degree. To attend church in winter when the snow was too deep for walking, the horse would be harnessed to the sleigh for transportation. Mother and Dad did not attend church regularly, but did go when the opportunity arose. I now appreciate the effort it took to get us three boys to Sunday School and themselves ready for Church. The Church had a horse barn on the premises, when cold, we would unhitch our horse and put him in the barn and give him some hay to munch upon while waiting for the return trip. Mother put more pressure on us to learn our Sunday lessons than Dad, however, if that persuasion failed, then Dad's was added, and that achieved results.

On June 13, 1914, brother Oscar was born, Dad took us to see Oscar at the Stearns Hospital the next day, thus we saw him alive, he lived only three days. I remember vividly our private funeral. We drove to the cemetery in a horse-drawn hack (enclosed carriage), Ingvar, Axel, myself and Dad with the little white casket resting on his knees.

I was then ten years old, so if Oscar had lived he would have been ten years younger than I, what might his future have been. What can be said of an event like this, it must have a purpose, this much is for certain: life for us would not be the same because of his coming and going. The location of the grave at Ludington is not known as the records at the cemetery have been destroyed by fire.

Peace - and may God Bless

1915 - 1916 were normal years for me, years when slingshots, bows-arrows, air rifles, sleds, etc., were the main attractions. I was about eight years old when I learned to swim, and many were the times that we three brothers sneaked off to the old swimming hole when we were supposed to be hoeing the corn or weeding the long rows of carrots. On hot summer evenings Dad would also enjoy a dip, he was an unusually good swimmer, and could lie on the water and float for hours, so he never tired.

When I was about ten, I was introduced to the violin. Dad would go along with his three sons to take violin instruction from a Finlander friend in town, they had six children, all musically talented. I don't know how Dad found time to do so many things, operate a 35 acre farm with big orchard and livestock, keep four bicycles in running order, repair our shoes, cut our hair, and work 50 hours per week at the Case factory. He was a man of action and no dreamer, he seemed to concentrate most when he was at his writing desk after the supper hour, recording the happenings of the day. Dad took great pride in his record books, evidently he believed in the adage, "The faintest ink is better than a good memory."

In 1916, I was fascinated by wireless telegraphy to the extent that I installed an antenna in back of the barn on a pole about 30 feet high. I did not have money to buy apparatus, so tried to improvise my own. I read technical books at the Public Library to learn fundamentals. I was successful in receiving some signals and would have liked to continue with my experiments and made electronics my career. However, obstacles became too great after Mother passed away.

About this time I had a bad experience with firearms, someone gave me an old rifle and I made believe I was Buffalo Bill or Davy Crocket. I muzzle loaded the barrel by pouring in powder, wadded and rammed it down, then added BB shot and more wadding. I got careless and increased each succeeding charge until finally when the trigger was pulled there was a terrific report and fragments flew in all directions in the manner of a hand grenade, at my shoulder I held part of the gun stock. Fortunately I came out of this ordeal with only a blackened face, but much wiser with respect to explosives.

There were times during the first years on the farm when Dad would hire outside help, but as we grew older we finally did it all. One of my duties in winter was to keep fuel handy for the stoves. Wood was used in the kitchen and dining room stoves, and hard coal for the base-burner in the living room. Once while chopping wood I almost amputated my left thumb, on another occasion Axel mutilated a couple fingers in the gears of a cornstalk cutting machine; we were both fortunate that no bones were affected. Our phone was shared with a number of others on a party line and was made of wood with a hand crank on the side which had to be turned when starting to call someone. We had no electricity a windmill pumped water to the house and barn. We had gasoline and kerosene lamps and lanterns for lighting.

Our happy family life on the farm at Ludington was now struck a blow which separated us more or less for all time on earth. We were fated to be scattered into three states, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota. Mother died! The last time I saw her alive was at the parsonage of Pastor Benander of the Swedish Lutheran Church where we were members. I had instructions to take smoked ham, sausage, eggs, etc., to the minister's

house where mother was staying, waiting to enter the Stearns Hospital. The snow was so deep on the roads Dad feared to wait to take Mother to the hospital in an emergency in time for delivery.

Dad has covered the passing of Mother into the "Great Beyond" in minute detail, so there is nothing I can add. I was twelve years old, too young to understand the change things would take. There is much I want to say, but cannot think of anything fitting. Mother had done much for me, I had done so little in return. I am grateful, and may her reward be in Heaven.

- Peace and may God bless -

Other than our immediate family, Mother was survived by two sisters in Sweden (Westra Ryd), Ida (Olson) and Olivia (Peterson), they with their families lived near the old farmstead. In the United States Mother left three more sisters.....Albertina (Evans) of Batavia, Illinois; Ella (Anderson) of Granada, Minnesota; and Mathilda (Smithberg) of Elgin from whose home the final funeral rite was held. Mother had seven sisters in all, two had died previously.....Augusta (Swanson) of Elgin in 1915, and Anna (Swanson) of Chicago, died about 1901. We have cousins from all seven of these aunts who are living in Illinois and Minnesota. Some are within 40 miles of Elgin but we meet them only on rare occasions.

One cousin who has been a good friend through the years is Otto Olson. Otto was fifteen when he emigrated here in 1913, from him we have learned a great deal about our maternal heritage and about the little town of Brakne Hoby where he attended school. Otto was thirteen when our grandparents passed to their reward, he recounts their passing as follows: Grandmother (Berta) Isakson died on the family farm at Westra Ryd, May 23, 1911, at the age of 75. Grandfather (Engeman) Isakson declined food after the burial of his wife and apparently died of a broken heart on June 12th, three weeks after grandmother's passing, he was 76. Cousin Otto relates it was tradition at that time to make burials only on Fridays, and because the homes were crowded by the large families there was not always room to keep the corpse in the house. Otto tells it was common to "store" the corpse in out of the way places such as in the cellar or in the barn until burial day.

Otto continues his recollection of the funeral procession and burial held at the church in Brakne Hoby, six miles from the farm. As was customary, neighbors and friends along the way cut fresh pine branches and covered the road in front of their homes..... in token of the esteem in which the departed was held. Otto returned to visit his mother (Ida) in Sweden several times before she died in 1946.

I can readily understand that some farms with rocky soil could not provide but the scantiest of living without the practice of the utmost in frugality, monetary income from produce was negligible thus necessitating the growing of flax and wool to spin thread by the fireside during the long

winter evenings for weaving into cloth later on. To economize Otto tells about his mother walking 6 miles to church in sandals to spare the horses for work on the farm. At the church she changed footwear to her "Sunday best."

Otto has been an unusually hard worker and by his determination he has met with considerable recognition and success. But as is often the case . . . . in partaking of stimulants he gained an enemy . . . . John Barleycorn . . . . which almost destroyed him before reaching middle age. However, in later years he has seen the "light" and has again become financially independent. Otto has been a factor in my destiny, that is why I want you to know him.

On the farm we had a lovely home according to the rural standards of that day. Rumors were circulated in the area that we were "rich", this obviously was an illusion. It is true Dad spent every dollar he earned for improvements, but more than that, our parents loved the finer things in life and were willing to sacrifice and "slave" in their attainment. Our home was attractive to the many who passed by and we were rewarded by having a host of friends coming often to visit. Today it is too expensive to frequently have a houseful of hungry guests as was common at our home in the country. I believe Mother's outstanding virtue was "hospitality," which implies having a heart of gold. Dad was not a farmer and I doubt that he intended to make it a career, I had heard him say he did not wish to raise his sons in the city and I concur in his philosophy but it also remains: today, everyone cannot afford the luxury of rural living.

Our little farm was the essence of high productivity and efficiency. We had planted hundreds of the best varieties of berry bushes and fruit trees which were beginning to bear heavily as we sold out. The premises were devoid of weeds through continuous eradication and all buildings had the luster of fresh paint. The scene in summer of the cows coming down the lane from the wooded pasture at milking time.... and in winter, the sound of sleigh bells as Dad was brought home from work are among the cherished memories I wish to share with my readers. That was the scene we left behind for better or for worse. Details of the farm sale are expressed by others herein.

After the farm was sold, Dad, baby Ruth and I, went to live with Grandfather and Grandmother Carlson at 470 Ryerson Avenue, Elgin, Ill. I continued taking violin lessons and was in the 7th grade at Lowrie public school. At this time World War I was being waged. At school pupils sang patriotic songs and knit for 30 minutes each day. The knitted articles were sent to "Service Men."

After leaving Ludington I became lonesome for its environment and in consequence I corresponded with a friend there. In his last letter he asked me to loan him five dollars promising to repay it after harvesting

the potato crop. I scraped together the five dollars, earned mostly by cutting lawns for 25 cents each. I then sent the money to him, but never heard from him again!

1918. I graduated from grade school and entered high school where I tried to get by with a minimum of effort, in consequence I did not get a passing grade in algebra, leading to a decision not to return to school. Through Dad's influence I began working at Nelson Brothers grocery store; driving a delivery truck was my chief duty, it paid me $14 per week. Dad wanted me to continue my education and offered to help me through college if I would show good grades. At that time I could not see the value of a college education, but I can appreciate the financial sacrifice Dad was willing to make.

At the store I became acquainted with Austin Hansen, another employee, who ultimately became a lifelong friend; we had many good times together at camping, canoeing and swimming. We started a five piece dance band and held many rehearsals but had only a few paying engagements, which netted about two dollars per player for four hours work. However, we were in the business mostly for our own entertainment and did not think of our activity as work. At the store we had a hilarious time playing jokes, each trying to outdo the other.

1919. On November 12, after a brief illness, Grandfather Gustaf R. Carlson passed to that place "Not made by Hands, Eternal in the Heavens." I knew him as being highly respected by friends and employers. It was his nature to be sincere and a hard worker.

Grandfather liked waffles, he would make them himself on the gas plate in the basement, the operation made too much smoke on the kitchen range. His leisure time was spent at his writing desk, I did not see him do much reading, but he loved to write.

Grandfather was a man of action, he seemed to get things done easily without friction. He had no formal education and very little private tutoring, which leads one to believe that he was a gifted writer. He did not deliberate, writing seemed to flow from his pen like water out of a faucet. Several years after Grandfather passed on, a representative from a Chicago publishing house came to our home and Dad gave the man Grandfather's manuscripts, which were written in Swedish. As such they had little value to descendants unless translated, and then much of the grace and beauty of expression would be lost in the process.

Grandfather Gustaf R. Carlson symbolically planted the seedling for the "Family History Tree," its growth will depend on the descendants; will they realize the value of knowing who their ancestors were; we are not all made alike, some will have appreciation, and many will not; however, it will not take much effort to keep the tree alive. I feel that a descendant can use this "History" as a mirror to help him to better under-

stand himself, for our ancestors were the instruments of our Creator who moulded us into human form.

- Peace and may God Bless -

1920. One time when I delivered groceries to a house where my cousin, Otto Olson, was living, he asked me if I would be interested in working for his firm as a timekeeper. Otto was general foreman for a construction company called the Illinois Hydraulic. I made application and was accepted, my duties consisted of keeping accounts of man hours, materials, demurrage charges, and the making of purchases in the local stores. I contacted machine and blacksmith shops for machinery repairs, and helped the surveyor with rod and chain. My starting salary was eighteen dollars per week, manual labor was paid 54 cents per hour. While working for this company it was my privilege to have had a part in paving the first miles of concrete highways in the state of Illinois.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

John Boyle O'Reilly

1921. To this time I had only a casual interest in the fairer sex, limited to conversing with schoolmates or girl friends of stepsister Dorothy. However, in June of this year I felt a transformation that must have simulated the emergence of a matured butterfly from imprisonment in its cocoon. Heretofore, while not being totally unmindful of the appeal of feminine creatures, I was shy, bashful and evasive where they were concerned; no doubt this was a shield provided by nature for deflecting the arrows of Dan Cupid. Notwithstanding, in an unguarded moment I had shed my armor and was made vulnerable. Sounds of songbirds caroling numbed the senses and the scent of blooms saturated each inward breath to a point of intoxication. It was the month of June when all living things demand recognition in this terrestrial scheme, nature was grand and I tred upon air. To borrow a line from Longfellow: "There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of Love, the first fluttering of its wings."

The occasion for this "awakening" came about on a road paving project in a nearby town where cousin Otto was general foreman. One

afternoon Otto's wife paid us a visit, she was accompanied by an attractive miss of sweet sixteen by the name of Rosalind, she is the principal in this condensed story. To quote from Patmore: "The moods of Love are like the wind, and none knows whence or why they rise." That this first affliction was charged with overtures of harp music, was clearly evident; in the weeks that followed we often went swimming and canoeing, and if funds permitted I brought her bon bons neatly boxed and ribboned. In her home Rosalind would play the piano and I the violin; it was plain to see, we were more than just good friends.

Our courtship flourished in wholesome fashion for several months oblivious to me of any discordant note, but how was a lad of 17 to know whether this courtship was based on love, enchantment or infatuation. Stability of emotion born of experience was mine yet to acquire. Some bards say it is useless for a man to try to understand the peculiarities of the female constitution, to this I had a rude initiation. I came face to face with reality on what proved to be my last date with Rosalind. It happened on a Sunday afternoon..... when I arrived at her home at the appointed time, no one was there. After waiting for what seemed like more than an hour, I drew many conclusions. I became heavy at heart and felt the aircastles crumble around me where I sat, finally as the shadows lengthened, I trudged homeward still unable to fathom how fate could be so cruel, suspicion clouded rational thinking. In the days to follow I was torn with bewilderment and pride, perhaps Rosalind had a fitting explanation and there had been no rift or rival..... perhaps it was I who should have been more tolerant and reconciliatory. However, I was confronted with an enigma too subtle and delicate for one at that age to assimilate. My dreams shattered, I chose solace in my pride, thoughts of Rosalind in time and space faded like day into night as fate decreed we should not meet again.

The story of my first love is in essence the same as that told everywhere since the creation of man. The finding of the "right" mate is one of life's mysteries, usually it is uncomplicated and resolute as though directed by the Master's hand. I have mentioned my first experience in this sacred pursuit to reveal that I have not been immune to human frailities, that error of judgment and "blindness" are ever present when the forces for creation are loosed as boy meets girl and the heart pounds for expression. The Rosalind romance is long past, but in reflection I appraise it as an asset. I met my beloved shortly thereafter and in this instance I am a firm believer of the adage that "most things happen to us for the best."

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

When Axel went to Canada from Minnesota in the spring of 1921, he shipped home to me his Harley-Davidson motorcycle, it was a very old model without a gearshift. To get moving from a standing start it was necessary to slip the discs in the friction clutch. Axel had come into possession of the machine a year earlier by paying Ingvar fifty dollars for it, Ingvar used the money as a down payment on his first car. It is more than a little difficult to describe the reactions at Grandmother's home when the machine was delivered. I, of course, was elated, Dad was on the "fence," but with Grandmother there was no doubt. Grandmother became furious at the sight of it and in uncomplimentary Swedish, she condemned the machine to a fate of "fire and brimstone." With some influence from Dad I was allowed to keep this "wretched and vile" thing on the premises. Later when the weather became bad I did not meet with much opposition when I wanted to keep it in the basement. There Dad and I overhauled it and put it into "tune." Dad was yet very much of a kid at heart, he helped me to make adjustments on it and he often rode the hard tandem seat in a breezy spin on the rough roads of that era.

I was 16 years old and it seemed to me Grandmother was unreasonable in her attitude toward the motorcycle. Now I can sympathize with her emotions, at her advanced age, this extra commotion and "put-put" disturbed the normal serenity to which she was accustomed. I can see her side of the picture when it is too late.

The summer of 1921 I worked with the concrete gang on the road being paved between Geneva and Aurora, coustin Otto Olson was foreman in charge. Once at quitting time, Otto wanted to get home early and I volunteered to get him there sooner on my motorcycle. Some stretches of the main road to Elgin were not paved and were bumpy with ruts. In the rough places Otto was thrown off and our speed was impeded to the extent that all others riding in the company trucks reached home before us. Otto still reminds me of this "sore" experience.

Axel came home from Canada, and Ingvar from Minnesota, for Christmas of 1921. After the holidays, Ingvar went back but Axel remained in Elgin. The first job Axel had was the annual harvesting of ice on the Fox River for the Consumer Coal and Ice Company. These were the days when it was customary for the housewife to wait for a horse drawn wagon to come down the street so as to purchase a chunk of ice for a nickel or dime. Usually folks placed an ice card in the front window, it had 25-50-75-100 on the four sides and it was only necessary to place the proper side up to have the ice-man stop and place the desired size in your refrigerator. I could add that the pan underneath the box would run over at times and flood the floor, especially on a warm day when the ice melted faster. It was customary to place newspapers over the ice in the chest to retard the melting.

The big red "ice houses" were situated at the edge of rivers and lakes wherever there was a community, some are still in evidence, they

were huge loft type buildings with double walls filled between with sawdust for insulation. At harvest time a conveyor elevated the cakes of ice from the water's edge up into the building, the entire assemblage was raised about six feet at intervals as the filling progressed. Axel worked on this job from the start and when more men were wanted, he asked that I be placed on the payroll. We received 30 cents per hour for working inside, those on the ice outside were paid 25 cents, most of the latter were engaged in keeping the cakes moving in a channel ending at the conveyor. The ice was harvested in the deepest water where the "purest" grade was found, there a blind-folded horse was led near the edge of the open water hitched to an ice plow that scored the ice about 4 inches deep to facilitate breaking off with chisel-bars.

In the ice house there were several compartments, Axel and I worked alone in one, it was our job to hook a 400 pound cake as it was shunted down our shute and spin it in the direction necessary for tight compact storage. The objective was to keep the various sized cakes from stopping before they had been placed exactly where each one fit best with a minimum of wasted space. Axel was bigger than I, so he hooked and turned the heavy cakes in the desired direction, it was my job to keep the cake moving and give it the final guidance with a pike pole. This was hard work which called for good dimensional judgment, strength and agility.

After ten days the building was two thirds full. In the interim considerable time had been deducted from our pay for inactivity due to breakdowns in the conveyor, this caused dissension and led to appointment of a grievance committee. Axel was chosen to represent the inside boys while a fellow who I remember as Joe, was delegated for the outside gang, about 50 men were involved. One day we were eating our lunch around an open fire on the ice, Axel and Joe announced their strategy . . . . We would all go to work at 12:30 as usual but when the one o'clock factory whistles sounded we would drop everything and report at the Consumers office. Our action came as a surprise to the manager, however, to keep the work progressing, he offered an immediate 5 cent raise, this our bargaining committee refused and laid down a minimum demand of 20 cents. The manager claimed 15 cents was all he could offer without advice from his superiors, this was acceptable to the men but many did not go back. Joe, Axel and myself among others, went to work the next day at 50 cents per hour for the old Eagle Brewery located across the river, opposite from the Consumers Company. There we had a longer job at harvesting, working about three weeks in all. This was my first participation in "labor-management" differences, and in my estimation, we had a legitimate cause.

During the latter part of 1921, I enrolled at the Metropolitan Business College in Elgin and signed up for a General Course. To earn spending money I had a part time job with the local S. S. Kresge store, my duties were to assist the stockman unpack merchandise and fill counters.

1922. After nine months of instruction at the Business College, I secured a position as clerk at the First National Bank of Elgin. The starting salary was sixty dollars per month which I found not quite adequate. Several of the clerks including myself had numerous overdrafts on our checking accounts, the salary not holding out from one payday to the next. At times we were reprimanded by the cashier and admonished that the bank examiners may come any time and that we should always have our personal accounts in the black.

One warm balmy Sunday afternoon in June my friend, Austin Hansen, and I went for a ride in his canoe on the Fox River north of the Kimball bridge, soon we saw three girls of our age standing at the bridge railing and we paddled over and engaged them in conversation, asking them if they would like to join us for a canoe ride, evidently they did not trust us as they declined the invitation. However, I did get the name and address of one that attracted me the most, her name was Evelyn Beyer. Later I called her on the phone and made a date to go to a movie, in the meantime I learned she had investigated my character by questioning a girl friend who knew me. I called at her home one night that same week and we went to the movie for our first date, and that is how our courtship began.

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold
And for your spirits still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

Sara Teasdale

Evelyn is of German descent and stands about three inches shorter than my five foot eight inches. She is well proportioned and has a hair color that is difficult to describe, it could be auburn, light chestnut or reddish brown, her eyes are hazel or bluish-green. I am blonde as was my father, mother was a brunette. Evelyn is the youngest of three daughters, she also has three brothers. Evelyn's parents were both brunette. Her father, Julius Carl Beyer, was killed in a railroad accident while making repairs on a string of freight cars; Evelyn was then only fourteen years old. Julius Carl Beyer was born in Germany November 6, 1878. He was injured on May 23, and passed into the Great Beyond one week later, June 1, 1918, to that place, "Not Made by Hands, Eternal in the Heavens."

- Peace and may God Bless -

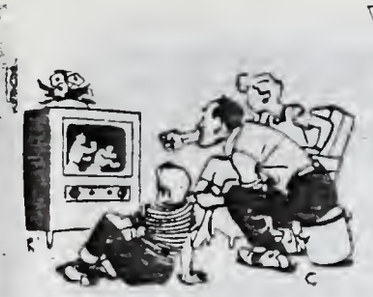
Evelyn and I soon began seeing each other two or three times a week and it became a steady routine. At the end of the month, checking accounts had to be balanced at the bank and this meant overtime work for me. I had a passkey for the front door and on a date night Evelyn would spend the evening with me in the bank. The dates with Evelyn that summer were mostly at private parties to stretch my meager salary.

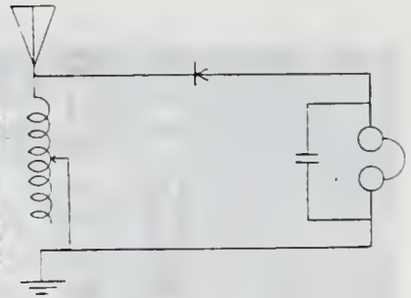
Brother Ingvar at times loaned me the use of his Ford roadster for a date, one night Ingvar came dashing into Evelyn's house and asked us if we had borrowed his car, we told him no, the car had been stolen. This was a big loss to all of us, he carried no insurance and the car was not recovered.

In September, 1922, I enrolled for a night school course in banking at the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Banking. This instruction was short lived when late in 1922 I met a friend at the Y.M.C.A. who induced me to change my job, he sold me on the idea that there was a better future in Chicago at Western Electric Co., a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. I got a job as clerk in the Cable Layout Engineering Department. I planned to go to night school and learn drafting to qualify for work on the drafting board in laying out cables for telephone exchange equipment. For months I handled hundreds of prints and tracings, but I could not see anything of interest for me in this kind of work.

1923. While riding the interurban three-rail electric commuter train between Elgin and Cicero, I met several boys my age who were attending the Western Electric Mechanical Training School. I asked questions about this school and thought it looked like a good proposition, I reasoned that Dad as a Tool and Die Maker had made good wages and enjoyed an above the average living. Thus influenced, I decided to take the entrance examination, and passed with a slight difficulty in mathematics. There was a waiting list of students, so I was required to enter the school in September. The apprentice rate of pay was 27 cents per hour, to build up a reserve fund before starting my apprenticeship, I quit the clerk job and got

The arrival of the electronic age. Radio in its infancy; receivers shown are typical of those built by Carlsons at a time when some parts had to be improvised and the tuning coil was wound by hand.



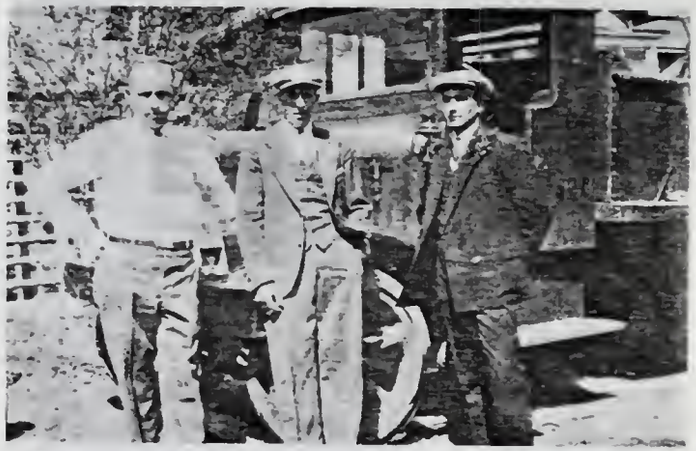


Wiring diagram for crystal set

The crystal set used no vacuum tubes or battery, a faint squeal heard upon movement of the cat's whisker on the crystal signaled that contact had been made with a broadcast. Possessing great patience the offensive noises could be "cleared" and the program enjoyed for a short time. When necessary for two people to listen the individual ear phones were removed from the head set.

Deluxe crystal set of 1922 vintage, courtesy Valley Radio and TV Service. Crystal detector with "cat whisker" is in center of set.

Picture above was given to Axel Carlson in 1953 when visiting the Bertil Peterson family at Westra Ryd, Sweden. This family still resides in the same locale where the Ingeman Isakssons owned their farm and raised a family of 8 daughters to womanhood. Bertil is second from right, the others are unknown. Bertil is the son of OLIVIA and Bror Peterson (the miller), and is a cousin of the Carlson boys, their mothers were sisters.



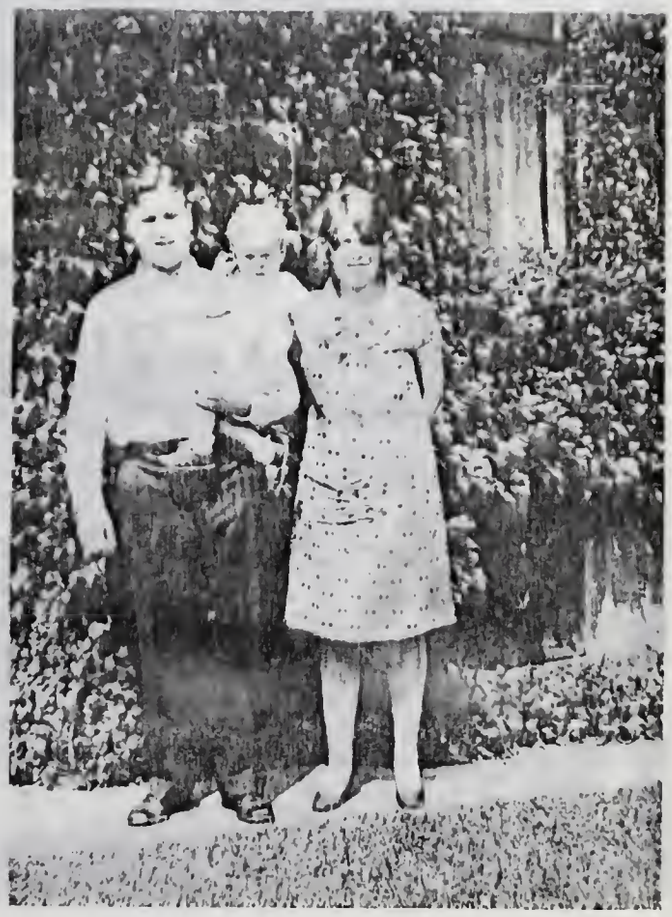
Right top: Elgin 1928 Otto Olson on left and Oscar Peterson in center. Both are cousins to each other and to the Carlson boys. Otto was the son of IDA and Olof Jonsson, Oscar is a brother of Bertil mentioned above. The man on the right is a friend of Oscar, both are from Chicago. Oscar still lives in the big city in 1963, but is seldom seen by cousins in Elgin.

Right center: Picture adds Otto's little son, Bobby, and Otto's half-brother, Benny Bondeson. IDA, their mother, married a second time after her first husband, Olof Jonsson, accidently fell into the farm well in the summer of 1902 and was killed instantly from a broken neck; Otto was then 5 years old. Otto emigrated from Sweden in 1913, the others are recent arrivals.

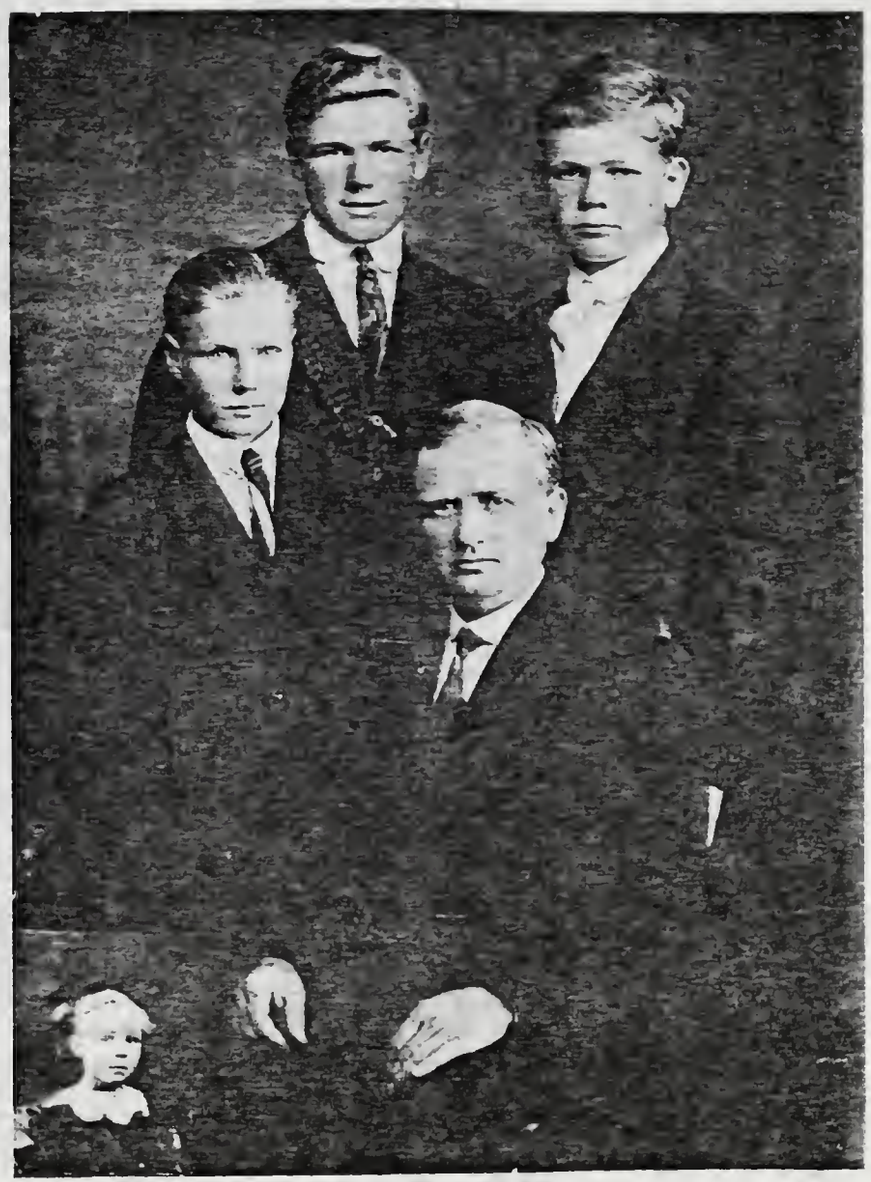
Right bottom: 1921, street paving by the Illinois Hydraulic Construction Company of which phase Otto Olson was general foreman. Ernest Carlson worked for his cousin, Otto, during this era of the first concrete highway construction.

In the picture at the top, Otto had left the employment of the road paving firm and was here conducting his own Excavating and Cement Contracting business. The truck behind the men had hard rubber tires and was the largest in this area in 1928.

Above 1933: The Carlsons with Doris, Richard and sister, Lois, in wagon.
Below: Ernest and Evelyn, child is Richard, born February 15, 1928.



"TIME MARCHES ON" The stump used in the picture of 1915 is all but gone as the Carlsons return to their old farm in 1937.



The bereaved Carlson family. Axel (on right) had recently been confirmed, inset is Ruth, born April 11, 1917.

a job for the summer working with cousin Otto, he was still general foreman for the road construction firm. Otto taught me the "Cement Finishing" trade for street work, I thereafter earned 90 cents per hour. I soon purchased a 1917 Ford Touring car and had more money than ever before to finance my zest for living. I became carefree, there was no opposition in sight. At 18 life was at its maximum height, but in a few months things were to change; I would then be under the critical eyes of the instructors at school, and my wage would start at the bottom of the scale.

1923 was the beginning of the electronic age, the year radio reception was introduced to the average home. Ingvar, Axel and I were employed at Western Electric Company, Chicago. Axel was working on switchboard installations in telephone exchanges and I was associated with cable-layout engineers in the plant office, Ingvar was in the manufacturing end. Everywhere the main topic of conversation was the radio reception of the night before. By an exchange of performance data, some of the boys claimed to build sets that would "pull in" 50 stations in one evening. Many including myself kept a logbook and I recall we stayed up until the wee small hours of the morning to pull-in the west coast stations, as then there was less "squealing" and static.

Our first receiver was a Crystal Set for which we made our own tuning coil by winding wire around a cylindrical oatmeal box, as the name implies there was a small piece of silicon crystal clamped into a holder which came into contact with a fine wire called a "cat-whisker." Reception was poor as we alternately listened intently with the one set of earphones. Invariably, as the station was announcing its identity, its signals became inaudible and it was impossible to discern the city of origin, this was aggravating after listening intently for possibly a half hour.

Obviously the crystal set was responsible for future break-throughs and improvements in the field of entertainment and education. After we built our crystal set it was only a short time before parts were available in radio supply stores in Chicago. We built our first five tube superhetrodyne from a schematic design proven "superior" by one of the boys at the plant. Tubes were scarce and very expensive, causing a bootleg market. Ordinary vacuum tubes costing 8 to 10 dollars each was common. Our five tube set cost more than 100 dollars with wet "A" and drycell "B" batteries. We purchased from the Western Electric a loud speaker (large horn standing 30 inches high) of their make, we paid 15 dollars which was half the retail price. Now we had power to use either headphones or the speaker, at night we used the former as we laid it on the pillow between us. We also supplied Dad and Sigrid in the bedroom downstairs with "slumber" music by dropping wires out the window for a connection. Friends came frequently to listen to our first sets, for a long time it was beyond their capacity to comprehend how it was possible to extract music from the air.

This wonderful age of electronics accelerated rapidly, in a year's time radio receivers were being manufactured in a wide range of models and cabinets. We purchased a factory built console model with built-in speaker in 1926 for 175 dollars. I have elaborated on this phase of my life as few people today realize the "trial and error" incidental to the far superior receivers of today that are advertised at 8 to 10 dollars, the price we paid for a tube in the pioneering of this great medium.

With the advent of radio came "talkies" or sound on film, and subsequent advances in phonographs with high-fidelity sound. Yes, we have come a long way since the days of the "cat-whisker," home made tuning coils and earphones. I do not mean to infer that we contributed anything to the advancement of this media, merely that this was a gratifying experience. The hours spent at drilling the front panel, mounting all knobs and parts, soldering wires to condensers, resistors, coils and tubes were only exceeded by the time spent in the study of circuits and the search for "bugs" that caused so much noise.

1923. In September I enrolled in the Western Electric Mechanical Training School to learn the tool and die making trade. 2400 Hours were required for each annual credit, and a total of 9600 hours to graduate. Starting salary to be 27¢ per hour with automatic 5 cent raises every six months, ending with 67¢ per hour on completion. Journeymen with experience were receiving from 75¢ to $1.00 per hour.

For awhile I sold candy bars in school to supplement my income, but I gave it up as it was not worth the risk, it was in violation of company rules.

The ticket book for commuting cost $10 per month and my starting income was only $13.50 per week, which made it difficult to make ends meet. After getting off the commuter train in Cicero, city transportation was not convenient and I walked 2-1/2 miles to the school.

The streetcars when available were so crowded that riders would hang on the outside. We rode the surface lines at times, and when we did, the conductor often could not reach us in time to collect the fare.

1924. This was the era of prohibition and gangsters, the city of Cicero was adversely publicised nationally by notorious gangsters such as Al Capone. Every type of gambling devise flourished, during the lunch hour it was a favorite pastime to watch the several contraptions of chance and their patrons. It was well I did not have extra money to spend, consequently I never lost a cent.

An older member of our group from Elgin liked a drink of liquor after work on the way to the commuter station so we frequently stopped at a "speak-easy," there the bartender put a bottle on the bar that contained several chunks of charcoal which was intended to soak up the fusil oil and make the liquor fit for human consumption.

The Western Electric Company maintained several schools for training all phases of telephone communication, students were in attendance from all over the world. We had one hour a day of classroom instruction, the remainder of the day was spent in the machine shop.

My classroom instructor was named Lindsay, a man whom I believe had a great influence in shaping my outlook on life. His uncle had gained national recognition as a juvenile court judge, but the nephew majored as a mechanical engineer. It was by association with Lindsay that I was introduced to psychology and philosophy although these subjects were not included in the curriculum. However, these subjects have been of more interest to me in later life than mechanics.

In the spring of 1924, Evelyn and I decided to get married, our age was 19-1/2 years. The date was set for Decoration Day, May 30. Evelyn was a member of Saint Paul's Evangelical Church in Elgin, and so were married by the Rev. Theodor Bierbaum, pastor of that church, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knaack acted as witnesses. The ceremony was performed at the parsonage. The Knaack's were very close friends and over the years we had many good times together. We arranged temporarily to live with Evelyn's mother, now I had 1-3/4 miles to the station and had to rise 4 a.m. in summer to catch the train as Chicago was on daylight saving time.

We lived with Evelyn's mother and stepfather for several months. Evelyn worked for the Elgin National Watch Company earning $25.00 per week. Her stepfather, William Montgomery, was a member of the Elgin Police force.

In the next year and a half we moved our place of residence four times. In 1925 we lived in an apartment over a bakery shop that was overrun with cockroaches.

I have been troubled with hayfever since I was 9 years old, so this year we planned a trip to Petoskey, Michigan, to seek relief. Our trip circled Lake Michigan. We took a revolver along for protection as we had heard the upper Michigan peninsula was quite wild, one night a bear did come into our camp, but it did not molest us.

Our 1917 Ford Coupe had brackets on the doors to hold them partly open to catch the air and induce ventilation to keep one comfortable when the weather was warm. The car was packed with provisions when we started and by sleeping in a tent there was not much to buy other than gasoline and a few perishables. We started our trip with $35.00 and had $5.00 remaining when we arrived back home.

For several months in 1926 we lived with Evelyn's sister, Lucy, whom we paid $10.00 a week for room and board. Lucy and Ernest, her husband, were in financial difficulties, they had been swindled by a real

estate operator and mortgage lender, payments they had made on their home over a period of years had not been properly credited. From Lucy and Ernest Hedblade's home I had about 2 miles to the railroad station. Walking was treacherous in the dark of early hours, some places did not have sidewalks and I often stumbled in my hurry to catch the train.

In conversing with my friend, Walter Knaack, he mentioned he could get me a job at the Elgin Tool Works where he worked, the prospect of working near home had great appeal so I quit the trade school and went to work in Elgin at the rate of 60¢ per hour. The main product of the Elgin Tool Company was small metal turning lathes.

In October we bought our first house located next door to the old homestead at 470 Ryerson, our address was 464 Ryerson. Dad negotiated this deal for us. I had $1500.00 saved through systematic budgeting. Dad had arranged for me to buy shares in a Loan and Home Association where I made monthly payments. The $1500.00 was then invested in common shares of Cities Service Company.

Things now almost got out of control financially. To make the payments on my home, I quit my job at the Tool Works, and began working at a better wage in the machine room of the Elgin National Watch Company. This improvement was canceled when Evelyn was stricken with appendicitis.

November 20, 1926, brother Ingvar married Helen Maday, whom he met in Chicago where they both worked, it was arranged for them to rent our second floor and thereby supplement our income.

Hard times began to affect the shop and layoffs were frequent, as a new employee I worked hard to hold on to my job to postpone the inevitable. Brother Ingvar and wife Helen lived upstairs only a short time, possibly 2 months.

December 3, 1926, Grandmother Carlson passed on to that place "NOT MADE BY HANDS ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS," Dad has covered his mother's passing in detail in his life story. I am grateful for what she did for me, I was too young to realize the sacrifice she made to take into her home a noisy youngster such as me, at the time in her life when quiet and peace are paramount to the enjoyment of her twilight years.

Grandmother Christine Carlson was very energetic and industrious. Her thoughts centered on the welfare of others, she specialized as a midwife in which profession she was very proficient. She brought many babies into the world without the aid of a Medical Doctor. She assisted the doctor in bringing my lifelong friend, Paul Nyberg, into the world. When I was a youngster I thought she was too strict with me, I sought more freedom and liberty, now I can understand how good her intentions were.

"Peace and may God Bless"

June 9, 1927, I suddenly became gravely ill. In the evening Evelyn and I had attended the County Fair and had eaten barbecue sandwiches. From persistent pain in the abdomen, we thought we had contracted ptomaine poisoning as we were both nauseated. I had the worst attack, the pain in my abdomen became so severe during the night that Evelyn called a doctor, he arrived about six in the morning and immediately gave me a hypodermic injection and called an ambulance. At the hospital I was operated on for a ruptured appendix, my life hung in the balance for 3 days. I was in the hospital for 3 weeks, while there I learned that Evelyn was pregnant, obviously the cause of her vomiting and distress.

February 15, 1928, our first born, Richard Allan, came into the world at Sherman Hospital in Elgin. He weighed 7 pounds and had blond hair. I was present in the delivery room when he came. Evelyn did not have any serious trouble. I was now one of those proud fathers. What will be his destiny, his fate? What would be written in his book of life on earth?

"There is a Divinity that shapes our
ends, rough hew them how we will."

Shakespeare

When we bought our house we had shares in Cities Service Company, these shares I used as collateral for a loan at the bank. If I had sold the shares on the market we would have netted $3,000 and the house would have been half paid for. It was hard to sell on a rising market, I became greedy, borrowed $300 additional on this collateral and bought more Cities Service shares. The stock market crash began in October, 1929, and in about a year we were practically wiped out. This was a costly experience, the lesson it taught me was..... never to over extend, that an investor must have the resources to hold and weather the storm. If one has surplus money to invest..... pay in full and do not buy on margin and keep a reserve fund in case of emergency, thereby preventing under adverse conditions the forced sale of securities resulting in loss.

When son Richard was 18 months old he became troubled by a strangulated hernia. At first the doctor advised the wearing of a truss which he wore for a short period with no apparent improvement. In the meantime, a friend suggested the practice of Christian Science and we decided it merited a trial. Richard was healed in a short time. I can not be certain what brought the healing, but no one can deny that Divine assistance played a leading role.

In 1930 the economic condition of the country worsened. To broaden my knowledge I thought I must make better use of my spare time, so I enrolled in an I. C. S. Correspondence Course in Mechanical Engineering, jobs were scarce and work keenly competitive.

During this summer there was a building project under way at the State Hospital three blocks from our home. Some tradesmen from out of town came here to work. We took in a young carpenter about our age, his name was George Cruickshank, he stayed for more than a year. The compensation for room and board helped our financial condition. George was a likeable person and we had lots of fun, in fact our friendship has remained steadfast throughout the years.

January 22, 1931, a daughter was born to us, weight 7 pounds - 11 ounces, her name is Lois Jeannine, born at Sherman Hospital, Elgin. Lois has blond hair and blue eyes.....what will be her destiny, her fate .....what would be written in her book of life.

While at the hospital both Evelyn and baby Lois contracted an infection, Lois suffered from boils on her scalp and one breast had to be lanced. Evelyn also had to have a breast lanced and kept open with gauze so that the pus would drain out. Lois's trouble cleared up in a few weeks, but it was months before Evelyn's infection disappeared.

In 1931 the economy of this nation and the whole world was deteriorating. At the shop the work week was reduced to 3 days or 24 hours, my hourly rate was 90¢ so I had $21.60 income per week.

During these lean years while accumulating furnishings for our home, we also had large doctor and hospital bills to pay. We owned a 1922 Chevrolet but used it sparingly.

Then came the inevitable, early in 1932 I was layed off from the Watch Factory. There had been about 45 men in my group working on what was called "The Fine Tool Job," now there were only 8 left. I was among the last to be layed off. Throughout my employment here I had contributed regularly to the employees pension fund, this accumulation and my last pay check amounted to $150.

In my leisure time I made a barber chair from a bucket seat out of a Ford car, an auto jack was installed to raise and lower the customer. Patrons were plentiful, my charge was 25 cents but two out of three were gratis or for some form of barter.

In the winter I started an ash collection route using a borrowed Ford pick-up truck from brothers Ingvar and Axel. Those days everyone used coal for fuel and there was no city collection. This venture netted me $4.00 a week. Later on I was lucky to get one month of work at St. Charles, and 2 months at Crystal Lake, the jobs were tool and die work. I was too young to compete with older men who had more than twice my experience, but I managed to hold on as long as the work lasted. I lost 10 pounds in weight while working at Crystal Lake.

The economic condition of the nation subsequently exploded into a panic, depositors made runs on their banks to withdraw savings. These stampedes were instrumental in a bank moratorium being declared by the federal government. The largest bank in Elgin closed its doors permanently, three others were found solvent and were permitted to reopen after being closed for three weeks during examination. To emphasize the severity of this terrible depression, the daily newspaper which cost us only 12 cents a week was discontinued. Next door, Ingvar and Axel had one newspaper between them, when they were through with it they gave it to us. We discontinued the telephone and used theirs.

I heard some people were packing their gas meters with wet salt bags so as to corrode the mechanism and thereby slow the metering. It was also a common practice to attach jumper wires on the electric so as to bypass the current around the meter instead of through it.

Needless to state things were desperate when many people were losing their homes in default of payments. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected president in November, 1932, and coined the famous phrase, "There is nothing to fear but fear itself," it had a psychological effect on the masses. However, I believe those in the upper echelon in Washington knew that the great depression of those years was the natural result of over expansion in credit, or more properly called, "Book Money." I learned in physics: For every action there is an equivalent reaction..... that is natural law, and no amount of psychology can change the figures that constitute debt. In the so-called roaring twenties the nation danced, now came the time to pay the fiddler.

For a period of 3 months Evelyn held a job in a garment factory sewing dresses at a piece-work rate of 35 cents per dress, she made $2.00 a day. Sometimes she worked the night shift. Needless to mention this stipend was a great lift financially and morally.

For a short time I tried my hand at "bill collecting" for Nelson's Grocery and for Ingvar and Axel's Plumbing Business. One can imagine what an experience this was in times like these.

In the summer of 1933 when I was called back to work at the Watch Factory, our cash balance was nil, my new hourly rate was 75 cents, the work week was 5 days, now we were on the road to recovery.

In the years 1933-34, the World's Fair "Century of Progress" was staged on the Lake Front in Chicago. I believe we visited it 4 or 5 times, of most interest to me was the Hall of Science, to view its hundreds of exhibits was extremely educational.

For many years I was a member of a fraternal lodge in Elgin, named "Sons of the North," it was a Scandinavian benevolent society and there were four of these lodges in the Fox River Valley District. I had been

elected President twice of our local lodge, and Secretary of the district for two years. Brothers Ingvar and Axel also held offices. Our son Richard also joined the lodge and we were all four members until 1952 when the membership of the four lodges voted to disband. The decision to "close the books" was due mainly to having fulfilled its purposes and aims — that of helping immigrants to become adjusted in a strange land by offering them an opportunity for social fellowship with countrymen. Economical improvement in Sweden advanced rapidly after World War I to a point where the Swedes found no advantage in continuing to emigrate to the United States. Thus the mass exodus from Sweden which began a century before came to a halt and all Scandinavian organizations have felt the impact. In dividing our lodge treasury we each received $125, the gavel was presented to me in absentia at the final meeting which was attended by Richard. I was informed the occasion was festive with pictures taken of charter members and "retiring officers" by the local newspaper photographers.

Early in 1934 I transferred my Mechanical Engineering correspondence course to one of Salesmanship. I had studied quite diligently for three years, and was three-quarters through the engineering course, finished mathematics, calculus was not included.

It was in this year of 1934 that Dick began private instruction in speech development, this continued for one year on a weekly basis. On becoming proficient, he was asked several times to give readings at public gatherings, he enjoyed this participation.

On April 18, 1935, I received my Broker's License from the State of Illinois, Department of Insurance. My intention was to augment my income by selling general insurance on a part time basis.

One night when Evelyn and I, and a neighbor returned from fishing at Trout Park, we were told that our friends, Paul Nyberg and Clifford Johnson were trying to contact me. I called them on the phone and was invited to take a ride with them to Flint, Michigan. The reason was, Paul wanted to interview a representative for A. C. Spark Plug Company, a Division of General Motors, with regard to employment. We planned to be back in time on Monday so that no time would be lost at the Watch Factory where we worked on the same job.

On the way to Flint, Paul jokingly remarked, why not all three of us take a job with A. C. Spark Plug, but Clifford and I were not overly interested. At Flint, Paul talked to Mr. Pineau, the foreman of the Model Shop, after consultation, Paul came back to the car where we waited, and related that Mr. Pineau wanted to hire the three of us. His proposition was 90 cents an hour and steady work; this was five cents an hour more than we received at the Watch Factory. We told him we wanted to think it over and would let him know our decision in a few days.

On the way home we decided to ask our foreman for a five cent raise, realizing that we could now use a little pressure because of our new job offer. We asked for the raise but were turned down. We then held another conference and decided to telegraph Pineau of our acceptance of his proposal. We gave a week's notice of our intentions to the Watch Factory foreman.

On June 16, 1935, I was inducted into the A. C. Spark Plug Company, Division of General Motors, largest industrial corporation in the world. After working two weeks I made a trip back home, when I got there the house was empty of furnishings and Evelyn was staying with her Mother. She had disposed of our furnishings at a big loss as time was against us.

We packed the few remaining belongings into our 1928 Essex sedan and on Sunday morning, June 29, 1935, Evelyn, Richard, Lois and myself bid farewell to Elgin. We left our dog, Pal, with brother Ingvar, the children could not understand why Pal could not go with us, so we began our journey in a vale of tears. The apartment we rented in Flint allowed no pets. Paul and Clifford arranged to live with us until they got situated elsewhere. Evelyn had the car engine overhauled for the trip which caused it to overheat due to tight bearings, at intervals we were forced to stop to let it cool. I thought we would never reach Flint, but we did arrive after about 12 hours on the way, covering a distance of 310 miles.

When passing a pretentious house near our destination, I would slow down and make believe it was our new home. I thought it fun to watch facial expressions of my family. Our apartment was located at 1110 Garland Street, on the second floor. Evelyn and I were then 30 years of age, Richard was 7 and Lois 4.

My first employment was that of Model Maker, this engrosses the making by hand of the first samples of new products, and the engineering improvements on old products. The Company manufactures parts and accessories mostly for the Automotive Industry.

After 6 months of work at the shop, Paul, Cliff and myself were laid off for an indefinite period. I now learned another lesson in "human relations," on the premise of receiving steady work, we had made a great sacrifice. Faith in human trust was badly shaken. When I was called back two weeks later, work was slack and I thought each day would be the last. Before going to Flint, Dad suggested that I join him in California where we could set up a small Jewelry store. From his home he had carried on a quite successful watch and clock repairing enterprise, he would have liked to expand. Now I wished I had made that decision, as the climate no doubt would have been beneficial for my hay fever and asthma condition.

Finally in January 1936, the three of us were transferred to other departments. Clifford and Paul to the Tool Room, I was assigned to Tool Inspection and Gauge Control Department. Most of my duties consisted of dimensional control of automotive bearings. I had the sole responsibility of maintaining the gauges for inspection. Bearings were a new product, and the gauges for the inspections were crude and unreliable resulting in many being scrapped.

I laid awake at night trying to solve the many knotty problems. My Engineering training now served me in good stead in solving difficulties involving friction, gravity and pneumatic variable pressure control. Later I made master bearings for automobile companies who were our customers, these master bearings were used to check the accuracy of their gauges. Their gauges in turn were used to check the bearings we sold to them, a strange system to maintain accuracy.

In the spring of 1937, I borrowed $500 from Dad and with $400 Evelyn and I had saved, we bought a house on contract located at 2301 Humboldt Avenue, Flint. Prior to the purchase we had deliberated on whether to stay in Flint or move to California. The decision was made to stay as jobs were scarce and it seemed like a big gamble with growing youngsters.

Our new home was situated in an ideal location to bring up the children, so Evelyn and I were greatly pleased with our transaction. It was wonderful for the kids to have so much room in the house plus a recreational park across the street. The apartment we had moved from was cramped and was on a busy street with much traffic.

December 23, I received a certificate from General Motors Institute on completion of a course in Tool Design which consisted of one term of night school.

Late in December, 1937, Lois contracted scarlet fever. I slept in the basement and Dick stayed with the Nybergs. The fever was not severe and she recovered without any ill effects.

1938. Work at the shop slowed to 3 days a week and I again expected to be laid off. It was estimated there were 11,000,000 unemployed in the nation as of January 9.

As of April 1, I had worked only 35 days since the new year and many of my obligations could not be met, we were now in serious predicament and had to get our credit extended.

Work gradually improved during the year so that my gross earnings were $2157.66 for 1938.

In March 1939, Dick read in the Flint Journal an announcement concerning a Soap Box Derby Race that would be held in July. He became enthused and wanted to participate. Cost of the car materials must not exceed $10 and he must build it himself, but is permitted any amount of supervision. April, May and June were spent supervising Dick on building a Derby Racer, and I must confess that I lost much sleep on account of it. The major problem being to make the most from a $10 expenditure for parts and materials.

At the outset I did not realize that this Soap Box Derby project would be such a big event for all of us, so the loss of sleep was well rewarded. These were hours, days, and weeks filled with excitement and speculation. How would the car perform? How well could Dick drive it to obtain the maximum speed were prime questions.

I crammed my skull with all the physics I could find that pertained to Potential and Kinetic Energy, force of gravitation, friction and air resistance. There would be a fixed maximum of potential energy, it must be used exceedingly efficient to win. Dick worked with unabated enthusiasm and the car was completed 2 weeks before the race set for July 8.

It happened that Dad and Stepmother were visiting us at the time so they were present at the race to witness the intense competition. The local contestants represented a community of 250,000 population, covering an area within a radius of 10 miles. Over 100 contestants qualified to race.

On the fateful afternoon in the presence of thousands of spectators, Dick surprised us by winning heat after heat, each meriting a prize. After two hours of eliminations came the crucial race to determine the winner. Dick won second place and we were elated. It was a rewarding experience for all of us, especially for Dick and I who had worked as a team on the project.

While gaining the runner-up position was highly gratifying, we immediately made plans to enter the next annual contest with the view of capturing top honors.

My wage for the last week of 1939 was $77.56, the rate was $1.25 per hour. During the year we enjoyed a combination of good health and prosperity. Bought a used piano for Lois who is taking private instruction, she is 8 years of age.

Few persons have escaped the startling impact of a message which begins with: FATHER DIED. Ours was a telegram that struck as a bolt of lightning without premonition or preparedness. Father had died 9:30 on Tuesday morning, February 13, 1940, at a Long Beach, California, hospital. His age was 62 years, 10 months, 17 days.

An airmail letter from sister Ruth gave these depressing details. Dad became ill on Monday and was believed to have a cold. His wife, Sigrid, called a doctor to attend him, on his leaving, he left pills to be administered. Sigrid had advised the doctor that Dad was allergic to certain drugs, irregardless, Dad began to go into convulsions within the hour, causing Sigrid to seek the immediate return of the Medic, but he could not be located. In desperation she contacted another Medic and the inhalator squad of the fire department. Dad was revived somewhat and remained in a semi-coma through the night, at 8:30 the following morning Dad was removed to the hospital by ambulance. He died an hour later and an autopsy was performed disclosing that death had come from arterial thrombosis. Ruth's letter told of plans to hold a service there on Thursday afternoon, after which they would follow the remains to Elgin.

On Sunday morning, Ingvar, Axel and myself met the 7:15 train, Sigrid, Ruth and her son Anton (age three) stepped off. Our mortician was N. A. Gustafson, a close friend; we assisted him in transporting the heavy box to the funeral parlors where we aided in removing the many screws which secured the cover. In the interim many flowers had arrived and we volunteered our help in any capacity necessary. Before we left to go home, friends were already coming in to pay their respects. It was a tearful experience but we welcomed this last opportunity to administer a bit of latent devotion. The funeral rites were held on Monday afternoon with burial next to our Mother in Bluff City Cemetery.

Of Dad's many virtues, his impeccable character and family devotion were most pronounced. Dad believed "MORAL INTEGRITY" was the only true basis for material success. His accent through life had been on moral fibre of the individual, declaring this to be more important than academic learning. Dad firmly believed that knowledge without character is worthless, in that important positions of trust and responsibility are exacting of background and heritage. Future generations who read "This Is Our Life" will inadvertently allude to Carl Frank Carlson as the one who translated our initial manuscript from Swedish to English, and as being the son of Gustaf Reinhold, the master mason. To his sons and daughter, he was much more, he was a wonderful father, revered as worthy of reception of the highest honors man can acquire. Descriptive superlatives are secondary to the indelible image of fidelity which we hold as a legacy that will further enrich our descendants and embellish our lineage. Thanks, Dad.

- Peace and may God Bless -

Dad was of slight build but his deficiency in physical strength was offset by dexterity, agility and ambition. In raising his family he did not dally long before inculcating the soundness of the adage that "busy hands and informed thinking thwart the devil." This he practiced to the extreme so that we kids were never exposed to much leisure, thus we graduated to "Utilitarianism" at an early age. Dad in retirement remained a keen student of current affairs but his first interest was his workshop under an oak

tree at the side of his home. There in the warm California sun he found pleasure in repairing watches, and when parts were obsolete and unavailable, he made them on his lathe. Dad in pursuit of his "watch business" scoured the many pawnshops of Los Angeles in search of discarded watches. After repairing, some were sold intact, others were stripped of the case and mounted in glass jars by drilling a hole in the glass through which to extend the winding stem. These "Novelty Clocks" he sold at a nominal price, but more than that, it was an outlet for his creative artisanship. Another awakening of his dormant ability found expression in the formation and connection of a number of pools of water representing the "Great Lakes" replete with a Niagara Falls. In this miniature display outside his home, the water was elevated from the lowest to the highest lake by a small pump and when it dropped at the falls it forced a water wheel to turn which drove a series of shafts and belts.

The power take-off operated several mechanical men in connection with the operation of a miniature carnival, all men were appropriately dressed and the equipment quite authentic. Among the pieces he had made of scrap wire and bits of sheet metal soldered together were a ferris-wheel, carousel, and a strong-man that struck with a sledge-hammer and rang a bell. One can visualize the months of work that he and Sigrid spent in perfecting this unique attraction and the reward they received when folks came from near and far to see the performance. Dad was gifted with patience and finesse which was never more revealing than in this form of creative expression.

July 8, 1940, I received a letter from Ruth saying that stepmother Sigrid had donated a pew with Dad's name on it to the new Lutheran Church at La Cresenta, California, a city located a few miles from Tujunga where Dad and Stepmother had lived for 13 years. Dad and Sigrid were charter members of this new congregation.

Early in the year 1940, Dick began building a new Soap Box Derby car for the race to be held in July. This time Dick won first place in Class "A", averaging 28.3 miles per hour. Total space allotted in the local newspaper for pictures and write-ups was approximately two square feet, half of this being featured on the front page. The following excerpts were taken from the Flint Journal:

"Today, Richard Carlson of 2301 Humboldt Avenue, is being acclaimed by 20,000 spectators who witnessed the Derby on Saturday, as a true American boy champion, who deserves to represent this area in the All American Soap Box Derby next month at Akron, Ohio. A year ago Richard won the Class 'B' Championship, at which time he said he was glad he did not win the Class 'A' because he liked to race and wanted 'another crack' at racing a Derby car in 1940.

"As the two finalists rolled toward the finish line, the crowd broke through the police lines behind the little racers and ran down the track

behind the cars in an attempt to embrace the winner. By the time Dick and his car were returned to the judges' stand, hundreds of spectators were massed around to get a glimpse of the champion and his car.

"Richard modestly received the M. E. Coyle trophy, emblematic of the championship, the Class 'B' Championship medal, and other prizes from C. S. Mott. 'All I want to say,' Richard said over the public-address system, 'is to thank the people who make it possible for us to race in this great event.' Spectators on the judges' stand marveled at the poise shown by the boy.

"Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Carlson, is a freckled-faced boy with blondish-red hair. Today, Richard is thinking about Akron and the All American finals. He will work on his car to get it in first class condition, and then ship it to the Ohio city for inspection and display with the cars of 125 other city champions." End of excerpt.

Our family, with friends, went to Akron to see the National Race where Dick cinched one of the fastest "heats" on his first run. The cars were evenly matched and there was only one or two seconds between minimum and maximum rates of speed. Dick's main prize for winning was a Hamilton wristwatch. Again victory was sweet, the spectators at Akron were estimated at 70,000.

October, 1940, I registered for conscription into the military services, my draft call number was 2118. November 12, I received $107.50 from A. C. Spark Plug for making diamond-tipped tools which I made at home with Dad's equipment. These tools were replacements for carboloy tools that would not resist wear. The tools were components used in gauges that measured the thickness of automotive bearings. The purchasing agent asked if I wanted more jobs, but I declined as my boss was not in favor of me doing outside work. However, if I had taken advantage of this opportunity, I might in time have quit my job at A. C. and started a jobbing shop of my own. As I look back, it appears that all I lacked was courage. However, I have no regrets, everything in this world has its price, evidence points to a life of service and sacrifice in all fields of endeavor.

1941. Most of my department was moved to the Dort Highway plant, this change left me in charge of Tool and Gauge Inspection and Gauge Control at the Industrial Avenue plant. I was now in a small department consisting of 4 to 5 employees.

January 7, 1942, my Superintendent at the shop recommended me to take over his position as part time instructor (two nights a week) at General Motors Institute of Technology, teaching the subject of Dimensional Control.

1943. I was transferred to the A. C. Dort Highway plant to supervise the clerical help as records were in a bad condition. I managed my department at the Industrial Avenue plant efficiently and I believe this was noticed by my superior who then wanted me to set up a comparable system at the Dort plant. World War II was now in full swing and A. C. Spark Plug employees swelled to 18,000 due to war contracts. A great volume of tools - gauges, fixtures, die castings, purchased parts, etc. passed through our department. The old system of recording was not adequate so I immediately set about to remodel this, in about two months the work was flowing smoothly.

November 11, I took the first degree in the fraternal Order of Free and Accepted Masons. George Washington, the Father of our Country, was a Free Mason, as were many more of the founding fathers. I feel that the principles of Free Masonry have been a major factor in the growth and prosperity of these United States.

POWER OF MASONRY

"No power under heaven is strong enough to overthrow the principles of Free Masonry. They are founded upon the rock of Truth, Brotherly Love, Service and Tolerance to all. The Bible has stood the test of time and it is a living book of Truth, Wisdom, and Love. The Masonic Lodge is founded upon the Bible, therefore, it is as permanent as the base upon which it stands.

"No storm from without or within can shake her timbers. Her foundation is the Masonry of Life, Truth and Love." - The Ohio Mason

1944. January 1, World War II was still raging, many consumer items were rationed, the worst item was gasoline, new tires were not available to the average motorist and the old had to be used long after they should have been discarded. To get extra gasoline I had to drive the car to work and carry riders, one of my passengers was a girl who had a difficult time in the morning to be on time to ride to the plant, this caused much inconvenience.

January 15, I received a certificate from A. C. Spark Plug on completion of a 24 hour training course in "Better Methods," and on December 1, I received a certificate from the University of Michigan Engineering, Science and Management War Training Center on completion of a 48 hour course in Die Casting Practice.

1945. June 2, I received a certificate from A. C. Spark Plug on completion of a 48 hour course in Intensive Management Training.

World War II came to a close August 14, with the surrender of the Japanese.

June 10, Evelyn and I were initiated into the Order of The Eastern Star, #138. October, Evelyn was appointed an officer, to fill the chair of Ruth (one of the 5 star points), dramatizing the Bible character Ruth.

1946. Son Richard graduated on February 1st from Northern High School of Flint. So far fate had been kind to Dick, however, he was eighteen years of age and the time had come to either enlist or be drafted into the Armed Services. He chose to enlist in the Navy.

Saturday night, the 23rd of February, we gave a farewell party for Dick with twenty-two friends present, it was an event with mixed emotions. The following Monday I wrote in my diary: "Here I sit at my desk, ironically, I am smoking a pipe and writing with a pen Richard gave me for Christmas three years ago. These memories mean much to me now. In my pocket I carry a pearl handle knife he gave me four years ago for Father's Day. This morning Richard left for military service, we first took Lois to school where she said farewell to Dick, then Mom and I drove Dick to the induction center at the Mott Foundation Building and in parting expressed our fondest hope for his safe return. We told him we would wait in the car and if nothing developed in half an hour we would return home. Five minutes later Richard came to the car accompanied by two other enlistees, they had been instructed to take the bus to Detroit. We drove the three boys to the bus station and there bid a second farewell. Dick did not want us to wait till the bus left, so we returned home, I believe too this was the best way to part. As I sit here and reflect, I am bewildered, I do not seem to grasp the situation, this is one of those events that is above human understanding. From now on we can only have faith that all will be well with Dick, we feel he should have a sound foundation from our guidance, and so be capable to take care of himself out in the world."

February 27th, we received word from Dick that he passed his physical OK at Detroit and was on the way to Camp Perry, Virginia. Sunday, May 4th, Dick came home from Boot-Camp, it was a complete surprise, he was in good spirits, although he had lost ten pounds. In October, Mom visited Dick in San Francisco, also sister Ruth and family in Los Angeles, Mom was away from home six weeks and had a wonderful trip.

1947. In the month of September, Mom and I, our close friends, Paul and Mildred Nyberg, took a trip to Florida, mainly to visit Dick at Charlestown, South Carolina, where he was stationed. We found him in good spirits and it was a joyous occasion to be together for two days. Dick was honorably discharged from the Navy and arrived home on my birthday, December 23rd, what a coincidence, what could have been better for a present.

1948. February: Dick is working for brother Ingvar in Elgin, serving a Plumbing and Heating apprenticeship. Hjalmar August Lidberg of Ludington, Michigan, a close friend of our Father and Grandfather, died May 9th. Our Uncle Victor Anderson who lived in Minnesota died May 10th.

Above left: 1949. Silver Anniversary, the honored couple is flanked by son and daughter; money tree bearing 25 silver dollars shares table with ceremonial cake. Right: 1942, Lois and Dick with their aunt, Nadine. Below left: WING SCHOOL, a casualty of "efficiency experts." The one room school where the 3 R's were often learned to the tune of a hickory stick. Right: 1938, "Growing Up"

Above: BERNON MORNINGSTAR
in Army, 1943
Right: Lois and Bernon
married May 27, 1950

Below: 1961
THE MORNINGSTARS
The children from left are
Connie - Janice - Rhonda
at home in Flint, Michigan.

Below: December 1952
YOUNG SECOND COUSINS
From left: Janice and mother,
Lois; Laurie and mother, Doris;
Luann and mother, Charlotte.

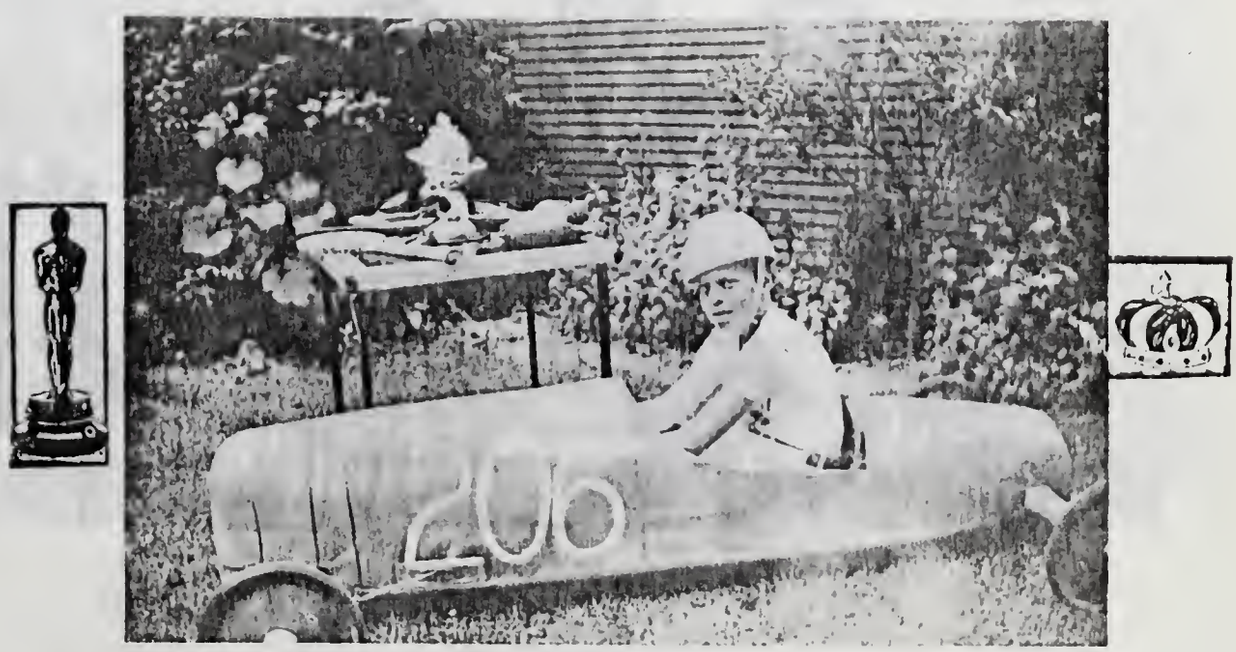
Sales and service on first floor, Apt. above. Elgin, Ill.

Charlotte and Dick with daughters, Luann and Shirley; and son, Steven Frank.

RICHARD CARLSON and CHARLOTTE STEVENS
married January 12, 1952

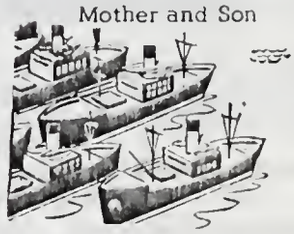
Finish of Championship Race—Streaking across the finish line at 28 miles an hour, Richard Carlson, driving the little, dark car at the right, defeated Gerald Thomas, Class A champion, by half a length in the finals of the Soap Box Derby Saturday. At the extreme right on the track, H. F. Howard (pointing), and Edward W. Creque are shown as they judged the final race. (Journal Photos.)

THE WINNER

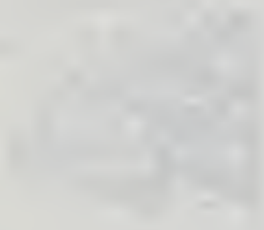


RICHARD CARLSON
at U. S. Naval Station
Charleston, S. C.

Home on leave
Mother and Son



Family Reunion at Flint, Mich. From right: Ernest and Evelyn Carlson;
their daughter, Lois, and husband, Bernon (Morningstar);
their son, Richard, and wife, Charlotte.



SILVER ANNIVERSARY of ERNEST and EVELYN CARLSON (right of center) celebrated at Flint, May 30, 1949. From left: Helen and Ingvar Carlson; Minnie and Walter Knaack (attendants in 1924); Mrs. Montgomery, mother of Evelyn; the couple being honored; Gladys, sister of Evelyn; Nadine and Axel Carlson.
Seated in foreground from left: Lois, daughter of Evelyn and Ernest; Mildred Nyberg (husband, Paul, was taking picture); Doris, daughter of Helen and Ingvar.

Below: Evelyn and Ernest on 37th anniversary, 1961. Ernest before marriage.

His wife (our Aunt Ella) died several years before, seven daughters (our cousins) survive. See brother Axel's story for more information on these relatives.

1949. January 26, daughter Lois graduated from Northern High School. Good luck and best wishes to her for the future. She is continuing her business training at Felt and Tarrant Comptometer School.

March 30, 1949, we bought the equipment of the Civic Park Coffee Shop which is located two blocks away from our home, across from the Civic Park Public School, the cost was $1800. Lois had tried diligently to find employment after graduation but was unsuccessful, the economic condition at Flint and over most of the United States was in a recession. Lois wanted Mom and I to buy the restaurant as a paying investment, I also thought it would be an education for all of us. Even if the venture was unprofitable, it could not be a total loss.

May 30, 1949, Mom and I celebrated our 25th Wedding Anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knaak, our attendants when married, came from Elgin, as did brothers Ingvar and Axel and their wives. We were presented with a money tree on which was hung 25 silver dollars. It was nice for all of us to get together, our guests numbered about thirty.

My total gross wage for the year 1949 was $4388.44.

May 27, 1950, Lois was married to Bernon Ebbie Morningstar at 7:00 o'clock in the evening. As Lois and I walked down the aisle with its white carpet, I was filled with mixed emotions, both happy and sad. However, we are happy to welcome Bernon into our family circle. Best Wishes, Good Luck, and may God Bless this union.

The following account appeared in the Flint Journal Newspaper:

"Lois J. Carlson and Bernon E. Morningstar took their places before the altar in Oak Park Methodist Church Saturday evening, where they were married by the Rev. Marshall Hoyt, 200 guests attending.

"Preceding the bride down the aisle were her attendants, Ruth E. Farver (maid of honor), Virginia Bearinger and Doris V. Carlson, the latter a cousin from Elgin, Illinois. The bridesmaids wore marquisette gowns in pastel shades of pink, yellow, and blue, respectively with hats of matching net. In their arms they carried feathered carnations in crescent shapes in shades to harmonize with their gowns.

"The bride's gown was of Alencons lace, the bodice scalloped to the net yoke, and the skirt of net ending in a court train. She wore lace mitts and carried a crescent bouquet of white gladioli, valley lilies and stephanotis surrounding white butterfly orchids. Her veil of fingertip length was held by a bridal tiara.

"Assisting his brother as best man was Vernal Morningstar while James D. Bearinger, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and Richard A. Carlson, brother of the bride, seated the guests.

"For a honeymoon trip to northern Michigan, the bride wore a navy suit with navy taffeta hat and white accessories. The bridegroom attended Greenville College and Central Michigan College."

September 25, we bought a lake cottage on McCaslin Lake Road, near Argentine, Michigan, the post office address is Linden. The price was $2900.00. The lake view from the sun room was a beautiful picture.

My wage for 1950 was $6308.86 before deductions.

April 21, 1951, brother Ingvar's daughter Doris was married to Robert Survant. Lois and Bernon accompanied Mom and I to Elgin to witness the ceremony. At the reception we had an opportunity to meet Dick's girl friend, Charlotte Stevens, for the first time.

November 1, we sold the coffee shop and incurred a slight loss, however, through its operation we received an education in human relations.

1952. January 12, son Richard was united in marriage to Charlotte Stevens, at Christ Episcopal Church of Flint, with Lois and Bernon as their attendants. Charlotte's former home was at St. Charles, Illinois. She is employed as a beauty operator.

Following the reception held in the church parlors, they spent several days at our lake cottage, later leaving for Niagara Falls and Buffalo where they visited Charlotte's sister and brother-in-law. We are happy to welcome Charlotte into our family circle. Best Wishes, Good Luck and may God Bless this union.

Flint, May 3, 1952, a daughter was born to Lois and Bernon, her name is Janice Elaine. Welcome, Janice, Grandma and I wish you Good Luck and Best Wishes for an enjoyable life of Love and Service.

December 19, a daughter named Luann was born to Charlotte and Richard at Sherman Hospital in Elgin. Welcome, Luann, Grandma and I wish you Good Luck and Best Wishes for an enjoyable life of Love and Service.

1953, November 18, Evelyn received a certificate from Flint Junior College on completion of a course in Retail Sales. While on a visit to sister Ruth in California, Bernon negotiated the sale of our home at 2301 Humboldt for $11,500. Upon our return we became very busy at moving belongings to the Morningstars where we planned to stay until we purchased another home.

March, 1954. We purchased a new home at 2419 Tuscola for $12,600.

May 6, Lois and Bernon became proud parents of a baby daughter named Rhonda Kay, born at McLaren Hospital in Flint. Welcome, Rhonda, Grandma and I wish you Good Luck and Best Wishes for an enjoyable life of Love and Service.

July 7, Charlotte and Richard are the proud parents of a baby boy, his name is Steven Frank, born at Sherman Hospital in Elgin. Welcome, Steven Frank, Grandma and I wish you Good Luck and Best Wishes for an enjoyable life of Love and Service.

1955. My gross wages were $6816.58. Evelyn has been working in the Drapery Department at Smith Bridgman's and her earnings were $1948.13, making a grand total of $8764.71.

1957. In April we bought an RCA Color Television set for $650.00.

May 13, Charlotte and Richard are parents to a third child, her name is Shirley Louise, born at Sherman Hospital in Elgin. Welcome, Shirley, and may your life here on earth be filled with Joy and Service to mankind. Good Luck and Best Wishes.

In July, sister Ruth, daughter Orlene, brother Axel and wife Nadine, visited us for several days. These were happy days for all of us, most of the time was spent at our lake cottage.

August. My friend, Attorney Austin Hansen, invited Evelyn and I to spend our vacation at their seashore apartment at Marathon Shores on the Florida Keys, we were there for 11 days, it was a fine experience.

October 4, Russia launched a satellite that weighed 180 pounds. It is circling the earth in an orbit about 560 miles above the earth. Radio signals are being received from the satellite, it is called Sputnik. This event has ushered in the Space Age.

On Saturday, April 18, 1958, at two a.m. we were awakened by a phone call from Lucy Hedblade, she informed us that Evelyn's stepfather had died. The following is the account as it appeared on the front page of the Elgin Daily Courier-News:

"William Montgomery, 65, pensioned Elgin policeman and guard at the First National Bank for the past 10 years, died unexpectedly of a heart attack early today in his home.

"'Monty', as he was familiarly known, had suffered several previous attacks, the most recent coming two weeks ago, he had since returned to work at the bank.

"Monty was born at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, June 14, 1892, and had been a resident of Elgin for the last 38 years. He retired from the Police Department May 1, 1947, after serving 22 years. Monty was a veteran of World War I, serving in Germany for 2 years."

Monty was most always jovial and loved to joke and poke fun. He was very fond of Richard and Lois. He had many friends because of his amiable nature, he was a first-rate police officer.

Thanks, Monty, for all you have done for us, your passing is a great loss to all concerned.

"Peace and may God Bless"

After attending the funeral service Lois, Bernon and I returned to Flint on Tuesday, April 23, Evelyn stayed with Mother Montgomery for a couple weeks to help her adjust to the change.

October 10, 1958. On this day we were gratified by a new addition to the Morningstars, her name is Connie Lynn, born at McLaren Hospital in Flint at 1:29 a.m. Another daughter, Rhonda, is staying with Mom and I. Baby Connie has dark hair and lots of it, she appears to have an excellent start in this world. Grandma and Grandpa welcome you with Good Luck and Best Wishes for a life of Love and Service.

1959. Richard and family were here over the Christmas Holidays. We have been alternating our Christmas visits between our daughter and our son since they were married. Christmas is the main event of the year for all of us, the spirit of giving makes us feel more alive as witnessed by all the smiles, kisses and handshakes. The gifts being mere tokens symbolizing the Christ Spirit.

February 8. Evelyn and I joined the Woodside Church of Flint. It is interdenominational.

August 6. A contract was signed for the sale of our lake cottage, the price was $5800.00. We have had many good times at the cottage, and to part with it after nine years was something like a funeral. We had spacious grounds with shade, a floating raft for diving and a sandy beach with clean water. However, we had grown tired of the work involved, also Lois and Bernon had acquired an 18 foot power boat and wished to experience more spacious waters.

Friday, September 25, 1959. At 3:00 a.m. we were awakened by a phone call from Evelyn's sister Lucy in Elgin, she told us that Mother Montgomery had passed away at 2:45 a.m. to that place "Not made by hands, Eternal in the Heavens."

The following obituary appeared in the Elgin Daily Courier-News: "Mrs. William (Emma) Montgomery, 80, died today in Hillcrest Nursing Home following an extended illness. She was born in Hanover Township (east of Elgin) on March 18, 1879, the daughter of Fred and Anna Landwehr Bierman. She was a member of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Eastern Star, Women's Relief Corps, V.F.W. Auxiliary, and Women of the Moose.

"Mrs. Montgomery was the widow of William Montgomery, a retired policeman and former guard at the First National Bank. She was preceded in death by her first husband, Julius Beyer, in 1918, and a son Lester, in 1910. Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Ernest (Lucy) Hedblade of Elgin, Mrs. Gladys Piedlow of Aurora, Illinois, and Mrs. Ernest (Evelyn) Carlson of Flint, Michigan; three sons, Erwin, William and Vernon Beyer; 13 grandchildren, 26 great-grandchildren, and 2 great-great-grandchildren."

Funeral services were held with Rev. Walter R. Herborn, pastor of Holy Trinity Church officiating, burial was in Bluff City Cemetery.

Lois and baby Connie came to the funeral via plane to O'Hare Field, a friend and I picked them up by auto, returning to Elgin in time for the funeral.

Evelyn and I are deeply grateful for all the help we received from Mother Montgomery, surely there will be a reward for all those sacrifices and good deeds bestowed upon us.

"Peace and may God Bless"

June 16, 1960. I completed 25 years of continuous service at A. C. Spark Plug, Division of General Motors, 10 years in the Tool and Gauge Inspection Department and 15 years in the Engineering Model Department.

September. Evelyn was elected Treasure of East Central District, Michigan State Federation of Woman's Clubs, serving 9 counties and 83 clubs with a total membership of 3,064.

October 25. We bought a stereo tape recorder, the purchase was mainly for testing tone quality in a violin. I have been experimenting intermittently for the past 2 years on improving tone quality in the violin. In this effort I have started to organize a violin shop in our basement. The objective is to produce an instrument that has the combined qualities of power, mellowness, roundness of tone, delicacy, free vibration, a noble and penetrating voice. At this time I have 12 violins, 1 viola, and 1 mandolin.

November 7, was the most critical day of my life, ten minutes before starting work at the shop during the noon hour, I was stricken with a coronary heart attack. I was unconscious about 5 minutes. On arrival of an ambulance I was administered oxygen and taken to St. Joseph Hospital

located near our home, Mom and Lois arrived there in about 20 minutes.

November 21. Dick and Charlotte and children were here to celebrate Thanksgiving Day, I enjoyed their visit to see me at the hospital, I waved to Luann, Steven and Shirley from my window on the fourth floor.

December 7. I came home from the hospital by ambulance, still very weak, I had been confined one month.

1961. Richard and Charlotte have health, happiness and prosperity. The children, Luann 9 years of age, Steven 7, and Shirley 4, are healthy and show much promise for the future. They are expecting their fourth child in May, 1962. Charlotte has beauty shop equipment installed in their home and has continued with hair styling on a part-time basis, however, because of the pressure of family duties this activity has been gradually tapering off so this operation is now almost at a standstill. Dick has been successful with his Plumbing and Heating business, it is named, Richard A. Carlson — Plumbing and Heating Contractor.

Lois and Bernon also are blessed with health, prosperity and happiness. The children, Janice 9 years, Rhonda 7, and Connie 3, show much promise for the future. Bernon is continually expanding his Bookkeeping Business, his corporation accounting is on a limited basis. Lois keeps a part-time domestic employee so she can aid Bernon in the office.

In assessing our general status, I am convinced we have much to be thankful for.

In July, 1961, Axel and Nadine came here for a visit which we refer to as a seminar, we had corresponded once and sometimes twice a week for nearly a year in the interest of this recording project. Before they returned, we were invited on an outing by Lois and Bernon. They own an "Owens" 27 foot cabin cruiser powered by twin engines rated at 100 H.P. each and wanted to take Axel and Nadine on a cruise into the open waters of Saginaw Bay. With Axel at the helm part of the time, we set a course over the choppy waters to a point some eight miles out where two foreign ships lay at anchor. The choppy water at that point precluded further distance from land. Inward bound, Lois served coffee and snacks from the galley to grossly stimulated appetites. The cruiser has a "head", refrigerator and necessary accommodations to host 6 people comfortably over night. Bernon believes his craft is "worthy" of crossing Lake Michigan under normal conditions. I know I voice the sentiments of the guests in stating we treasure this experience on the Morningstar yacht.

With reference to my health, my heart attack came on November 7, 1960, and the next six months were consumed in convalescing. On May 5, 1961, I went to the A. C. Spark Plug Co. personnel office for induction and was reinstated, however, on going back to my former job I had overestimated the extent of my recovery and found the days were too long,

causing both mental and physical fatigue. I became depressed on June 27th, when at the shop I grew very weak and was taken home. On examination it was found that my blood had been unduly thinned by overdoses of the drug, dicumeral, taken as prescribed by the doctor. I was ordered to the hospital for tests and observation which continued for six days. It was evident then that I might be forced to accept early retirement.

August, 1961. Part of our vacation was spent in Elgin, while there we three brothers worked on and made plans for this Genealogy Book. We called on Trygve Rovelstad, a sculptor, who lives near our old homestead on Ryerson Avenue, and engaged him to sculptor and have our Family Coat of Arms (Wankif) cast in bronze. At this time and after much deliberation it was decided that our Genealogy Book shall be titled "This Is Our Life."

December. Lois and family with Mom and I motored to Elgin and celebrated Christmas with Richard and his family, and as usual we visited with many of our relatives. I spent several days at brother Axel's home where we worked and checked plans again for this book.

March, 1962. As I have not felt strong enough to resume work at the A. C. Spark Plug plant, a decision was made to accept permanent disability until such time as I am equal to the task.

April. Axel and wife Nadine arrived here in Flint for a visit, they brought the first copy of the Family Coat of Arms which is cast in bronze and framed in oak. Registration number 1993, Riddarhuset ... House of Nobility ... (College of Heralds), Stockholm, Sweden. The Coat of Arms "GRIPENBJELKE" is a work of art and is now registered in the copyright office of the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. (given number GV-34824). In pursuance thereof it was mandatory for one of our names to appear on the plaque. Axel and I decided that brother Ingvar should be given this honor as he is the eldest of us boys.

Wednesday, May 30th at 3:30 p. m. we received a telephone call from Dick informing us that he had taken Charlotte to the hospital and was waiting for the new baby to arrive. At six o'clock Charlotte phoned and told us the sad news that the baby was born dead. Lois, Mom and I decided we were needed at Dick's household under these circumstances and made immediate plans to drive to Elgin. An account of this trying experience appeared in the Elgin Courier-News:

> "PAULA MARY CARLSON, infant daughter of Richard and Charlotte Carlson, 1545 Larkin Avenue, died at birth Wednesday in Sherman Hospital. Private graveside services were held Thursday afternoon at Lake Street Memorial Park, the Rev. Robert J. Schenk, pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, officiating. Besides the parents, survivors include a brother, Steven; two sisters, Luann

and Shirley; maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stevens of Stevens Road, rural Elgin, and paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Carlson of Flint, Michigan."

For several months we had looked forward to making this journey to see our latest grandchild, we feel this loss keenly but will not question actions of a Divine nature.

Our trip this time was extended to two weeks, most of the time was spent with Axel at his home in finalizing details relative to expediting completion of this book. At this time it appears that very little remains to be done, but we have learned as time passes that we have acquired better knowledge so that improvement never ends, and in finality we are loathe to admit it is "the best we can do."

The normal maximum height of our physical stamina curve is reached at the age of 35, intelligence leading to conservatism comes with lowered energy after age 40. I have now passed my 57th birthday and while I am conscious of my handicap, I am intensely interested in the future that lies before me, my offspring and their descendants. My 57 years to date bear witness to a resplendent past, which it would seem could not be equaled again in the future. Our Grandfather Gustaf Reinhold in a similar declaration, stated in his writing of 1893, "If those who died fifty years before could see the transformation of the last half century, they could not believe their eyes." Granddad had seen the application of steam engines to their greatest potential before the turn of the century. As a boy he heard the townspeople of Gamleby, Sweden, tell with amazement of ships that were propelled by fire. In America he saw the replacement of horse-drawn streetcars by those powered with an overhead electric cable, and saw the internal combustion engine forge to the front, leading to mass production of automobiles in 1903. As a greenhorn he helped construct railways in a pioneering environment.

Yes, the nineteenth century was a great era when technological advancement in electricity, telephone and telegraph, dynamite and anesthetics came into being, but the greatest contribution came from the general application of the steam engine, which was the first mechanization to release man for greater pursuits in the succeeding century. In this twentieth century, we find aerodynamics and the airplane, electronics and chemistry largely responsible for our progress to date. In this year 1962, by my humble appraisal, never before have young people had so much to be thankful for, yet they are plagued with the same uncertainties of family economic security as the generations past. Our standard of living has risen, but in the process the pace has quickened and in the final analysis there is little choice between the simpler living of 1862 and the haste of 1962.

When I was born in 1904, few folks had heard of an automobile, I recall seeing my first auto in 1910. These horseless carriages were not

readily accepted by the equine set, and it became an everyday spectacle to watch frightened horses run crazily down the street, wrecking the wagon or buggy in their flight. The first traffic signal that I recall was when a man stood in front of his horse, held him by the bridle with one hand and motioned with the other to the automobile driver that it was safe to pass.

The Wright Brothers successfully flew the first airplane at Kitty Hawk in December of 1903, a year before I was born. I saw my first airplane in 1911, on the 4th of July, when there was a big celebration of the million dollar harbor at Ludington, it was a hydroplane type (before runways at airports). At the "opera house" we saw movies (silent) with orchestra accompaniment, but at the five cent shows only piano accompaniment provided the sound effects.

Electronics and "Talkies" came with the invention of the vacuum tube in the early twenties. I have told you about our "home-made" radio sets in 1922. In 1946, I had the pleasure of seeing my first home television at brother Axel's home. His set, with 10 inch screen, was one of the early receivers in Elgin, I recall station WGN made their first telecast that evening. In April of 1957, we were among the first to own a color television receiver.

On browsing into Grandfather's recording, I find he joined the bricklayers union in Chicago on February 15, 1893, and later became a charter member of the new Elgin local on April 27, 1901. With interest I note his reference to the depression of 1893, quote: We moved to obtain cheaper rent, we now pay 4 dollars for three rooms for one month. Also I note that Grandmother, while left alone in Sweden in 1893, sold "Hammarslund," Father's birthplace, for the sum of 1000 crowns or the equivalent of about 300 dollars in American money of that era. My color television receiver cost me 650 dollars, this comparison is not valid as the money I used was drastically inflated. Economically the year 1900 was a good year for Grandfather, he earned 40 cents per hour at laying brick, today the rate is $4.40. All things are relative in making contrasts.

My two score and seventeen years have been wrought with great revelations, as a lad I have attended the one-room country school with four or five pupils in a class, now teaching in many instances is "piped" via electronics from the classroom to shut-ins at home, and a plane flying overhead acting as a broadcasting station is now beaming lessons to thousands of students in classrooms simultaneously.

Through the media of television originating in educational institutions, it would appear that an adult can acquire the equivalent of a college B. A. Degree without leaving the living room. Grandfather was born in 1848, he had no formal education, I pause to reflect on his potentiality if he had been afforded this opportunity for knowledge.

After World War II ended in 1945, this country entered into what has been called the "Nuclear Age" whereby nuclear power is being adapted to civilian use as well as missiles and rocketry. It is stated that both Russia and the United States currently possess nuclear bombs of a magnitude whereby one bomb has more devasting force than all explosives heretofore fired in all wars combined. Their potential is so fearsome that neither country dares to use them beyond propaganda (cold war) purposes, still the threat exists of accidental implementation.

Looking out of our kitchen window and about 300 yards distance I can see a newly constructed "Radio Active Fallout Shelter" used as a display, it is made of heavy gauge steel. Some folks are purchasing them on the belief that it is better to play safe than be sorry. The shelters are recommended to be buried three feet below grade. It would seem a great waste of money if never used, the possibility of actual need is very remote.

Concurrently with the "Nuclear Age" we have also the "Space Age." The objective of nuclear weapons is concrete, the destruction of man while engaged in war. The goal of our Space vehicles is abstract, the sums spent and appropriated in pursuit of this program are as astronomical as the heights to be transcended.

The thrust into outer space of satellites, vehicles, missiles, and interplanetary exploring spheres is the beginning of another epoch in the history of mankind. We are now not only probing the mysteries of this world, but also the unlimited distances and mysteries of the universe. Much of the great mass of knowledge that is being acquired from our space program is being plowed back into consumer products as a means to further energize our economy.

Scientists are speaking of dial-less televisionphones, typewriters that take dictation, computers that talk, and the utilization of winds, tides and cosmic energy. They claim a minute degree of success in transforming inorganic matter into organic matter ..... thereby attempting to "conquer" nature, of which a human is also a product. The current experiments, prophecies and fantasies make life the most exciting and insecure of all times. Plainly speaking, —— culture is supposed to be the appreciation and understanding of things around us, however, artists are depicting these times of rapid change and confusion by "abstract art".... a departure which is devoid of reality and mostly a guessing game.

In February of this year, 1962, a space vehicle was launched with a man inside at the controls, he was Lieut. John Glenn, a 40 year old astronaut, he orbited the earth three times and was successfully returned without injury. The ultimate objective is to make a much larger craft to carry several men who after several days will land upon the moon in an upright position, and who will after exploration be able to project themselves beyond the moon's gravitation back to this earth.

July 10, 1962. A satellite named Telstar was launched into orbit by private enterprise, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Eventually this corporation intends to have a ring of Telstars orbiting the earth to provide continuous communication facilities for live television, facsimile, radio and telephone to any place in this world. This achievement holds great promise for contributing to better understanding of Political Philosophy and Social Ideology among nations. It will facilitate the exchange of knowledge and entertainment for all the people on this globe. The Telstar achievement points to the tremendous opportunity and challenge which the Space Age offers, to unlimited blessings to be showered on man.

These ideas have always existed, man merely becomes conscious of their existence and utility for his welfare. Heretofore, space discussion was frowned upon as non-sense and confined almost entirely to comics and fictional movies. Phantastic as Space implications are, I believe the programs will be a success. According to the present timetable, the target date for the Moon-Shot will be about 1970, I want to witness it. However, it appears that our materialistic education is becoming out of balance with the Spiritual. Materialistic know-how may serve man's middle acquisitive years, but will not sustain life's later end.

Having touched lightly on materialistic advancement and outer-space, it also becomes timely to touch on man's spiritual advancement and inner-space for the purpose of maintaining an attempt to a balanced perspective and harmony of the whole man.

In regard to "human relations" the current director of the United States Information Agency had this to say: "In this world there are no absolute standards of truth. What is one man's truth is another man's falsehood." Such a statement indicates the need for a fixed "reference frame" for truth.

The nuclear scientist Robert Oppenheimer, who helped usher in the atomic age had this to say about man in the current world: "We live with an expansion of knowledge over-poweringly beautiful, vast, ramified, quite unparalleled in the history of man. We live with a yearly enrichment of our understanding of nature, that doubles in every decade .... but we have so largely lost our ability to talk with one another that we hunger for nobility .... the rare words and acts that harmonize simplicity and truth."

Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, who won the Nobel Prize for medicine, exclaimed the current danger in this manner: "The existence of mankind is already dependent on correct functioning of countless hands and buttons, and while both humans and machines are known to err — this makes our own bombs an equal threat to our existence as the bombs of our adversaries .... Never before has politics gambled so irresponsibly with the very existence of mankind."

Along this same vein Dr. Albert Einstein said: "The splitting of the atom has changed everything in the world except our modes of thinking, and thus we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe."

We are now taking apart and putting to use the components of matter, and that is as far as man can go in relation to the material world. We have reached the end of matter so to speak by converting it into energy, and energy in turn converted into matter, thereby completing the cycle or circle which is symbolic of the physical and spiritual universe, life and its supposed opposite (matter) without beginning or end.

Dr. Albert Einstein's discovery of the simple appearing atomic energy equation $E = MC^2$ can be used to either sear and blacken the earth in a nuclear war or to bring unlimited blessings to man. Physical scientists now admonish that because of "nuclear-fission" we live under the shadow of universal disintegration, that some experiment or involuntary act might result in a chain reaction, exploding every atom of which this world is composed. Such statements prompt one to review spiritual values more carefully, the attributes of our Creator that are indestructible and where reality truly exists.

It is apparent that man must learn to discipline himself more than heretofore and at an accelerated rate, which could allude to bringing in the millennium. However, the proudest achievement should not be some technological triumph, but rather the man of character, especially now when men have thermonuclear powers of destruction at their elbows. It was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, another Nobel Peace Prize winner who said: "Man has lost the capacity to foresee and to forestall. He will end by destroying the earth." The above evidence and facts indicate the need to develop the spiritual science of ends to match and balance the physical science of means.

Currently there are many prophets of doom foreseeing disaster and the end of the world in the not too distant future. Concurrently there are theologians who see a new order of human relations developing, evil (ignorance and error) developing into good (intelligence and truth) through the process of fermentation and distillation, —— the inscrutable design that gives rise to confusion, —— for man declines to profit from past experience.

Webster defines Relativity of Knowledge as: "The doctrine that knowledge is relative to the limited nature of the mind and the conditions of knowing and hence not true to the nature of independent reality."

A few illustrations will reveal the limitations and unreliability of the conditions of knowing (five physical senses): The illusion of the sun rising in the east and setting in the west, when in reality (truth) the cause is the earth rotating on its axis. The earth moves, the sun stands still in relation to the earth. The concept of time becomes obscure or meaning-

less when considering the planet Mercury which makes its orbit around the sun in 88 of our days, and in that same time rotates just once on its axis. So on Mercury, a year and a day are the same in amount of time. A cubic inch of matter on the star "Companion of Sirius" is so dense we are told that it will weigh one ton here on earth. Electricity cannot be seen but its effect (manifestation) is perceived by the senses. Possibly the greatest illusion was the concept of space when man thought the earth was flat.

In my opinion Dr. Albert Einstein and General Douglas MacArthur were two contemporary greats who lived during my lifetime and to whom I wish to give brief reference herein.

Dr. Einstein won world acclaim for his discoveries in physics and astrophysics. His main search centered on perfecting his "Unified Field Theory" to a system whereby all concepts would be reduced to one cause or unity. His discoveries brought subjective (abstract), and objective (concrete) reality much clearer in focus, thereby contributing a tremendous benefit to mankind, materially and spiritually. His expression of religiousness and comment on religion are as follows:

"The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that which is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty that our dull faculties can comprehend and then only in their most primitive form. This knowledge and feeling is at the center of true religiousness . . . My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. That deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power, which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms my idea of God."

It is the philosopher's goal, his loftiest passion, to distinguish appearance from reality, the urge to unify concepts. More than twenty-three centuries ago Plato declared, "The true lover of knowledge is always striving after 'BEING' ... He will not rest at those multitudinous phenomena whose existence is appearance only."

Now that matter is reduced to the point where physicists require no more than mathematical symbols to work with, it becomes increasingly evident that reality exists in mind only, so that which is imagined when rooted in Principle is possible to be manifested.

Dr. Einstein's discovery that matter and energy are the same, means a new concept of "BEING" ("inner" and "outer" man, reality) to me. The old concept of "BEING" was mind and its supposed opposite, matter. The new concept to me is unity, and not opposites. Matter (mass) and energy

are the same phenomena; in other words they are equivalent and therefore yield the key that opens the door for the mind to envision the spherical and circular-motion course in "BEING"; a theory that to the best of my knowledge has not been heretofore declared for the purpose of further illuminating the concept of "unity" as it relates to subjective and objective nature. "BEING" is not only "the end of becoming," as heretofore assumed by philosophers, but is also the beginning for me.

One can presume that the next few pages which deal with "BEING" will not interest all readers; however, in defense of same I will quote Mr. M. G. Marcel who so succinctly describes the situation I find myself in:

"If a person is called on to be a witness in a case, it is because at a particular point in the endless stream of life's happenings there has come into his hands a bit of evidence. He has been given a particle of light which is his peculiar possession. He is responsible, if the occasion arises, for passing it on .....if he refuses to bear witness, he may do injury to a fellow human being. When one bears witness, one does it on oath, that is to say one commits oneself. Unless you commit yourself.....unless you stake everything on the truth of what you say..... you cannot be a witness. Testimony is fidelity to a light.....to a gift that has been given one."

I desire to share a particle of light with my readers as set forth briefly in the pages that follow. It is an opportunity for me to assert my theories with relation to bringing reality a trifle closer and an attempt to reconcile physical science and theology into a state of unity in Divine Nature, in this context I prefer to name this treatice: The Scientific and Theologic Statement of Being.

Reasoning objectively ..... the sphere-spinning and circular-motion principle inherent in physical nature demonstrates that the "point" (which concept heretofore was finite) becomes equivalent to infinity (unity) by being the beginning and ending of a spherical point whose expansion and contraction is governed by Omniscience, Self Created Mind. ..... Postulating subjectively, —— the atom principle (point) contracts into infinity and expands into infinity; the beginning of contracting infinity is the ending of expanding infinity, and the beginning of expanding infinity is the ending of contracting infinity. Thus the result is unity in infinity. Objectively, the spherical atom principle expands into the physical universe and the universe contracts into the atom.

The physical universe is devoid of straight lines (except man made) by reason that a straight line is incomplete because of the two points (two ends), and is therefore devoid of circular unity. Spherical unity herein is a concept of expanding infinity envisioned as a transparent spherical bubble encompassing all objectivity.

Space and time are the same (unity). Time is a point that begins extension in a circle and returns to its point of beginning. Two illustrations are: A point on the hand of a spherical clock moving through space by scribing a circle on the spherical dial, and a point on the earth moving through space by virtue of the earth's rotation and relation to the sun. The numeral 12 on the clock dial and the sun being the fixed point of reference respectively. The illustrations demonstrate that time and space are spherical and become meaningless in the absence of a reference point. The individual and mankind experience a chain of events that are segments of time and space starting from a reference point in the past.

Results of experiments have been negative in the attempt to attain Absolute Zero (cold), Absolute Vacuum and Absolute Division of the Atom, for by virtue of the circular-motion principle (unity with no ends), the ending is also the beginning of absolute heat and absolute pressure and absolute physical power respectively. Any experiment would be futile that attempts to expel Omnipresence and Omnipotence completely even in minute volume.

One can postulate that gravitation and magnetism are the same by virtue of the sphere-spinning and circling-motion principle of the electron beginning in the hydrogen atom and by multiplication expanding throughout our planet. The force of molecular attraction (gravitation and magnetism) is the inherent design in the various atoms of the molecule to retain its unity (identity). The same principle indicates the earth's magnetic field is caused by the electronic relationship to the Sun (nucleus) and witnessed by an observer as a perpetual shower of light particles. Electromagnetism develops when an imbalance of electrons occurs, causing the molecule to lose its unity (identity).

As we are entering the atomic age, possibly a brief discourse of the atom and "electron theory" will help some readers to better understand the sphere-spinning and circular-motion principle design manifest throughout the universe.

All materials constituting the physical world are made of molecules which consist of various combinations of some 100 different types of atoms (elements). The invisible atom is a unit of energy composed mostly of protons, neutrons and electrons and is almost weightless.

The electron theory assumes the existence of the electron having a negative charge of electricity and the nucleus having a positive charge. In an atom, the total number of negatively charged electrons circling around the nucleus precisely equal the number of extra positive charges in the nucleus. The positive charges are called "protons." In addition to the protons, the nucleus also contains electrically neutral particles called "neutrons," which are comprised of a proton and an electron bonded together. Atoms of different elements contain different numbers of neutrons

within the nucleus, but the number of electrons spinning about the nucleus always equals the number of free protons within the nucleus. All electrical and electronic effects are due to the movement of electrons from point to point or that there is a disproportionate number of electrons in a particular place. All electrical and electronic equipment has been designed according to the electron theory which explains the chemical action and allows technicians to predict performance and conjure new chemicals and materials.

Even a brief dissertation of atomic fission and fusion (atom splitting and nuclei combining) is too lengthy to be dealt with here. To define in six words....."the atom is chiefly empty space."

From the circular-motion principle inherent in Creation, one can deduce and reverently postulate that objective (physical) Life and Death are the same; unity, —— a continuum, the unbroken circle; the point of ending (death) being also the point of beginning (life) and vice versa.

This thesis on objective Unity is my interpretation of Dr. Albert Einstein's discovery .....the equivalence of matter (mass) and energy as demonstrated by the equation $E = MC^2$; the possible abuse of which is causing world concern. The above feeble description which evolved from the equation that brought to light the spherical and circular-motion principle design in physical nature is also accepted by me as being related to the Scriptures with the inclusion of Divine-Nature. Unity seems a paradox when theologians proclaim physical-nature and Divine-Nature are a Trinity in Unity .....that Creation is tripartite in nature and God is Triune. From the circular principle in physical-nature evolves a new concept of the Trinity .....Soul, Spirit and Son (note: orthodox order of Trinity has been arranged to harmonize with circular course of BEING).....Soul is herein declared to be the Divine Father-Principle manifesting Identity, Unity, Truth and Love —— Spirit (Holy) is the Divine Principle manifesting Life —— Son (Body, Temple) is the manifestation of Soul and Spirit.

All through Creation the Trinity is discernable, a few illustrations will bear testimony: There are three primary rays of color —— red, blue and green, and when combined produce white-light (unity), the symbol of purity. The atom body (element) is Trinity reflecting the manifestation of Identity (unity) and physical power (spirit). In the mineral world the individual body reflects the manifestation of Identity (unity) and Spirit (atom power and molecule activity). In the vegetable world the individual body reflects the manifestation of Identity (unity) and Spirit (unconscious Life). In the animal world the body reflects the manifestation of Identity (unity) and Spirit (conscious Life). Individual man reflects the manifestation of Soul (Identity, Unity, Truth, Love) and Spirit (self-conscious Life). Man, wife and offspring also constitute Trinity in Unity.

The Gustaf and Elisa Carlson family tree is Triune by virtue of being a manifestation of Identity and Life. This book is Triune —— the writer's

thoughts (Identity) are put herein (body) and are thereby reflected to the reader's mind where thoughts combine into unity.

A seed is Triune by virtue of its body being a manifestation of Identity and Eternal Life — the seed within the seed is the Word.

To recapitulate .... the Universe is God manifesting Trinity as .... Omniscience, Soul, Unity (All Knowledge, Identity, Truth and Love) .... Omnipotence, Spirit (All Power, Life, Holy) .... Omnipresence, Son (All presence, terrestrial and celestial, body, Temple).

The above illustrations reveal Trinity to be — Soul and Spirit are incorporeal and their manifestation is reflected by the corporeal body and thus perceived by the senses — that all physical objects were first an image in Omniscient Mind (Logos, thought) — that Identity (individuality) is maintained to bear witness to the fact that the Scriptures are true which state that all that is in and of the physical universe is made (without exception) of Spirit, and Spirit is God.

The category of evil is darkness, and diversity (absence of Light and Unity) in consequence leaves nothing to be embraced.

A few correlative passages from the Scriptures strengthen the aforesaid concept of Unity in creation and help to unify physical science (objectivity) and Christianity (subjectivity, reality), Saint John proclaimed .... "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God.... All things were made by Him.... In Him was Life and the Life was the Light of men." Saint Paul declared — "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. So that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Jesus prayed.... "That they all be one.... as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us ....that the world may believe that thou has sent me." In conclusion: Physical science and Christianity are one....for "God is All-in-all." Eph. 1:23.

We who profess Christianity have knowledge of and confess Atonement through Jesus the Christ. Next to the symbolic Cross of Calvary, we have the flag of our nation. The members of this genealogy also have the Wankif Coat of Arms as a symbol of honor, its GRIFFIN being a composite of half eagle and half lion, bearing a sword entwined with an olive-branch held by the eagle's talon, thus symbolizing a moral code of our own. A code of conduct for those who carry forward our beloved heritage and ancient descent. The code places accent on three words: VISION - COURAGE - DEDICATION . . . . these dynamic words radiate that which we can be, or will be; they in turn can be spiritually symbolized as a satellite having three revolving beacon-lights searching in the darkness with power supplied by the three virtues — Hope, Faith and Charity.

Some persons will be found to be double-minded and will attempt to dim the three lights with mockery and ridicule, but the power source is spiritual and therefore an attribute of our Creator. VISION - COURAGE - DEDICATION are herein to be construed as .... "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Bible) .... "A man of courage is also full of faith" (Cicero) .... Dedication implies self sacrifice, integrity and prudence. The love to serve is preferable to being served.

More light from the beacon comes by borrowing an excerpt from a recent address given by General Douglas MacArthur to Cadets of the Military Academy at West Point. He said in part — Be proud and unbending in honest failure, but humble and gentle in success; not to substitute words for action, nor to seek the path of comfort, but to face the stress and spur of difficulty and challenge; to learn to stand up in the storm, but to have compassion on those who fall; to master yourself before you seek to master others; to have a heart that is clean, a goal that is high; to learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; to reach into the future, yet never neglect the past; to be serious, yet never to take yourself too seriously; to be modest so that you will remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

With respect for the past and to search for intelligent anticipation of the future is our goal .... This book is dedicated to our forefather Bishop Petrus Jonae. If we could posthumously call upon him for a brief commentary on it, one could assume he would express his view as a theologian and confide that we would find by tracing our ancestry further that all people become brethren as their lineages converge into unity, returning to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden .... and that Adam was created perfect with dominion over all the earth and given freedom of choice, free to choose good or evil, Unity or diversity (many gods), free to stand or fall .... but Adam chose to fall (diversity) and thus became imperfect through disobedience, which caused him to be driven out of this Garden of Paradise .... and that the sword in our eagle's talon should represent the flaming sword spoken of in Genesis — "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the East of the Garden of Eden, Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life." Which is by spiritual interpretation to say: Protect perfect life from imperfect thoughts with the sword of truth until full knowledge reveals the serpent's head was crushed by His heel which had been bruised in that deed for our redemption from diversity to Unity. Saint Paul said: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." .... King Solomon said: "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." .... Jesus said: "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly for I am the way — the truth — and the life. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Almost everyone admires beauty in nature, in art, in literature and in human character — and many worship the radiant beauty of the Cross, the hub of history, the symbol of victory. As the character of people and violins appear to have a parallel with reference to their many separate

individual characteristics and performance — a philosophy of life can be envisioned whereby their beauty will be found in the MASTER'S hand.

As I come to the close of my life story, I hope we have thus far gratified the heart's desire of Grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, with regard to his conception of perpetuating our genealogy recording. It is a delight to receive the lighted torch of wisdom and beauty from our ancestry — hold it to reveal what has enriched our own life, and to pass it on to the next generation.

Flint, Michigan
August 1, 1962.

APPENDAGE

The interim from the time of the closing of the previous chapters has brought further developments and noteworthy events that warrant inclusion in this volume in a brief manner. The publisher of "This Is Our Life" has informed us that a final addition may be made at this time and we welcome the opportunity to record this pertinent material of recent date, future generations may take it from this point for extended composition.

From correspondence with a Professor Sven Goransson of Uppsala University in Sweden relative to information pertaining to the tenure there of Petrus Jonae, we are apprised that records of that era are nonexistent. Professor Goransson referred us to a colleague, a Mr. Magnus Collmar, who is conducting a research concerning the early clergy of the Diocese of Strangnas which should yield some enlightenment into the life of Petrus Jonae. With reference to our Isak Rothovious, Professor Goransson recommended that we procure a book written by Martti Parvio in 1958 as a thesis for his doctorate degree. We have written to Mr. Collmar and the Professor for the research paper and the book about ISAACUS (Isak) ROTHOVIOUS and are pleased to make these a part of this appendage.

Several members of the current generations have changed their Status Quo and places of residence which will affect their future course in life. Time has also been a factor in the decease of two distant relatives and the heralding of the arrival of two new members to this immediate lineage. To the latter we are enchanted as always to chronicle these happy events and express a hope that their aim in life will be true to the mark and their ideals will coincide with those of their forebears, maternal and paternal.

Alice and Jerry have purchased a home at 921 Logan Avenue in Elgin which they have remodeled extensively and are now residing there.

In March, 1963, Richard Carlson disposed of his operations in Elgin after acquiring an established plumbing and heating business with greater potential in Delavan, Wisconsin. Delavan is a city of 5000 population situated in a rich farming belt and prominent lake resort area located 55 miles north of Elgin. Dick subsequently purchased a home at 207 Racine Street and the family now resides in Delavan.

Ingvar Carlson who retired in 1962 to a farmstead overlooking Whitewater Lake in Southern Wisconsin has been employed for the past six months by his nephew, Richard Carlson, in Delavan. On the surface this item may not appear newsworthy but to some of us it has a humorous twist in view of his present contentment while working at his trade after his declaration of being through with plumbing work when holding his close-out sale in Elgin during 1961. The distance from the farmstead to

Delavan is 12 miles over a winding macadam road which traverses the picturesque countryside.

During the past six months, Keith and Donna have built a new home on Stevens Road some 5 miles SW of Elgin. They are now moved there from the old brick homestead at 470 Ryerson Avenue which had been occupied by some member of the Carlson family since built by our grandfather, Gustaf Reinhold Carlson, in 1905. The old home for the first time is now rented to strangers. The aforementioned Stevens Road bears more than ordinary interest, it is named after the grandfather of Charlotte Stevens who is married to Richard Carlson. The old Stevens' homestead is but a stone's throw from Keith and Donna's new home.

"IDOL WYLD" has been sold; there most of the work to compile the material for this book has taken place. Axel and Nadine now reside in a new home a few miles outside of Elgin, however this residence may be temporary as the wooded hills and lake country of southern Wisconsin take on more appeal.

DECEASED RELATIVES

Algot Johnson of Elgin, born in Vernamo, Sweden, died May 25, 1963. Algot was a machinist by trade; he was a cousin to our father.

Oscar Peterson of Chicago, born in Westra Ryd, Sweden, died in the early part of May, 1963. Oscar was a carpenter and in later years was a construction foreman in the big city. We had not seen Oscar in more than 20 years although he was a cousin, being a son of Olivia (Engman), a sister of our mother, Alfrida.

BLESSED EVENTS

Kurtis Michael Carlson born to Donna and Keith at the Sherman Hospital in Elgin on July 7, 1963.

Eric Paul Carlson born to Charlotte and Richard at Sherman Hospital in Elgin on July 17, 1963.

It is with mixed feelings of injustice that we permit this family history to go to press without the names of Kurtis Michael and Eric Paul appearing upon the tree featured herein, however, this facet of the project was concluded many months ago and it is only through a series of unavoidable delays that this book has not already been distributed. Regrettable as the omission of these names are, nevertheless, these youngsters are counted upon heavily along with those appearing on the family tree to enhance the image of this heritage.

On the last day of August just past, Bernon Morningstar and family returned from an extended vacation of motoring through our western states, the trip was climaxed with visits to the Gottardies at Los Angeles and the Fritzes at Riverside. Bernon and Lois relate that the "red carpet" was rolled out for their reception in California and their week of stay was delightfully accented with sightseeing and camp outings.

For the mechanical production of "This Is Our Life" we have been fortunate in procuring the services of the Brethren Press located in Elgin. Their work is known for its excellence through rigid attention to details and we await the finished book with keen interest. Work that may appear sub-standard can be expected to be the result of our own inexperience and other deficiencies, notwithstanding, our goal has been achieved--- to thus far preserve our family history.

This final entry is made on September 9, 1963, it concludes more than three years of compilation. One hundred copies are to be printed; some "outside" requests have been made in advance but most will have to be denied to reserve a reasonable number for the next few expanding generations.

The pages which follow immediately are reproductions of a letter from Mr. Magnus Collmar and other material pertaining to our Bishop Petrus Jonae. Our book having been dedicated to this noted cleric, it becomes a pleasure to add material from another source, some of which is repetitious but among the new disclosures we are especially grateful for the pinpointing of the final resting place in the Strangnas Cathedral of this illustrious forebear. It will be noted that his epitaph and family tomb are prominently located in the chancel to the right of the altar, in such a location one may garner the degree of esteem to which he had attained.

St Botvid

STRÄNGNÄS STIFTS HERDAMINNESKOMMITTÉ

Ordförande: HH Biskop GÖSTA LUNDSTRÖM, Strängnäs

Sekreterare:
Proston CARL BÄCKGREN,
Askersund

Skattmästare:
Landsantikvarie IVAR SCHNELL
Nyköping

Sekr. för forskningsarbetet:
Kyrkoherde MAGNUS COLLMAN,
Rönninge

St Eskil

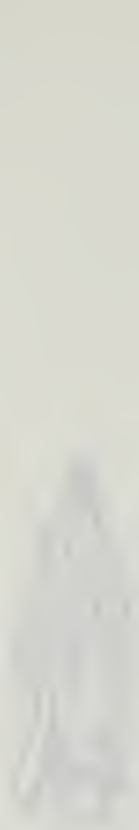
Mr Axel F.Carlsson.
Rt.Box 143. South Elgin, Illinois.

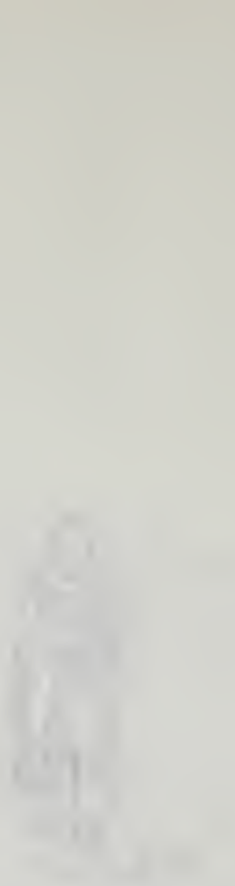
Dear Sir:

I have recieved your letter och now I send you a short summary of my researches regarding Bishop Petrus Jonae. My original article in Swedish is on about 17 pages.

As far as the fee for this summary is concerned, I leave it to you to decide its amount. Please send it to our committee for research in the history of the Clergy of Strängnäs diocese under ~~se~~ the adress Biskop Gösta Lundström, Strängnäs, or Doktor Ivar Schnell, Nyköping. The reason I ask you to send the amount you think is appropriate to the"Herdaminneskommitté"instedd of to me myself, is that we are terribly short of money and that we must take up a loan in order to be able to bring our work to its completion.. I have been doing research for 20 years (under my sickleave), and I have now written the history of the clergy of Strängnäs diocese from 1523 and onwards up to our day, and the part dealing with the period 1523-1611 is now being printed. And it is here our first gap must be filled, so to speak, as we really have to take up the loan for this. I have often thought and asked myself if there perhaps would´nt be a good idea to try to come in contact with Swedish-Americans who were interested in this kind of research and were in the state to give it some econimic help. To tell the truth: the future for our intended completion of the "History of the clergy of the Strängnäs diocese" seems very dark, indeed.

Besides the story about Petrus Jonae I send you some articles that have been precursors to the real work. In "Den äldre vasatidens prästerskap i Torpa" you can find a "sample" of the manner in which the"History"is written. In "Ur Säby-kyrkoherden Erik Anderssons dagbok" you can find something





about Petrus Jonae (underlined passage on page 7). Furthermore, Dr E. H.Bergquist, curator of Södertälje Museum and born in Strängnäs, there is a little book, called"Strängnäs domkyrka", printed 1957. In it there are scores of good pictures of Strängnäs cathedral. It costs about 15 Sw.Crw. or 3 US dollars. You can get it through Ivar Schnell, abovementioned.

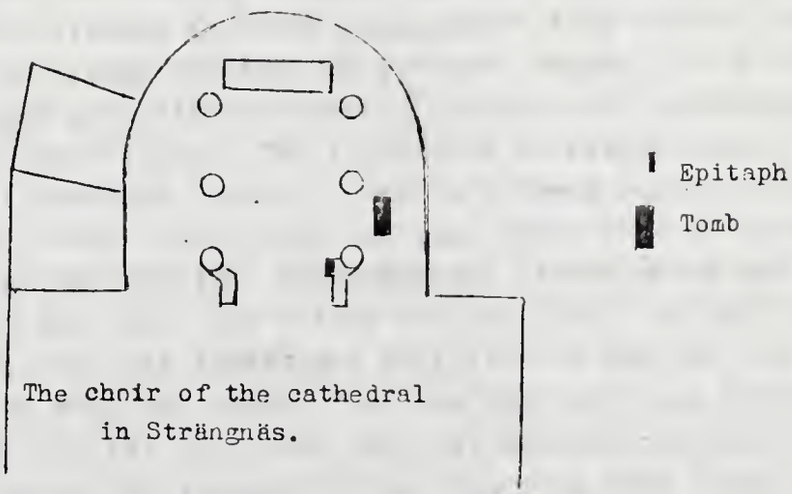
Finally: from which of the children of Petrus Jonae do you descend? To be honest, I am very curious about it!

Can I help you more - welcome!

Sincerely

Magnus Collmar

Eksätor,Rönninge, Sverige.



The choir of the cathedral in Strängnäs.

Rönninge 27.6.63

Bishop Petrus Jonae Helsingus (Per Jonasson) (Called "The rock-man" (Simon-Petrus!)

Born in 1538 in the swedish county of Helsingland. Died 4/12 1607, at an age of 69½ years, in Strängnäs, where he was buried in the choir of the cathedral church. A tomb-stone, an epitaph, where he, his wifes and children are printed, can be found in the cathedral, and a portrait of him in the chapter house. After school in Uppsala (Sweden) and Trondhjem (Norway) he became an undergraduate at the university of Uppsala and of Rostock (Germany). He was enrolled in Rostock [illegible] 1562. Letters both by him and also letters, in which he is metioned, have been kept from his time at Rostock. There he recived his doctoral degree or "magister artium" 10/9 1567. Upon his return to Sweden, he was employed as a lecturer at Uppsala university, then as a professor. A summary of his lectures concerning the primacy of the pope (1574) have been kept. His theology was evangelical-orthodox. As a matter of fact he appeared as one af the strongest opponents to the religious programme at that time, suggested by the reigning king, Johan III. This king was a son of Gustav Vasa and was married to the roman catholic princess Katarina Jagellonica from Poland. King John wanted to remake the swedish lutheran church into a semi-catholic church and gave all his efforts to this end. He persecuted his opponents phanatically. The first wife of Petrus Jonae, Bengta Håkansdotter (Benedicta Haquini), has in a [illegible] paper, written shortly before her death, told about the many sufferings of the family during the reign of John III. For instance: Petrus Jonae was thrown into jail now and then. His salary was not paid, and the family starved. Finally, the king threatened to exile him and put him on an island, where the russians should find him and kill him. Petrus Jonae escaped from his jail, and his wife shortly followed him, hunted like a wild animal by the men of the king. They must leave their children behind, whithout ever having the hope to see them again. Through the benevolent of duke Charles (hertig Karl), the brother of the king - who was not oriented towards catholicism as his brother king John, - Petrus Jonae was helped over to Germany (the flight ging through Norway), and finally, after many dangers and efforts, the family could follow and join him there. During one of the travels abroad at that period, duke Charles met Petrus Jonae in Germany and suggested, that he and his family should follow him back to

Sweden, and he promised that they should be protected by him. In 1585 he made Petrus Jonae vicar of the St.Nicolaus church of Nyköping, where also the palace of the duke was situated. During this and the period following the tension was even greater between the king and the catholic-oriented persons around him and on the other side the protestant-minded people in the county of duke Charles. The whole of Sweden - except those living in the dukedom of Charles - adhered to kingJohn and was semi-catholic. The clergy of the dukedom faught under the supervision of Petrus Jonae (and the duke) a very hot battle of ink and paper in order to secure the luteran faith.King Johan answered by putting all of the clergy in the dukedom under bann, and he ordered that every one of them, being found outside the dukedom,should be thrown into jail. In january 1586 the vicars of the diocese of Strängnäs, elected Petrus Jonae their bishop, with the approving consent of duke Charles, a thing John III refused to do. All to the effect that Petrus Jonae stayed in Nyköping as long as king John lived. It was only after the kings death Petrus Jonae could be ordained bishop, 21/1 1593, and he moved over to Strängnäs on 1/5 1594. After the death of John III, the swedish church returned to the pure lutheran faith. It was at the big church assembly at Uppsala in 1593, at which Petrus Jonae and his friends were praised for their endurance during the time of John III. After him his son Sigismund came on the throne. He was a catholic and king of Poland, before he became king of Sweden. He wanted to make Petrus Jonae an archbishop, but an another had been elected at the Uppsala assembly already, Abraham Angermannus, a very good friend of Petrus Jonae. But Sigismund ordered that it was Petrus Jonae, who should coronate him in the cathedral of Uppsala 19/2 1594. The following years were filled by hostilities between Sigismund an his uncle, duke Charles, and finally there was open battles. After Sigismund had lost the battle of Stångebro (in Sweden), he was dethroned, and duke Charles became a king of Sweden as Charles IX (Karl IX). Petrus Jonae, who hade the duke as a benefactor and friend during the days of Hohn III, lost a great part of the friendly relations with Charles, as he became a king, mainly due the fact that there was a growing gulf between the swedish clergy and the suspicious and ravenous Charles IX. The king even threatened to derobe Petrus Jonae, accusing him of not giving due regard to his office as a bishop. We can, however, take this accusations with ease, as the king accused almost every clergyman in the country of not "behaving properly".

A long legend har been kept from the last days of Petrus Jonae and of his death. The vicar of the town of Strängnäs, Josephus Matthiae Fougdonius, is the author. We are told that the bishop the last year was suffering from a severe headache and "weaknes in his chest and throat". He have his last sermon All saints day, and his voice was then very weak. When he understood that he was about to die, he gathered his folk and the vicars in the vicinity and talked to them about such things he wanted them to remember for the future, faith and orders etc. During his illness, he was never told to deplore himself or groan and he died peacefully, as he had only gone to sleep. At the at that time called "Likprocessen" (death-process) one of the clergy delivered a short sermon or speech, in which he praised the benevolence, the studiousness and shappness of thought and witticism the bishop had had in his lifetime. His seal hade the in the books of Moses mentioned snake on the cross, that was in the church an old symbol for the crucified Christ.

Petrus Jonae was married two times: 1) 4/12 1568 with Benkta Håkansdotter (latin: Benedicta Haquini), Who hade before been married to the vicar of Uppsala, magister Ericus Petri Stockholmensis, during one year. Her forst wedding had been in Stockholm. She died - before 29/10 1604 - in Strängnäs very quickly, and she was buried in the family-tomb in the cathedral. He married 2) Sigrid Olofsdotter, a daughter of the vicar of Kjula (in Södermanland), Olaus Erici. She then remarried three times a.Israel Olaui Fortelius,dean in Linköping, b.Nicolaus Grubb, lektor, Linköping, c.bishop Jonas Petri Gothus, Linköping, okt.1623, On the epitaph in the church in Strängnäs both Petrus Jonae as well as his wives and six children, two sons and four daughters, are shown. Of these I only know three by their name. They are those three, Bengta Håkansdotter talks about in the abovementioned paper from her hand.

1. Brita Persdotter, married to the mayor of Nyköping Erik Larsson. Their daughter Anna was married 29/10 1604 to the vicar of Nyköping Isaacus Birgeri Rothovius, who died as bishop in Åbo (Finnland) 10/2 1652. [illegible] The sermon, when Rothovius and Anna married, was printed and was given to the guests, among them the grandfather of the bride, bishop Petrus Jonae. That was the custom of the time.

2. Magister Jonas Petri (Petrejus) Ubsaliensis, who was born in Uppsala and 1596-1603 studied at Greifswald, Frankfurt an der Oder and Marburg (all in Germany). At the time of the wedding of his sisters daughter was he principal of the school of Örebro (Närke, Sweden, Strängnäs dioeces).As I see it, he is identical with master

John, who was vicar of Bälinge and Tystberga in Södermanland, Strängnäs diocese, and who is said to have died before 1609 (vicar 1607 and? 1608). The widows name was perhaps Elisabet Nilsdotter Tungel from Nyköping.

3. Karin Persdotter. I do not know anything about her except that her mother mentions about her in he papers.

And I do not know, if Petrus Jonae had children with his second wife. A child of Bengta Hakansdotter died in the days of John III in Uppland.

Rönninge, Sweden, 28/6 1963

Magnus Collmar

Magnus Collmar
Kyrkoherde emeritus.

BISHOP ISAACUS ROTHOVIOUS

We are indebted to Professor Sven Goransson of Uppsala University for procuring in our behalf a published work of 383 pages. It is a reference book concerning the life work of our Isaacus (Isak) Rothovious, it is the result of a great effort by Martti Parvio who has assembled information gleaned from more than 150 authors who have written about this dynamic educator.

That Parvio has accomplished a magnificent task cannot be denied, but that which overshadows his effort is that such a large number of authors should have chosen Isaacus Rothovious for their subject. Isaacus Rothovious was married to a granddaughter of Petrus Jonae and although this book is dedicated to the latter, no one should discount the stature of the former. It is possible in light of this latest information that a volume could be devoted exclusively to this distinguished forebear.

The book we have received is written in German, Swedish and Finnish, the latter language comprises the great bulk of the work. Because no competent Finnish-American translator is known to us at this moment and because a work of this proportion will require weeks of time to assess, we find it impossible and impractical to make the slightest evaluation. It is hoped that the translation will be made when the opportunity is prevalent and that this stupendous work will be preserved for possible dedication in the continuation of "This Is Our Life."

The pages that follow are reproductions made from the book compiled by Martti Parvio. Attention is called to the upper picture of Isaacus Rothovious, on the thumb of his left hand may be seen a ring which we believe was worn for the sole use as the seal of his office. The imprint of the ring in the warm wax on important letters and documents left no doubt as to their authenticity, the impression of the ring is shown herein.

ISAACUS ROTHOVIUS

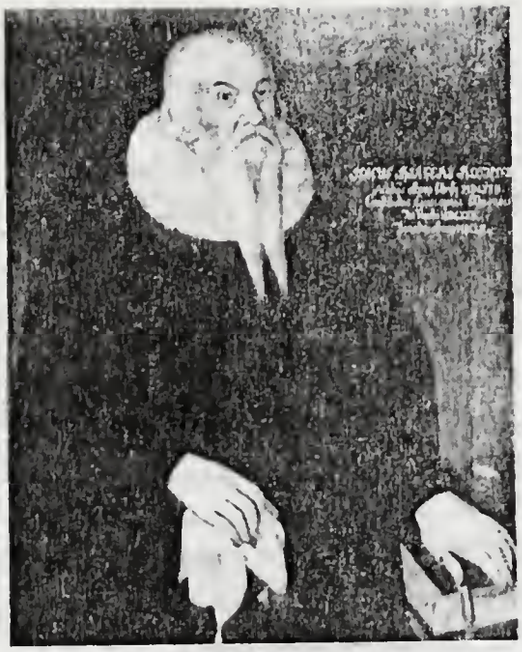
TURUN PIISPA

Kirjoittanut
MARTTI PARVIO

Esitetään Helsingin Yliopiston Teologisen Tiedekunnan suostumuksella julkisesti tarkastettavaksi luentosalissa XII toukokuun 28. päivänä 1959 klo 12.

ZUSAMMENFASSUNG:
ISAACUS ROTHOVIUS
BISCHOF VON TURKU

HELSINKI 1959



Kuva 2 (Helsingin yliopisto)

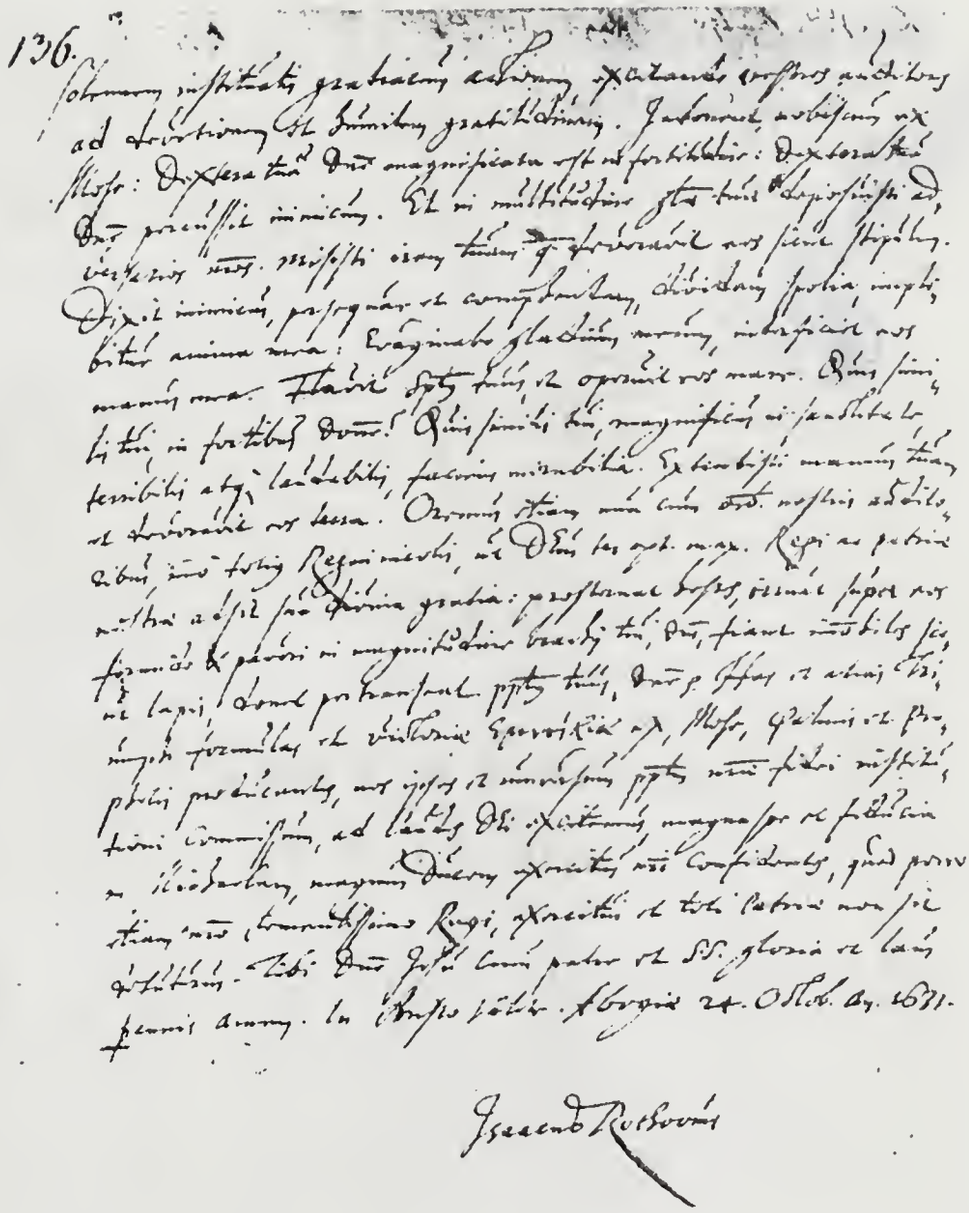
Nyköpingissä ja Suomessa käytetty

Nyköpingin ajalta

Kuva 3 (UUB)

Kuva 4 (SKB)

Rothoviusta esittäviä muotokuvia 1700-luvulta.



Röthoviuksen käsialanäyte ja nimikirjoitus
(kk. 24. 10. 1631, I IV 1, TTA).

Lest we forget those
important events